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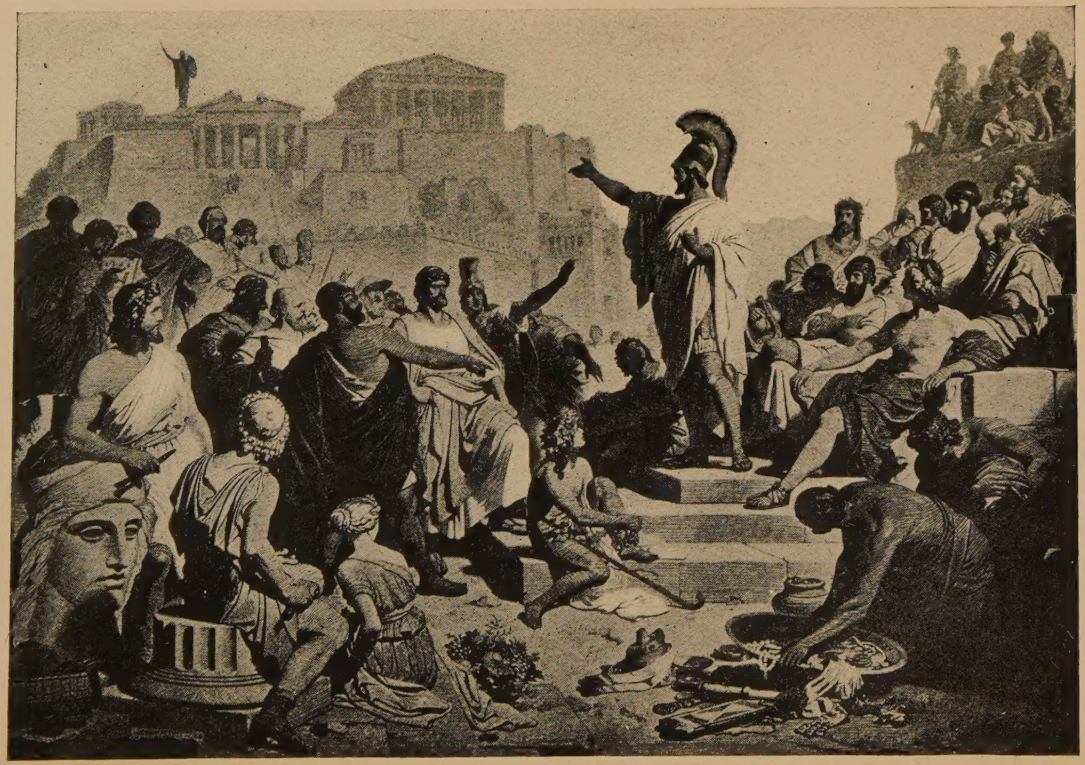

THE AGE OF PERICLES
From a Painting by Ph. V. Foltz

THE LIBRARY OF ORATORY

Ancient and Modern

with CRITICAL STUDIES *of the* WORLD'S GREAT ORATORS *by* EMINENT ESSAYISTS

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VICTOR COUSIN

VICTOR COUSIN, French philosopher, statesman, educationist, and author, was born of humble parentage at Paris, Nov. 28, 1792, and died at Cannes, France, Jan. 13, 1867. He was educated at the Lycée Charlemagne and at l'Ecole Normale, and under Royer-Collard began to teach philosophy at the Sorbonne, of which later on he became director and in the Thiers ministry, of 1840, Minister of Public Instruction. In 1817, the hostility of the church to his teaching, acting upon the government of Louis XVIII, drove him for a time from his chair into Germany, where he pursued his philosophical studies and came under the influence of Hegel and Schelling. In 1828, he was restored to his chair and resumed his lectures, which now brought him honors and distinction. He also wrote largely, not only on his own subject of philosophy, but on education, edited a number of classics, and becoming a member of the Council, and subsequently Minister of Public Instruction, a member of the French Institute, and a peer of France. He moreover brought out editions of Pascal's "Pensées," of the writings of Plato, Aristotle, Kant, Descartes, and Abélard, and wrote two notable works, by which he is best known to English readers, on "The True, the Beautiful, and the Good," and on the "Philosophy of History." He also did excellent work for education while on the Council of Public Instruction, and as lecturer at l'Ecole Normale, and president of the Sorbonne. The *coup d'etat* of Louis Napoleon, in December, 1851, lost him his post on the Council of Public Instruction and he henceforth lived in retirement. Cousin left a considerable number of disciples among the younger French thinkers and philosophical *littérateurs*, among whom may be named Janet, Jouffroi, and Jules Simon. His collected writings appeared in Paris in 1846–47.

ELOQUENCE AS DISTINGUISHED FROM THE FINE ARTS

IT WILL, perhaps, seem strange that we rank among the arts neither eloquence, nor history, nor philosophy.

The arts are called the fine arts, because their sole object is to produce the disinterested emotion of beauty, without regard to the utility either of the spectator or the artist. They are also called the liberal arts, because they

are the arts of free men and not of slaves, which affranchise the soul, charm and ennoble existence; hence the sense and origin of those expressions of antiquity, artes liberales, artes ingenuae. There are arts without nobility, whose end is practical and material utility; they are called trades, such as that of the stove-maker and the mason. True art may be joined to them, may even shine in them, but only in the accessories and the details.

Eloquence, history, philosophy, are certainly high employments of intelligence. They have their dignity, their eminence, which nothing surpasses; but rigorously speaking, they are not arts.

Eloquence does not propose to itself to produce in the soul of the auditors the disinterested sentiment of beauty. It may also produce this effect, but without having sought it. Its direct end, which it can subordinate to no other, is to convince, to persuade. Eloquence has a client which, before all, it must save or make triumph. It matters little whether this client be a man, a people, or an idea. Fortunate is the orator if he elicit the expression: That is beautiful! For it is a noble homage rendered to his talent: unfortunate is he if he does not elicit this, for he has missed his end. The two great types of political and religious eloquence, Demosthenes in antiquity, Bossuet among the moderns, think only of the interest of the cause confided to their genius, the sacred cause of country and that of religion, while at bottom Phidias and Raphael work to make beautiful things. Let us hasten to say, what the names of Demosthenes and Bossuet command us to say, that true eloquence, very different from that of rhetoric, disdains certain means of success. It asks no more than to please, but without any sacrifice unworthy

of it; every foreign ornament degrades it. Its proper character is simplicity, earnestness. I do not mean affected earnestness, a designed and artful gravity, the worst of all deceptions; I mean true earnestness, that springs from sincere and profound conviction. This is what Socrates understood by true eloquence.

As much must be said of history and philosophy. The philosopher speaks and writes. Can he, then, like the orator, find accents which make truth enter the soul; colors and forms that make it shine forth evident and manifest to the eyes of intelligence? It would be betraying his cause to neglect the means that can serve it; but the profoundest art is here only a means, the aim of philosophy is elsewhere; whence it follows that philosophy is not an art. Without doubt, Plato is a great artist; he is the peer of Sophocles and Phidias, as Pascal is sometimes the rival of Demosthenes and Bossuet; but both would have blushed if they had discovered at the bottom of their souls another design, another aim than the service of truth and virtue.

History does not relate for the sake of relating; it does not paint for the sake of painting; it relates and paints the past that it may be the living lesson of the future. It proposes to instruct new generations by the experience of those who have gone before them, by exhibiting to them a faithful picture of great and important events, with their causes and their effects, with general designs and particular passions, with the faults, virtues, and crimes that are found mingled together in human things. It teaches the excellence of prudence, courage, and great thoughts profoundly meditated, constantly pursued, and executed with moderation and force. It shows the vanity

of immoderate pretensions, the power of wisdom and virtue, the impotence of folly and crime. Thucydides, Polybius, and Tacitus undertake anything rather than procuring new emotions for an idle curiosity or a wornout imagination. They doubtless desire to interest and attract, but more to instruct; they are the avowed masters of statesmen and the preceptors of mankind.

The sole object of art is the beautiful. Art abandons itself as soon as it shuns this. It is often constrained to make concessions to circumstances, to external conditions that are imposed upon it; but it must always retain a just liberty. Architecture and the art of gardening are the least free of arts; they are subjected to unavoidable obstacles; it belongs to the genius of the artist to govern these obstacles, and even to draw from them happy effects, as the poet turns the slavery of metre and rhyme into a source of unexpected beauties. Extreme liberty may carry art to a caprice which degrades it, as chains too heavy crush it. It is the death of architecture to subject it to convenience, to comfort. Is the architect obliged to subordinate general effect and the proportions of the edifice to such or such a particular end that is prescribed to him? He takes refuge in details, in pediments, in friezes, in all the parts that have not utility for a special object, and in them he becomes a true artist. Sculpture and painting, especially music and poetry, are freer than architecture and the art of gardening. One can also shackle them, but they disengage themselves more easily.

Similar by their common end, all the arts differ by the particular effects which they produce, and by the processes which they employ. They gain nothing by exchanging their means and confounding the limits that separate

them. I bow before the authority of antiquity; but, perhaps, through habit and a remnant of prejudice, I have some difficulty in representing to myself with pleasure statues composed of several metals, especially painted statues. Without pretending that sculpture has not to a certain point its color, that of perfectly pure matter, that especially which the hand of time impresses upon it, in spite of all the seductions of a contemporaneous artist of great talent, I have little taste, I confess, for that artifice that is forced to give to marble the morbidezza of painting. Sculpture is an austere muse; it has its graces, but they are those of no other art. Flesh-color must remain a stranger to it. Nothing more would remain to communicate to it but the movement of poetry and the indefiniteness of music! And what will music gain by aiming at the picturesque, when its proper domain is the pathetic? Give to the most learned symphonist a storm to render. Nothing is easier to imitate than the whistling of the winds and the noise of thunder. But by what combinations of harmony will he exhibit to the eyes the glare of the lightning rending all of a sudden the veil of the night, and, what is most fearful in the tempest, the movement of the waves that now ascend like a mountain, now descend and seem to precipitate themselves into bottomless abysses? If the auditor is not informed of the subject, he will never suspect it, and I defy him to distinguish a tempest from a battle. In spite of science and genius, sounds cannot paint forms. Music, when well guided, will guard itself from contending against the impossible; it will not undertake to express the tumult and strife of the waves and other similar phenomena; it will do more: with sounds it will fill the soul with the sentiments that succeed each other

in us during the different scenes of the tempest. Haydn will thus become the rival, even the vanquisher of the painter, because it has been given to music to move and agitate the soul more profoundly than painting.

Since the "Laocoon" of Lessing, it is no longer permitted to repeat, without great reserve, the famous axiom —Ut pictura poesis; or, at least, it is very certain that painting cannot do everything that poetry can do. Everybody admires the picture of Rumor, drawn by Virgil; but let a painter try to realize this symbolic figure; let him represent to us a huge monster with a hundred eyes, a hundred mouths, and a hundred ears, whose feet touch the earth, whose head is lost in the clouds, and such a figure will become very ridiculous.

So the arts have a common end, and entirely different means. Hence the general rules common to all, and particular rules for each. I have neither time nor space to enter into details on this point. I limit myself to repeating that the great law which governs all others is expression. Every work of art that does not express an idea signifies nothing; in addressing itself to such or such a sense, it must penetrate to the mind, to the soul, and bear thither a thought, a sentiment capable of touching or elevating it. From this fundamental rule all the others are derived; for example, that which is continually and justly recommended—composition. To this is particularly applied the precept of unity and variety. But, in saying this, we have said nothing so long as we have not determined the nature of the unity of which we would speak. True unity is unity of expression, and variety is made only to spread over the entire work the idea or the single sentiment that it should express. It is useless to remark,

that between composition thus defined, and what is often called composition, as the symmetry and arrangement of parts according to artificial rules, there is an abyss. True composition is nothing else than the most powerful means of expression.

Expression not only furnishes the general rules of art, it also gives the principle that allows of their classification.

In fact, every classification supposes a principle that serves as a common measure.

Such a principle has been sought in pleasure, and the first of arts has seemed that which gives the most vivid joys. But we have proved that the object of art is not pleasure—the more or less of pleasure that an art procures cannot, then, be the true measure of its value.

This measure is nothing else than expression. Expression being the supreme end, the art that most nearly approaches it is the first of all.

All true arts are expressive, but they are diversely so. Take music; it is without contradiction the most penetrating, the profoundest, the most intimate art. There is physically and morally between a sound and the soul a marvellous relation. It seems as though the soul were an echo in which the sound takes a new power. Extraordinary things are recounted of the ancient music. And it must not be believed that the greatness of effect supposes here very complicated means. No, the less noise music makes, the more it touches. Give some notes to Pergolese, give him especially some pure and sweet voices, and he returns a celestial charm, bears you away into infinite spaces, plunges you into ineffable reveries. The peculiar power of music is to open to the imagination a limitless career, to lend itself with astonishing facility to all the

moods of each one, to arouse or calm, with the sounds of the simplest melody, our accustomed sentiments, our favorite affections. In this respect music is an art without a rival; however, it is not the first of arts. . . .

Between sculpture and music, those two opposite extremes, is painting, nearly as precise as the one, nearly as touching as the other. Like sculpture, it marks the visible forms of objects, but adds to them life; like music, it expresses the profoundest sentiments of the soul, and expresses them all. Tell me what sentiment does not come within the province of the painter? He has entire nature at his disposal, the physical world, and the moral world, a churchyard, a landscape, a sunset, the ocean, the great scenes of civil and religious life, all the beings of creation —above all, the figure of man, and its expression, that living mirror of what passes in the soul. More pathetic than sculpture, clearer than music, painting is elevated, in my opinion, above both, because it expresses beauty more under all its forms, and the human soul in all the richness and variety of its sentiments.

But the art par excellence, that which surpasses all others, because it is incomparably the most expressive, is poetry.

Speech is the instrument of poetry; poetry fashions it to its use, and idealizes it, in order to make it express ideal beauty. Poetry gives to it the charm and power of measure; it makes of it something intermediary between the ordinary voice and music—something at once material and immaterial, finite, clear, and precise—like contours and forms the most definite, living and animated; like color pathetic, and infinite like sound. A word in itself, especially a word chosen and transfigured by poetry, is the

most energetic and universal symbol. Armed with this talisman, poetry reflects all the images of the sensible world, like sculpture and painting; it reflects sentiment like painting and music, with all its varieties, which music does not attain, and in their rapid succession that painting cannot follow, as precise and immobile as sculpture; and it not only expresses all that; it expresses what is inaccessible to every other art—I mean thought, entirely distinct from the senses and even from sentiment—thought that has no forms—thought that has no color, that lets no sound escape, that does not manifest itself in any way—thought in its highest flight, in its most refined abstraction.

Think of it. What a world of images, of sentiments, of thoughts at once distinct and confused, are excited within us by this one word—country! and by this other word, brief and immense—God! What is more clear and altogether more profound and vast!

Tell the architect, the sculptor, the painter, even the musician, to call forth also by a single stroke all the powers of nature and the soul! They cannot, and by that they acknowledge the superiority of speech and poetry.

They proclaim it themselves, for they take poetry for their own measure; they esteem their own works, and demand that they should be esteemed, in proportion as they approach the poetical ideal. And the human race does as artists do: a beautiful picture, a noble melody, a living and expressive statue, gives rise to the exclamation, How poetical! This is not an arbitrary comparison; it is a natural judgment which makes poetry the type of the perfection of all the arts—the art par excellence, which comprises all others, to which they aspire, which none can reach.

When the other arts would imitate the works of poetry,

they usually err, losing their own genius, without robbing poetry of its genius. But poetry constructs, according to its own taste, palaces and temples, like architecture; it makes them simple or magnificent; all orders, as well as all systems, obey it; the different ages of art are the same to it; it reproduces, if it please, the Classic or the Gothic, the beautiful or the sublime, the measured or the infinite. Lessing has been able, with the exactest justice, to compare Homer to the most perfect sculptor; with such precision are the forms which that marvellous chisel gives to all beings determined! And what a painter, too, is Homer! And, of a different kind, Dante! Music alone has something more penetrating than poetry, but it is vague, limited, and fugitive. Besides its clearness, its variety, its durability, poetry has also the most pathetic accents. Call to mind the words that Priam utters at the feet of Achilles while asking him for the dead body of his son, more than one verse of Virgil, entire scenes of the "Cid" and the "Polyeucte," the prayer of Esther kneeling before the Lord, or the choruses of "Esther" and "Athalie." In the celebrated song of Pergolese, "Stabat Mater Dolorosa," we may ask which moves most, the music or the words. The "Dies Irae, Dies Illa," recited only, produces the most terrible effect. In those fearful words, every blow tells, so to speak; each word contains a distinct sentiment, an idea at once profound and determinate. The intellect advances at each step, and the heart rushes on in its turn. Human speech, idealized by poetry, has the depth and brilliancy of musical notes; it is luminous as well as pathetic; it speaks to the mind as well as to the heart; it is in that inimitable, unique, and embraces all extremes and all contraries in a harmony that redoubles their reciprocal

effect—in which, by turns, appear and are developed all images, all sentiments, all ideas, all the human faculties, all the inmost recesses of the soul, all the forms of things, all real and all intelligible worlds!

LIBERTY

PASSIONS abandoning themselves to their caprices are anarchy. Passions concentrated upon a dominant passion are tyranny. Liberty consists in the struggle of will against this tyranny and this anarchy. But this combat must have an aim, and this aim is the duty of obeying reason, which is our true sovereign, and justice, which reason reveals to us and prescribes for us. The duty of obeying reason is the law of will, and will is never more itself than when it submits to its law. We do not possess ourselves as long as to the domination of desire, of passion, of interest, reason does not oppose the counterpoise of justice. Reason and justice free us from the yoke of passions, without imposing upon us another yoke. For, once more, to obey them is not to abdicate liberty, but to save it, to apply it to its legitimate use.

It is in liberty and in the agreement of liberty with reason and justice that man belongs to himself, to speak properly. He is a person only because he is a free being enlightened by reason.

What distinguishes a person from a simple thing is especially the difference between liberty and its opposite. A thing is that which is not free, consequently that which does not belong to itself, that which has no self, which has only a numerical individuality, a perfect effigy of true individuality, which is that of person.

A thing not belonging to itself belongs to the first person that takes possession of it and puts his mark on it.

A thing is not responsible for the movements which it has not willed, of which it is even ignorant. Person alone is responsible, for it is intelligent and free; and it is responsible for the use of its intelligence and freedom.

A thing has no dignity; dignity is only attached to person.

A thing has no value by itself; it has only that which person confers on it. It is purely an instrument whose whole value consists in the use that the person using it derives from it.

Obligation implies liberty; where liberty is not duty is wanting, and with duty right is wanting also.

It is because there is in me a being worthy of respect, that I have the duty of respecting it, and the right to make it respected by you. My duty is the exact measure of my right. The one is in direct ratio with the other. If I had no sacred duty to respect what makes my person, that is to say, my intelligence and my liberty, I should not have the right to defend it against your injuries. But as my person is inviolable and sacred in itself, it follows that, considered in relation to me, it imposes on me a duty, and considered in relation to you, it confers on me a right.

I am not myself permitted to degrade the person that I am by abandoning myself to passion, to vice, and to crime, and I am not permitted to let it be degraded by you.

The person is inviolable; and it alone is inviolable.

It is inviolable not only in the intimate sanctuary of

consciousness, but in all its legitimate manifestations, in its acts, in the product of its acts, even in the instruments that it makes its own by using them.

Therein is the foundation of the sanctity of property. The first property is the person. All other properties are derived from that. Think of it well. It is not property in itself that has rights, it is the proprietor, it is the person that stamps upon it, with its own character, its right and its title.

The person cannot cease to belong to itself, without degrading itself—it is to itself inalienable. The person has no right over itself; it cannot treat itself as a thing, cannot sell itself, cannot destroy itself, cannot in any way abolish its free will and its liberty, which are its constituent elements.

Why has the child already some rights? Because it will be a free being. Why have the old man, returned to infancy, and the insane man still some rights? Because they have been free beings. We even respect liberty in its first glimmerings or its last vestiges. Why, on the other hand, have the insane man and the imbecile old man no longer all their rights? Because they have lost liberty. Why do we enchain the furious madman? Because he has lost knowledge and liberty. Why is slavery an abominable institution? Because it is an outrage upon what constitutes humanity. This is the reason why, in fine, certain extreme devotions are sometimes sublime faults, and no one is permitted to offer them, much less to demand them. There is no legitimate devotion against the very essence of right, against liberty, against justice, against the dignity of the human person.

THADDEUS STEVENS

THADDEUS STEVENS, American statesman, was born at Danville, Vt., April 4, 1792, and died at Washington, D. C., Aug. 11, 1868. Having graduated from Dartmouth College, he removed to Gettysburg, Pa., in 1814, where he studied law and was admitted to the Bar. In the presidential campaign of 1828, he opposed Jackson's candidature, and was for some years a member of the State legislature of Pennsylvania, and in 1836 a member of the State Constitutional Convention. Having removed to Lancaster, Pa., in 1842, he was elected to Congress as a Whig in 1848, and reëlected in 1850. While in the House of Representatives he opposed, in 1850, the compromise measures advocated by Henry Clay, especially the Fugitive Slave Law. Returning for a time to the practice of his profession, he was, however, once more elected to Congress, and served continuously in the House as a radical Republican until his death. During the last nine years of his life he wielded great influence in the House, and toward the end gained such distinction as to be virtual dictator in Congress. He was the principal champion of the reconstruction methods which were ultimately applied in the seceding States, and was the chief organizer and manager of the impeachment of President Johnson, in 1868, which he zealously proposed.

AGAINST WEBSTER AND NORTHERN COMPROMISERS

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, JUNE 10, 1850

DANTE, by actual observation, makes hell consist of nine circles, the punishments of each increasing in intensity over the preceding. Those doomed to the first circle are much less afflicted than those in the ninth, where are tortured Lucifer and Judas Iscariot—and I trust, in the next edition, will be added, the traitors to liberty. But notwithstanding this difference in degree, all, from the first circle to the ninth, inclusive, is hell—cruel,

desolate, abhorred, horrible hell! If I might venture to make a suggestion, I would advise these reverend perverters of Scripture to devote their subtlety to what they have probably more interest in—to ascertaining and demonstrating (perhaps an accompanying map might be useful) the exact spot and location where the most comfort might be enjoyed—the coolest corner in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone!

But not only by honorable gentlemen in this House, and right honorable gentlemen in the other, but throughout the country, the friends of liberty are reproached as "transcendentalists and fanatics." Sir, I do not understand the terms in such connection. There can be no fanatics in the cause of genuine liberty. Fanaticism is excessive zeal. There may be, and have been, fanatics in false religion; in the bloody religion of the heathen. There are fanatics in superstition. But there can be no fanatics, however warm their zeal, in true religion, even although you sell your goods, and bestow your money on the poor, and go and follow your Master. There may be, and every hour shows around me, fanatics in the cause of false liberty —that infamous liberty which justifies human bondage; that liberty whose cornerstone is slavery. But there can be no fanaticism, however high the enthusiasm, in the cause of rational, universal liberty—the liberty of the Declaration of Independence.

This is the same censure which the Egyptian tyrant cast upon those old abolitionists, Moses and Aaron, when they "agitated" for freedom, and, in obedience to the command of God, bade him let the people go.

But we are told by these pretended advocates of liberty in both branches of Congress, that those who preach free-

dom here and elsewhere are the slave's worst enemies; that it makes the slave holder increase their burdens and tighten their chains; that more cruel laws are enacted since this agitation began in 1835. Sir, I am not satisfied that this is the fact. I will send to the clerk, and ask him to read a law of Virginia enacted more than fifty years before this agitation began. It is to be found in the sixth volume of "Hening's Statutes at Large of Virginia," published in 1819, "pursuant to an act of the General Assembly of Virginia, passed on the fifth day of February, 1808."

"Sec. xxiv. And that when any slave shall be notoriously guilty of going abroad in the night, or running away and laying out, and cannot be reclaimed from such disorderly courses by common methods of punishment, it shall be lawful for the county court, upon complaint and proof thereof to them made by the owner of such slave, to order and direct such punishment by dismembering, or any other way, not touching life, as the court shall think fit. And if such slave shall die by means of such dismembering, no forfeiture or punishment shall be thereby incurred."

I have had that law read to see if any gentleman can turn me to any more cruel laws passed since the "agitation." I did not read it myself, though found on the pages of Old Virginia's law books, lest it should make the modest gentleman from Virginia [Mr. Millson], and the gentleman from North Carolina [Mr. Stanly], and his gray-headed negro blush!

Mr. Bayly of Virginia—That law is repealed, or not now in force.

Mr. Stevens—Then I am glad that the agitation has produced some amelioration of your laws, although I still find it on your statute book.

But suppose it were true that the masters had become more severe; has it not been so with tyrants in every age? The nearer the oppressed is to freedom, and the more hopeful his struggles, the tighter the master rivets his chains. Moses and Aaron urged the emancipation of the enslaved Jews. Their master hardened his heart. Those fanatical abolitionists, guided by Heaven, agitated anew. Pharaoh increased the burden of the slaves. He required the same quantity of brick from them without straw, as when the straw had been found them. They were seen dispersed and wandering to gather stubble to make out their task. They failed, and were beaten with stripes. Moses was their worst enemy, according to these philanthropic gentlemen. Did the Lord think so, and command him to desist, lest he should injure them? No; he directed him to agitate again, and demand the abolition of slavery from the king himself. That great slaveholder still hardened his heart, and refused. The Lord visited him with successive plagues—lice, frogs, locusts, thick darkness—until, as the agitation grew higher, and the chains were tighter drawn, he smote the firstborn of every house in Egypt; nor did the slaveholder relax the grasp on his victims, until there was wailing throughout the whole land, over one dead in every family, from the king that sat on the throne to the captive in the dungeon. So I fear it will be in this land of wicked slavery. You have already among you what is equivalent to the lice and the locusts, that wither up every green thing where the foot of slavery treads. Beware of the final plague. And you, in the midst of slavery, who are willing to do justice to the people, take care that your works testify to the purity of your intentions, even at some cost. Take care that your

door-posts are sprinkled with the blood of sacrifice, that when the destroying angel goes forth, as go forth he will, he may pass you by.

Aside from the principle of Eternal Right, I will never consent to the admission of another slave State into the Union (unless bound to do so by some constitutional compact, and I know of none such), on account of the injustice of slave representation. By the Constitution, not only the States now in the Union, but all that may hereafter be admitted, are entitled to have their slaves represented in Congress, five slaves being counted equal to three white freemen. This is unjust to the free States, unless you allow them a representation in the compound ratio of persons and property. There are twenty-five gentlemen on this floor who are virtually the representatives of slaves alone, having not one free constituent. This is an outrage on every representative principle, which supposes that representatives have constituents, whose will they are bound to obey and whose interest they protect. . . .

I shall not now particularly refer to the features of the most extraordinary conspiracy against liberty in the Senate, called the Compromise Bill. If it should survive its puerperal fever, we shall have another opportunity of knocking the monster in the head. I pass over what is familiarly known as the "ten-million-bribe," which was evidently inserted for no other purpose than to create public opinion on 'change, and carry the bill.

But it is proposed to propitiate Virginia by giving her two hundred million dollars out of the public treasury, the proceeds of the public lands. If this sum were to be given for the purpose of purchasing the freedom of her slaves, large as it is, it should have my hearty support. It is, I

think, at least fifty millions more than would pay for them all at a fair market price. But it is designed for no purpose of emancipation. The cool-headed, cool-hearted, philosophic author had no such "transcendental" object. It is to be specifically appropriated to exile her free people of color, and transport them from the land of their birth to the land of the stranger! Sir, this is a proposition not "fit to be made."

Mr. Averett of Virginia here asked: Did not New England sell slaves?

Mr. Stevens—Yes, she sold, she imported slaves; she was very wicked; she has long since repented. Go ye and do likewise.

It is my purpose nowhere in these remarks to make personal reproaches; I entertain no ill-will toward any human being, nor any brute, that I know of, not even the skunk across the way, to which I referred. Least of all would I reproach the South. I honor her courage and fidelity. Even in a bad, a wicked cause, she shows a united front. All her sons are faithful to the cause of human bondage, because it is their cause. But the North—the poor, timid, mercenary, drivelling North—has no such united defenders of her cause, although it is the cause of human liberty. None of the bright lights of the nation shine upon her section. Even her own great men have turned her accusers. She is the victim of low ambition—an ambition which prefers self to country, personal aggrandizement to the high cause of human liberty. She is offered up a sacrifice to propitiate Southern tyranny—to conciliate Southern treason.

We are told that she has not done her duty in restoring fugitive slaves, and that more stringent laws must be passed

to secure that object. A distinguished Senator from Kentucky [Mr. Clay] says it is the duty not only of officers in the free States, but of all the people who happen to be present, to give active aid to the slaveowner to run down, arrest, and restore the man who is fleeing from slavery. An equally distinguished Senator from Massachusetts [Mr. Webster] unites with him in denouncing the aggressions of the North in this particular; and they both declare their determination to vote for the bill, with its amendments, now on file, and which has become a part of the "Compromise."

It may be well to look a little at the law as it now stands on the subject, and then at the one which has enlisted such powerful support. By the Constitution alone, without any legislation, the slaveholder may go into a free State, take with him such force as he pleases, and take his slave and carry him back. If the fact of his slavery be disputed, either by the alleged slave or any one for him, the claimant may issue his writ de homine repligiando, and unless the defendant give ample bail for his forthcoming on the final issue, and for the payment of all costs and damages (which include the value of his services in the meantime), the plaintiff may take him into his possession, and retain him until final trial by a court and jury. Is not this sufficient? It is all the right which he would have if he claimed property in a horse or other property which he might allege had strayed over the line. Why should he have any greater right when he claims property in man? Is a man of so much less value than a horse, that he should be deprived of the ordinary protection of the law? Sir, in my judgment, the remedy ought to be left where the Constitution places it, without any legislation. The odious law of 1793 ought to be repealed.

By that law, the slaveholder may not only seize his slave and drag him back, but he may command the aid of all the officers of the United States Court; take his alleged slave before the judge, and after summary examination, without trial by jury, may obtain a certificate of property; which, for the purpose of removal, is conclusive of his slavery, takes away the writ of Habeas Corpus, and the right of trial by jury, and sends the victim to hopeless bondage. If an inhabitant of a free State sees a wretched fugitive, who he learns is fleeing from bondage, and gives him a meal of victuals to keep him from starving, and allows him to sleep in his outhouse, although his master is not in pursuit of him, he is liable to the penalty of five hundred dollars. A judge in Pennsylvania lately held that a worthy citizen of Indiana County incurred such penalty by giving a cup of water and a crust of bread to a famishing man whom he knew to be fleeing from bondage. A slave family escaped from Maryland, went into Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, and obtained the reluctant consent of a worthy farmer to sleep in his hayloft. Their owner did not pursue them for a week afterward. It was held by a State court that the farmer was liable for the full value of the slaves, besides the five hundred dollars penalty, and a jury returned a verdict for two thousand dollars and costs. Such are some of the provisions of the law of 1793 now in force, which these great expounders of constitutional freedom hold to be too mild! And more stringent laws are to be passed to punish Northern men who have hearts! . . .

The distinguished Senator from Kentucky [Mr. Clay] wishes further to make it the duty of all bystanders to aid in the capture of fugitives; to join the chase and run down the prey. This is asking more than my constituents will

ever grant. They will strictly abide by the Constitution. The slaveholder may pursue his slave among them with his own foreign myrmidons, unmolested, except by their frowning scorn. But no law that tyranny can pass will ever induce them to join the hue and cry after the trembling wretch who has escaped from unjust bondage. Their fair land, made by nature and their own honest toil as fertile and as lovely as the vale of Tempe, shall never become the hunting-ground on which the bloodhounds of slavery shall course their prey, and command them to join the hunt.

Sir, this tribunal would be more odious than the Star Chamber—these officers more hateful than the Familiars of the Inquisition.

Can the free North stand this? Can New England stand it? Can Massachusetts stand it? If she can, she has but one step further to take in degradation, and that is to deliver her own sons in chains to Southern masters! What would the bold Barons of Runnymede have said to such defenders of liberty? What would the advocates of English freedom, at any time, have said to those who would strike down the writ of Habeas Corpus and the right of trial by jury, those vital principles of Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights? They would have driven them forth as enemies in disguise.

Sir, I am awareof the temerity of these remarks. I know how little effect they will have, coming from so obscure a quarter, and being opposed by the mighty influences that create public opinion. I was struck with the sound sense of the remark made today by the gentleman from Tennessee [Mr. Gentry]. He said that the "Compromise" Bill was winning favor with the people, most of whom had never

read it, merely because it is advocated by great names in whom they are accustomed to confide.

Late events have convinced me that it were better in republican, representative governments, where the people are to judge and decide on every measure, if there were no great, overshadowing names, to give factitious force to their views, and lead the public mind captive. If the people were to put faith in no man's argument, they would examine every question for themselves, and decide according to their intrinsic merit. The errors of the small do but little harm; those of the great are fatal. Had Lucifer been but a common angel, instead of the Chief of the morning stars, he had not taken with him to perdition the third of the heavenly hosts, and spread disunion and discord in celestial, and sin and misery in earthly, places.

Sir, so long as man is vain and fallible, so long as great men have like passions with others, and, as in republics, are surrounded with stronger temptations, it were better for themselves if their fame acquired no inordinate height, until the grave had precluded error. The errors of obscure men die with them, and cast no shame on their posterity. How different with the Great!

How much better had it been for Lord Bacon, that greatest of human intellects, had he never, during his life, acquired glory, and risen to high honors in the State, than to be degraded from them by the judgment of his peers. How much better for him and his, had he lived and died unknown, than to be branded through all future time as the

"Wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

So now, in this crisis of the fate of liberty, if any of the renowned men of this nation should betray her cause, it

were better that they had been unknown to fame. It need not be hoped that the brightness of their past glory will dazzle the eyes of posterity, or illumine the pages of impartial history. A few of its rays may still linger on a fading sky; but they will soon be whelmed in the blackness of darkness. For, unless progressive civilization, and the increasing love of freedom throughout the Christian and civilized world, are fallacious, the Sun of Liberty, of universal Liberty, is already above the horizon, and fast coursing to his meridian splendor, when no advocate of slavery, no apologist of slavery, can look upon his face and live.

GEORGE MIFFLIN DALLAS

GEORGE MIFFLIN DALLAS, an American statesman, son of A. J. Dallas, Secretary of the Treasury in Madison's Cabinet, was born at Philadelphia, Pa., July 10, 1792, and died there Dec. 31, 1864. He was educated at Princeton College, studied law under his father, and after his admission to the Bar was for a year private secretary to Gallatin during his mission to Russia. Dallas took a lively interest in political affairs, supporting Jackson for the Presidency in 1824 and again in 1828, and after Jackson's inauguration in 1829 was appointed Attorney-General for Philadelphia. He was United States Senator from Pennsylvania during the years 1831–33, Attorney-General of his State in 1833–35, and Minister to Russia from 1837 to 1839. In 1844, he was elected Vice-President of the United States in Tyler's régime, and as such, on the occasion of the senatorial tie in 1846 on the tariff question, gave the casting vote for a low tariff. From 1856 to 1861 Mr. Dallas was Minister to Great Britain, but retired to private life on his return to America, in May, 1861. His speeches were printed singly, and his series of "Letters from London" appeared in 1869. His "Diary while United States Minister to Russia, 1837–39, and to England, 1856–61," appeared in 1892. While Minister to England, he displayed much tact in the conduct of the Central American question.

EULOGY ON ANDREW JACKSON

DELIVERED AT PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 26, 1845

FELLOW CITIZENS AND FRIENDS,—The sorrows of a nation on the loss of a great and good man are alike confirmed and assuaged by recurring to the virtues and services which endeared him. While funeral solemnities such as are now in progress attest the pervading regrets of communities, and swelling tears betray the anguish of individual friendship; while the muffled drum, the shrouded ensign, and the silent march of mingled processions of citizens and soldiery address their impressive force to the hearts of all, it is well to seek solace in remembrances which must brighten forever the annals of our country, and which add more to the list of names whose mere utterance exalts the pride and strengthens the foundations of patriotism.

At the epoch when, in September, 1774, the delegates of

eleven colonies assembled at our Carpenters' Hall before the first gun was fired at Lexington in the cause of western liberty, or Washington was yet hailed as "General and Commander-in-Chief," there could be seen in the wilds of the Waxhaw settlement in South Carolina, on a farm in dangerous proximity to Indian tribes, and clustering with two elder brothers around a widowed mother, a boy about eight years of age in whose veins coursed the same gallant blood that shortly after gushed from the wounds of Montgomery into the trenches of Quebec: that boy, molded in the spirit of those stern times, clinging with his whole soul to the American people, ripened into athletic manhood, enfeebled by toil, by disease, and by age—is just now dead; and you have invited me to pronounce over his yet loose grave the tribute of your affectionate gratitude and veneration; to soothe you by reminding you of the attributes and exploits of one who lived through all your heroic history and was himself an inseparable part of it; who was born on your soil when in fact it was a mere margin of eastern coast, and had sunk into it when a continent; who knew you when but two millions of scattered, weak, dependent, and disquieted provincialists, and yet saw you, ere he ceased to know you, an immense, united, powerful, and peaceful nation! It is impossible on the present occasion and with short notice to do justice to a task so protracted, complicate, and ennobling; but there are incidents and sentiments connected with the character and career of Andrew Jackson with which his countrymen unanimously sympathize, and which his public obsequies seem as appropriately as irresistibly to call into expression.

The stripling orphan, while mourning over the loss of kindred, smarting under wounds and imprisonment, and hourly witnessing some new cruelty committed upon friends and

neighbors, imbibed during the storms of our revolution a deep, uncompromising, almost fierce love of country that never lost its sway over his actions. It became to him an impulse as instinctive and irrepressible as breathing, and cannot but be regarded by those who trace his eventful existence as the master-passion of his nature. He passed through the war of 1776, in all but that too youthful for his trials; nor was there ever a moment in his after-being when this devotion can be said to have waned or slumbered in his breast.

Such a trait, so pure, so ardent, so unvarying—as fresh three weeks ago as seventy years before—as prompt and eager amid the frosts of age as when in the spring of life it first kindled at the voice of Washington—invokes, now that the door of his sepulchre is closed, undissembled and undissenting praise. It is this quality of moral excellence which forms the basis of his fame as it was the stimulant to every achievement.

From his fight under Davie with Bryan's regiment of Tories in 1780, when scarcely thirteen years of age, down to the close of his remarkable campaign in Florida when fifty-two, and thenceforward through all the diplomatic conflicts with foreign powers, it shone with steady intensity.

The peace of 1783 found him the only survivor of his family; left as it were alone to face the snares of the world uneducated and still a boy. His small patrimony melted away before he could check the reckless and prodigal habits to which he had been trained by eight years of wild and desperate strife. There was no one to counsel or to guide him; no one to inculcate lessons of prudence; no one to lead him into the paths of useful industry and of restored tranquility—but Jackson wanted no one.

At this, perhaps the most critical period of his life, the "iron will" subsequently attributed to his treatment of others was nobly exercised in governing himself. Energetically entering upon the study of the law, the native force of his intellect enabled him, soon after attaining his majority, not merely to preserve his personal independence but to carve his way to recognized distinction. The sphere of his professional practice, the western district of North Carolina, now the State of Tennessee, exacted labors and teemed with dangers such only as a resolution like his could encounter and surmount.

Infested with enraged Cherokees and Choctaws, its wilderness of two hundred miles, crossed and recrossed by the undaunted public solicitor more than twenty times, inured him to fatigue, to the sense of life constantly in peril, and to attacks and artifices of savage enemies whom he was destined signally to subdue and disperse.

It cannot be necessary to pursue these details further; no doubt it will be recollected that after aiding to form a constitution for the State he has made illustrious General Jackson at the age of thirty became her first and only representative in Congress, was almost immediately transferred in November, 1797, to the Senate of the United States, and, unwilling to prolong his legislative services, became a judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee.

In all these elevated stations, and especially in the last, his sagacious mind, directed by motives at once pure and lofty and sustained by a spirit of unconquerable firmness, has left monuments of practical wisdom and usefulness in maintaining the rights and ameliorating the condition of his countrymen which time cannot efface.

When the prolonged aggressions of Great Britain upon the

maritime rights, commerce, and honor of America, prompted, in 1812, a declaration of hostilities, our hero, though watchful of events and keenly alive to their bearing, had retired from public activity and was engaged in the calm pursuits of agricultural life. That signal sounded with welcome in his seclusion and summoned him to a deathless renown. It came to his quick ear like a long-wished-for permit to avenge the wrongs and re-establish the sullied name of those for whom he was ever ready to sacrifice without stint his repose, his fortune, and his blood.

The warcry of his country scarcely vibrated on the breeze ere he echoed it back as a music with which every chord of his soul was in unison. In less than a week, leaving his plough in its yet opening furrow and his ripe harvest drooping for the sickle, he stood equipped and eager, in front of two thousand five hundred volunteers, awaiting orders from the chief executive.

I must not, I dare not, quit the singleness of my subject to indulge in reminiscences but partially connected with it, however alluring. Yet had the great and generous champion whom we lament a host of associates, competitors with him in the proud struggle of which would risk most, suffer most, and achieve most, in exemplifying the prowess, securing the safety, and exalting the reputation of their country. That, indeed, may be considered as in itself an ample eulogium upon human merit which depicts him as in the van of a roll emblazoned by such names as Scott, Harrison, Brown, Shelby, Johnson, Gaines, Ripley, Hull, Decatur, Perry, and McDonough.

Most of these have gone to graves over which are blooming in unfading verdure the laurels our gratitude planted. None of them can present to posterity a title to immortal honor

more conclusive than that involved in their having shared with Jackson the glories of 1812.

There are some fields of public service from which ordinary patriotism not unusually recoils, and of this kind is military action against the comparatively weak yet fierce and wily tribes of savages still occupying parts of their original domain on our continent. Unregulated by the principles of civilized warfare, Indian campaigns and conflicts are accompanied by constant scenes of revolting and unnecessary cruelty. Neither age nor sex nor condition is spared; havoc and destruction are the only ends at which the tomahawk, once brandished, can be stayed.

In exact proportion, however, to the horrors of such a system is the necessity of perfecting those of our people exposed to it by the most prompt and decisive resorts. When, in the midst of the great struggle with a European monarchy, the frontiers of Georgia and Tennessee were suddenly assailed by ferocious Creeks, all eyes turned, appealing with confidence for security, to him who was known to the foe themselves by the descriptive designations of "Long Arrow" and "Sharp Knife." No one, indeed, exhibited in higher perfection the two qualities essential to such a contest—sagacity and courage.

The sagacity of General Jackson was the admiration of the sophist and the wonder of the savage; it unravelled the meshes of both without the slightest seeming effort. Piercing through every subtlety or stratagem it attained the truth with electrical rapidity. It detected at a glance the toils of an adversary and discerned the mode by which these toils could best be baffled.

His courage was equally finished and faultless; quick but cool; easily aroused but never boisterous; concentrated, en-

during, and manly. No enemy could intimidate, no dangers fright him; no surprise shook his presence of mind as no emergency transcended his self-control. The red braves of the wilderness confessed that in these, their highest virtues, General Jackson equalled the most celebrated of their chiefs. Invoked to the rescue, he roused from a bed of suffering and debility among the terrified fugitives, addressing them with brief but animating exhortation: "Your frontier is threatened with invasion by the savage foe. Already are they marching to your borders with their scalping-knives unsheathed to butcher your women and children. Time is not to be lost. We must hasten to the frontier or we shall find it drenched with the blood of our citizens. The health of your general is restored; he will command in person."

It was the progress of this exhibition in regions at once desolated and unproductive, that this patient and persevering fortitude overcame obstacles of appalling magnitude; and here it was that, with touching kindness, when suffering the cravings of famine, he offered to divide with one of his own soldiers the handful of acorns he had secretly hoarded! The three victories of Talledega, Emuckfaw and Enotochopco, purchased with incredible fatigue, exposure, and loss of life, are not only to be valued in reference to the population and territory they pacified and redeemed, but as having disclosed, just in time for the crises of the main war, the transcendent ability and fitness of him who was destined to stamp its close with an exploit of unrivalled heroism and consummate generalship.

Shall I abruptly recall the battle of New Orleans?—recall, did I say? Is it ever absent from the memory of an American? Mingled indissolubly with the thought of country it springs to mind as Thermopylæ or Marathon when Greece i

named. He who gave that battle with all its splendid preliminaries and results to our chronicles of national valor may cease to be mortal but can never cease to be renowned. He may have a grave, but, like the Father of his Country, he can want no monument but posterity.

The judgment of the world has been irreversibly passed upon that extraordinary achievement of our republican soldier. Analyzed in all its plans, its means, its motives, and its execution; the genius that conceived, the patriotism that impelled, the boldness that never backed, nor paused, nor counted; the skill which trebled every resource, the activity that was everywhere, the end that accomplished everything. It was a masterpiece of work which Cæsar, William Tell, Napoleon, and Washington, could unite in applauding. Even the vanquished, soothed by the magnanimity of their victor, have since laid the tribute of their admiration at his feet. For that battle, in itself and alone, as now passed into the imperishable records of history, an exhaustless fund of moral property, our descendants in distant ages will teach their children, as they imbibe heroism from illustration and example, to murmur their blessings.

I have dwelt, fellow citizens, with perhaps unnecessary length upon the martial merits of the deceased. I have done so because these merits are incontestable, and form, apart from every other consideration, an overwhelming claim to the veneration and gratitude we are now displaying. To me personally, as you all know, it would be alike consistent and natural to go much farther; but, entertaining a real deference for the sentiments of others, I should be unable to pardon myself if on an occasion so peculiarly solemn a single word fell from my lips which did not chime with the tone of every bosom present. The time has not come, and among a free,

fearless, and frank people such as you are, it may possibly never come, when the civic characteristics of Jackson during his chief magistracy of eight years can be other than topics of sincere differences of opinion.

Springing, however, directly from what I have considered as the great root of his public services is at least one branch of his executive policy and action that need not be avoided. If as a Revolutionary lad he clung to the cause of the colonists; if as a soldier he knew no shrinking from his flag; as a president of these States he stood without budging on the rock of their union. It seemed as if, to him, that was hallowed ground, ungenial to the weeds of party, identical indeed with country. Count the cost of this confederacy, and he was scornfully silent; speak of disregarding her laws, and his remonstrances were vehement; move but a hair's breadth to end the compact, and he was in arms. On this vast concern, involving, directly or remotely, all the precious objects of American civilization, his zeal was as uncompromising, perhaps as unrefining and undiscriminating, as his convictions were profound. The extent of our obligation to him in regard to it cannot well be exaggerated. Possessing in his high office the opportunity, he gave to his purpose an impetus and an emphasis that will keep forever ringing in the ears of his successors—"The Union must and shall be preserved!"

Such was the hero we mourn. With a constitution undermined by privations incident to his military labors, and a frame shattered by diseases, he had retired to the seclusion of the Hermitage, long and patiently awaiting the only and final relief from suffering. It came to him on the evening of the 8th instant, in the centre of his home's affectionate circle, while his great mind was calm and unclouded and when his heart was prepared to welcome its dilatory messenger. Yes!

Yes! he on whom for half a century his country gazed as upon a tower of strength; on whom she never called for succor against the desolating savage without being answered by a rushing shout of "Onward to the rescue!"—who anticipated her invading foes by destroying them ere their footprints on her soil were cold—he, the iron warrior, the reproachless patriot, has ceased to be mortal, has willingly made his single surrender—*the* surrender—the surrender of his soul to its Almighty claimant!

It may almost be said that General Jackson was constituted of two natures, so admirably and so distinctly were his qualities adapted to their respective spheres of action. I have portrayed hurriedly and crudely his public character—let us for an instant see him, on one or two points at least, in the other aspect, and perhaps we may thence catch the secret of his sublime and beautiful death. The rugged exterior which rough wars in our early western settlements would naturally impart was smoothed and polished in him by a spirit of benevolence deeply seated in his temperament. In social intercourse, though always earnest, rapid, impressive, and upright, his friendship was marked by boundless confidence and generosity; while in domestic life a winning gentleness seemed to spread from the recesses of his heart over the whole man, filling the scenes around him with smiles of serenity and joy. No husband loved more ardently, more faithfully, more unchangeably; no parent could surpass the self-sacrificing kindness with which he reared and cherished his adopted children; no master could be more certain of reciprocated fondness than he was, when, as expiring, he breathed the hope of hereafter meeting in the heaven to which he was hastening the servants of his household, "as well black as white." The truthfulness of this picture is attested by all who were admitted

to the sanctuary of his home, precincts too sacred, even on an occasion equally sacred, for more than this brief intrusion.

But there was a crowning characteristic, from adverting to which I must not shrink, though in the presence in which I stand. General Jackson was fervently, unaffectedly, and submissively pious! Wherever he might be and whatever his absorbing pursuit—wading heavily through the swamps of Florida on the tracks of Hillishago; speeding with the swoop of an eagle to grapple the invader, Pakenham; careering at the head of his victorious legions through throngs of admiring countrymen; in the halls of the executive mansion; or at his hearth in the Hermitage; there and then, everywhere and always, though not ostensible and never obtrusive, his faith was with him. But it was most closely and conspicuously with him as dissolution approached; it was with him to brighten the rays of his mind, to cheer the throbs of his heart, to take the sting from his latest pang, and to give melody to his last farewell. The dying hour of Jackson bears triumphant testimony to the Christian's hope.

"Such was the hero; such was the man we mourn!"

Come, then, my countrymen! let us, as it were, gather round the depository of his remains! From those who knew him as it has been my lot to know him the frequent tear of cherished and proud remembrance must fall. To all of us it will be some relief to join in the simple and sacred sentiment of public gratitude.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's honors blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to seek their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod;
By fairy forms their dirge is sung—
By hands unseen their knell is rung;—
There honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay:
And freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!"

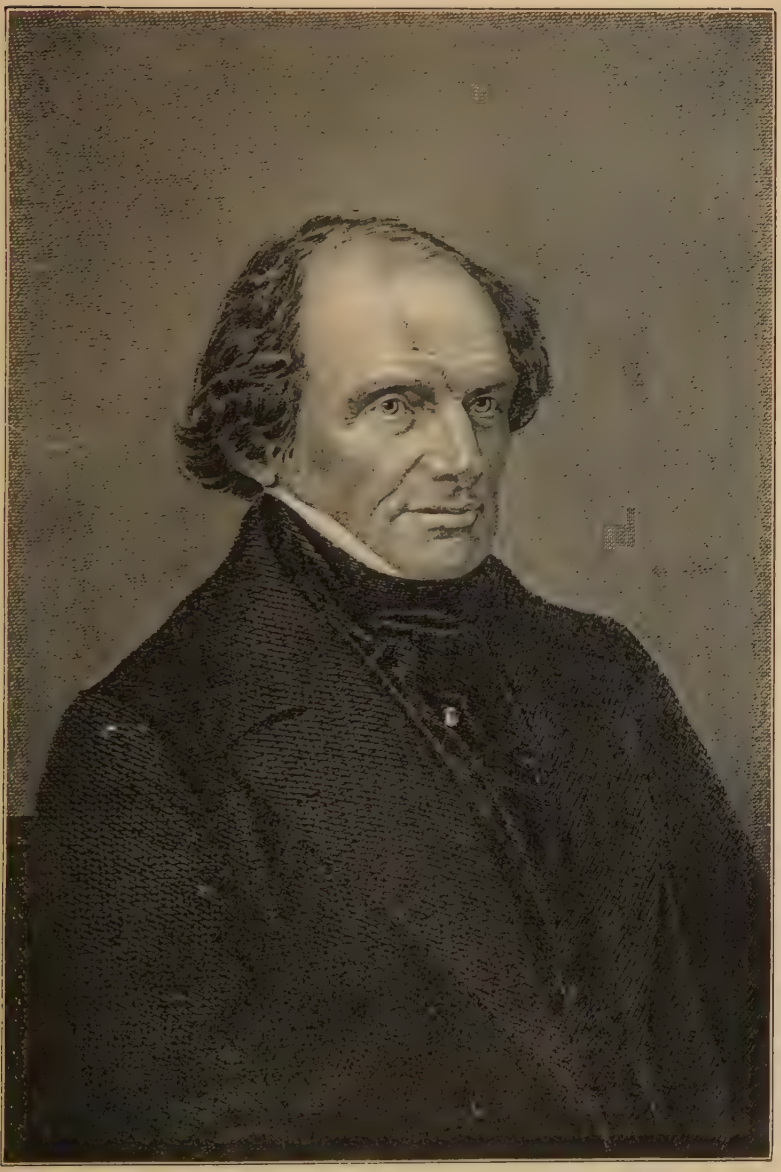
EARL RUSSELL

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, first EARL RUSSELL, English liberal statesman, orator, and author, third son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, and noted as the great advocate of parliamentary reform and Catholic Emancipation, was born at London, Aug. 18, 1792, and died at Richmond Park, Surrey, May 28, 1878. Educated at Westminster School and at Edinburgh University, he entered Parliament when only twenty-one, as member for Tavistock, and began a public career, with its adversities as well as its triumphs, which extended for more than half a century. Being in delicate health, and the Whigs at this period being in the minority in the Commons, he at first did not meet with the success and prestige as a statesman he afterward attained, though he was not long to prove his powers as a parliamentary debater. He, moreover, somewhat dissipated his energies by undertaking literary work, such as his "Life of William, Lord Russell," and his "Essay on the History of the English Government and Constitution," which appeared at this period. Reforms, both political and religious, were however imminent, and into these he threw himself, with notable results, for he was one of the chief framers of the first Reform Bill, led the movement which resulted in the abolition of the Test and Corporation Acts and the repeal of the Corn Laws, and took part in bringing about Catholic Emancipation. In Melbourne's administration he became home secretary and leader in the Commons, and on Peel's resignation he was entrusted with the task of forming an administration, which lasted from 1846 to 1852. In Aberdeen's Cabinet he became foreign secretary and president of the council, and in 1855 was English representative at the conference at Vienna. Defeating Palmerston in 1857, he led the attack on the Tory Reform Bill of 1859, but being reconciled soon to the rival Whig leader, he became foreign secretary under Palmerston, and in 1861 accepted an earldom and entered the House of Lords. At Palmerston's death (1865) Russell again became for a short time premier, but suffering defeat he retired from public life. Among his writings, besides those already mentioned, are the Memoirs of Thomas Moore and of Charles James Fox, a treatise on "The Rise and Progress of Religion in Europe," and a volume of "Recollections and Suggestions." As a speaker he was forceful and convincing, and as a statesman he has left an enduring mark upon the legislation of his country.

ON THE BALLOT

DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, JULY 8, 1872

I THINK I may venture to address your lordships on the present occasion, as my attention has been directed to the subject of the ballot for more than forty years. When, in 1831, the ministry of the late Earl Grey was formed on the principle of introducing the question of parliamentary



LORD JOHN RUSSELL

reform as a ministerial question, I was one of a committee of the ministers to whom was committed the charge of drawing up the scheme of the first reform bill. The proposals of that committee contained a recommendation of the ballot.

When Earl Grey spoke to me of the scheme he said that while the cabinet cordially approved of the measure as a whole, there was one part of it to which they could by no means assent—namely, the ballot. He asked me whether I attached much importance to the point, and whether I was willing to give it up. My answer was that in fact I had used every argument to induce the committee not to insert the ballot in their proposals. The suggestion of the ballot was consequently omitted from the reform bill which I introduced into the House of Commons, and it never appeared in any of the subsequent bills. Since that time I have watched all the discussions that have been raised upon the ballot question, and have taken part in some, and have seen no ground for changing the opinions I entertained forty years ago.

The late Sir Robert Peel was as much opposed to the ballot as Earl Grey. Many noble lords will remember the speech of wonderful argumentative force and eloquence which he delivered against Mr. Grote's motion in 1838. The result of the debate on that occasion was that the motion of Mr. Grote was rejected by a majority of 117. The present prime minister [Mr. Gladstone] has eight or nine times voted against the ballot in the House of Commons.

It was therefore with no little surprise that I heard the year before last that Mr. Gladstone had suddenly announced that he had become a convert to it. The reason given for this sudden conversion was twofold—first, that secret voting had been adopted all over the world; and, secondly, that now every adult person in England had the right of voting.

These two reasons are no doubt plausible; but the allegations on which they rest are totally inadequate. With regard to the first, it is far from being true that the ballot has been introduced all over the world. It has not been adopted even in all our own colonies. The good sense of the people of the Dominion has refused to accept its introduction in Canada, and if I do not mistake, the use of secret voting has not been practically adopted in our great colony of Victoria. Secret ballot does not really exist in half of the States of the American Union. In the New England State of Massachusetts a law was passed by which a voter might go to a public office and ask for an envelope in which he might enclose his vote, and thus, if he chose, keep the way in which he voted a secret. That was, if anything, an "optional ballot"—the secrecy was in the absolute power of the voter himself.

At the end of three or four years some curious people wished to know how many of those envelopes had been taken, and whether any great number of the electors had chosen to vote secretly. It was found that very few, if any, of the electors had taken those envelopes or chosen to vote secretly. The law was therefore repealed, and everyone voted openly. No doubt, open voting gives opportunity for intimidation; but, in my opinion, the system embodied in the present measure will increase personation, will increase bribery, will increase fraud and falsehood of every kind—indeed, in whatever light secret voting is viewed, it seems a bad system; it is nothing but an increased power of corruption in every direction.

It will encourage falsehood, for it is quite possible under the ballot that a voter may be intimidated by his landlord into promising his vote; but having the power to vote will secretly vote against his promise. He would then go to his

landlord and say, "I voted as you asked me; I quite agree in your opinions, and have voted with you." It was some such argument as this that Mr. Grote put forward in proof of the value of the ballot in checking the influence of the landlord and employer, and he maintained that the tenant would be perfectly justified in acting in this way.

It seems, however, to me that though the intimidation may fail as to the actual vote, the ballot will introduce a new form of fraud and distrust which will not be much preferable to the old-fashioned intimidation. The Englishman's privilege of public voting should be as sacredly respected; he should have the same right of voting openly as he has by the existing law; and at least there is no reason why the electors of Old England should be deprived of a privilege of open voting which is enjoyed by the voters of New England.

It seems to me a great argument in support of open voting that a man who is desirous of promoting some great public question; of something that would improve the condition of his fellow creatures—is more likely than any other man to give his vote publicly, and will be proud of proclaiming his support of a candidate who holds large and liberal views.

When Sir Samuel Romilly was engaged in his endeavors to mitigate the severity of our criminal code, and was a candidate for Westminster, an elector, sympathizing with his efforts, was proud to say, "I vote for Samuel Romilly!" Why should not a voter be allowed to proclaim his sympathy with a man whose life is devoted to mitigating the sufferings of his fellow men? Or again, when Wilberforce stood before the great constituency of Yorkshire, the champion of the abolition of slavery throughout the world—a great and noble aspiration—surely the electors should not be prohibited from

proclaiming openly, in the face of all men, "I vote for Mr. Wilberforce and the emancipation of the human race!"

This bill will make the revelation of his vote an offence and a crime on the part of the official persons who are in the polling booth at the time. It is provided by this bill that the voter, having secretly marked his vote on the ballot paper and folded it up so as to conceal his vote, shall place it in a closed box. There is, indeed, no penalty imposed on the voter for telling his vote, but every officer, clerk, and agent in attendance at a polling station who shall communicate at any time to any person any information obtained in a polling station, as to the candidate for whom any voter in such station is about to vote, or has voted, will be liable, on summary conviction before two justices of the peace, to imprisonment for any term not exceeding six months, with or without hard labor.

I feel ashamed that such a proposition should have come up from the other House. Surely it is a degradation to which the country will never submit. As to the allegation that every adult man in England has the right of voting, it is allowed by Mr. Gladstone himself not to be an accurate statement, and he rebukes Mr. Disraeli for supposing that every man who marries has the right of voting. I must, in addition, point out that our whole progress for the last century and a half has been in favor of publicity. There was a time when the proceedings of Parliament were published under the disguise of "Debates in the Senate of Lilliput," and notes of the speeches were prefixed by fictitious names.

I remember, in my own time, seeing the sergeant-at-arms bring before the House a man whom he found making notes in the gallery. Since that time we have gone on introducing

more and more publicity in the transaction of public affairs. The debates in Parliament are reported day by day, under the real names of the speakers, and are openly discussed the next morning in the journals throughout the kingdom. The proceedings of the courts of law are public, and the man who is called upon to give evidence in a court of law is not allowed the shelter of secrecy even where—as is too often the case in Ireland—his giving evidence may be attended with risk to his life. No exemptions are made, all questions affecting life and property are decided in public. Yet it is now proposed that if a man comes to the polling booth, and says, "I wish to vote for Lord Enfield," so essential is secrecy in the performance of public duty that the open declaration of a man's wish and opinion by an officer in the polling booth is declared to be a disgrace and a crime.

We declare that publicity must be the rule of our law courts whatever the consequences. In one of our courts, presided over by a member of this House, cases arise of which the publicity is injurious to morality and offensive to decency, nevertheless no exception is made. Proposals have been made that in the divorce court proceedings may be taken in secrecy if the judge shall think fit; but no—the noble and learned lord who presides over that court approves of publicity; and by means of this publicity all persons may read the details of these trials in the public journals.

At whatever cost, the law must be administered in public; but when you come to the election of the lawgivers—secrecy is so essential in the performance of this form of public duty—the vote must be so entirely in the bosom of the voter that it is impossible that publicity can be allowed—the vote must be given in secret. The man who is in office in the booth and hears a person say, "I vote for Lord Enfield," or, "I vote

for Lord George Hamilton," is liable to six months' imprisonment.

This is simply monstrous. The people of England have for hundreds of years been free to go to the poll and say, "I vote for such and such a man because I look upon him as the most fit." But this is no longer to be allowed—secrecy, not freedom of voting, is henceforth to be the rule.

I will not go into the question of the ulterior results of secret voting, but I do not believe it will long stand alone. Probably it will lead in no very long time to universal suffrage. I cannot forbear from noting the language of the administration of Earl Grey in reference to the great plans for parliamentary reform which they had laid before Parliament. In 1831 there appeared the following passage in the speech from the throne:

"I have availed myself of the earliest opportunity of resorting to your advice and assistance after the dissolution of the late Parliament. Having had recourse to that measure for the purpose of ascertaining the sense of my people on the expediency of a reform in the representation, I have now to recommend that important question to your earliest and most attentive consideration, confident that in any measures which you may prepare for its adjustment you will carefully adhere to the acknowledged principles of the constitution, by which the prerogative of the crown, the authority of both Houses of Parliament, and the rights and liberties of the people are equally secured."

That was firm and clear language. No such language is heard in these days. On the contrary, when a question arises affecting the hereditary rights of your lordships, the prime minister says, "I will think once, twice, or thrice before touching such a question." That, however, was not the course adopted by the people of England upon a recent oc-

casion. When the people of England found that the life of the heir to the throne was in peril, they did not think thrice, or twice, or even once; but by one unanimous voice, as if impelled by instinct, in supplication for the heir to the throne, they put up prayers to heaven for his recovery. It is not by measures of this kind, but by feelings such as those which animated the whole people during that crisis—and which, I trust, will ever be the sentiments of the people of England—that the constitution can be preserved, and the rights and liberties of the people secured.

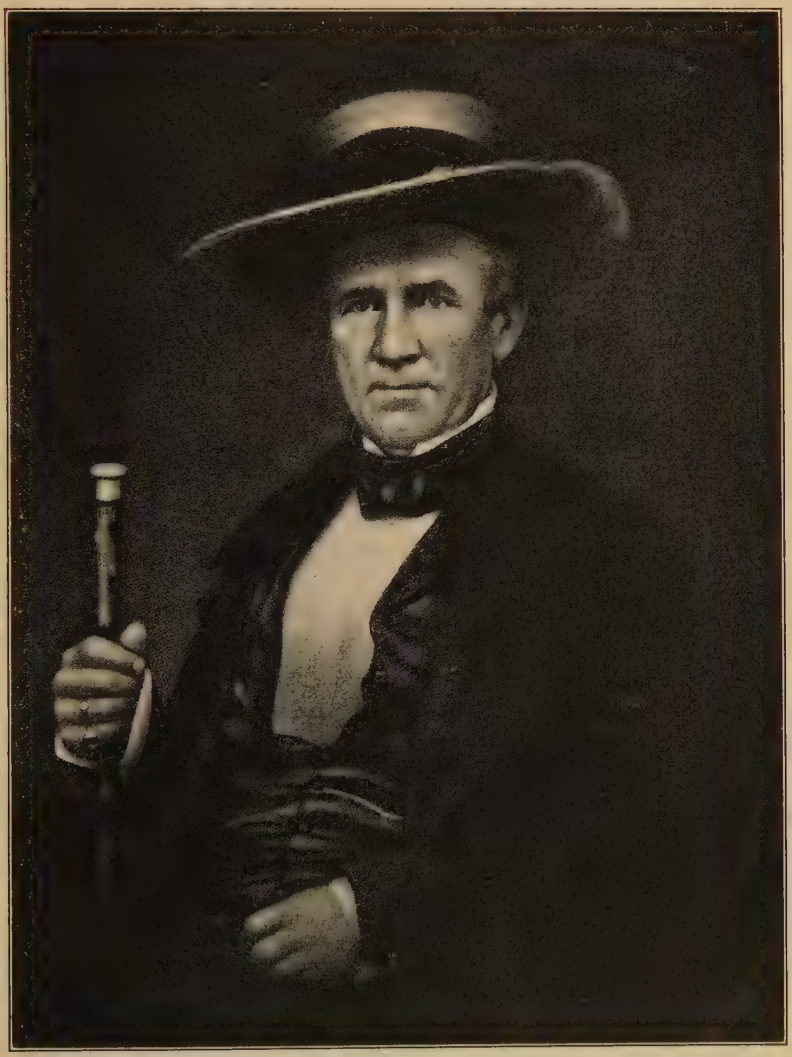
SAMUEL HOUSTON

SAMUEL HOUSTON, American general and politician, and president of the Republic of Texas before its annexation by the United States, was born near Lexington, Va., March 2, 1793, and died at Huntsville, Tex., July 25, 1863. His education was meagre, and his youth was largely spent among the Cherokee Indians. In 1813, he entered the army and served under General Jackson in the campaign against the Creek Indians, but leaving the service in 1818, he began the study of law at Nashville, and became successively district attorney, adjutant-general, and major-general. He represented Tennessee in Congress, from 1823 to 1827, and in the latter year he was elected governor of that State. Resigning in 1829, he went to reside in Arkansas among the Cherokees, whose interests he afterward represented as agent in Washington. In 1832, he settled in Texas, and when that region was denied entrance as a State into the Mexican republic and war ensued between Texas and Mexico, Houston was appointed commander-in-chief of the Texan forces. At San Jacinto, in 1836, Houston defeated and captured the Mexican general, Santa Anna, thereby securing the independence of Texas. From that period until its annexation to the United States, Houston was president of the Texan Republic, and for twelve years following its admission to the Union he represented it in the United States Senate. In 1859, he was elected governor of Texas, but on account of opposition to Secession he resigned office in 1861 and retired to private life.

SPEECH ON THE NEBRASKA AND KANSAS BILL

DELIVERED IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE, MARCH 3, 1857

MR. PRESIDENT,—I have very little hope that any appeal which I can make for the Indians will do any good. The honorable senator from Indiana [Mr. Pettit] says in substance that God Almighty has condemned them and has made them an inferior race; that there is no use in doing anything for them. With great deference to that senator, for whom I have never cherished any but kindly feelings, I must be permitted to dissent from his opinions. He says they are not civilized and they are not homogeneous, and cannot be so. with the white race. They



SAMUEL HOUSTON

cannot be civilized! No! Sir, it is idle to tell me that. We have Indians on our western borders whose civilization is not inferior to our own.

It is within the recollection of gentlemen here that, more than twenty years ago, President Ross, one of them, held a correspondence upon the rights of the Indians to the Cherokee country which they possessed east of the Mississippi, and maintained himself in the controversy with great credit and ability; and the triumph of Mr. Adams, if it was one, was much less than he had obtained over the diplomatist of Spain [Mr. Don Onis] in relation to the occupation of Florida by General Jackson. The senator from Indiana says that in ancient times Moses received a command to go and drive the Canaanites and Moabites out of the land of Canaan, and that Joshua subsequently made the experiment of incorporating one tribe of the heathen with the Israelites, but it finally had to be killed off. Therefore, the senator concludes, the Cherokees cannot be civilized. There may have been something statesmanlike in the policy, but I do not discover the morality of it. I will say, however, that there is no analogy between the two cases. The people of Judea who were killed or exterminated were idolaters, and the object was to keep the people of Israel free from the taint of idols and idolatry under the command of Providence, and therefore the extermination in his dispensation became necessary. But the Cherokees never have been idolaters, neither have the Creeks, nor the Choctaws, nor the Chickasaws. They believe in one Great Spirit—in God—the white man's God. They believe in his Son Jesus Christ, and his atonement and propitiation for the sins of men. They believe in the sanctifying efficacy of the Holy Ghost. They bow at the Christian's altar and they believe the Sacred Volume.

Sir, you may drive these people away and give their lands to the white man; but let it not be done upon the justification of the Scriptures. They have well-organized societies; they have villages and towns; they have their State-houses and their capitols; they have females and men who would grace the drawing-rooms or salons of Washington; they have a well-organized judiciary, a trial by jury, and the writ of habeas corpus.

These are the people for whom I demand justice in the organization of these Territories. They are men of education. They have more than one hundred native preachers in those tribes, as I have heard. They have their colleges, as I remarked in my former address to the Senate on this subject. They become associated in friendship with our young men in the various institutions in the United States; and they are prepared to be incorporated upon equal terms with us. But even if they were wild Indians, untutored, when you deprive them of what would give them knowledge and discourage them from making an effort to become civilized and social beings, how can you expect them to be otherwise than savage?

When you undertake to tame wild horses do you turn them from you and drive them into the desert, or do you take care of them and treat them with humanity? These Indians are not inferior, intellectually, to white men. John Ridge was not inferior in point of genius to John Randolph. His father, in point of native intellect, was not inferior to any man. Look at their social condition in the nations to which I have alluded. Look at the Chickasaws who remain in the State of Mississippi. Even among white men, with all their prejudices against the Indians, with their transcendent genius and accomplishments, they have been elected to the legislature. Whenever they

have had an opportunity they have shown that they are not inferior to white men, either in sense or sensibility.

But the honorable senator from Iowa [Mr. Dodge] characterizes the remarks which I made in reference to the Indians as arising from a feeling of "sickly sentimentality." Sir, it is a sickly sentimentality that was implanted in me when I was young, and it has grown up with me. The Indian has a sense of justice, truth, and honor that should find a responsive chord in every heart. If the Indians on the frontier are barbarous, or if they are cannibals, and eat each other, who are to blame for it? They are robbed of the means of sustenance; and with hundreds and thousands of them starving on the frontier, hunger may prompt to such acts to prevent their perishing. We shall never become cannibals in connection with the Indians; but we do worse than that. We rob them, first of their native dignity and character; we rob them next of what the government appropriates for them. If we do not do it in this hall, men are invested with power and authority, who, officiating as agents or traders, rob them of everything which is designed for them. Not less than one hundred millions of dollars, I learn from statistics, since the adoption of this government, have been appropriated by Congress for purposes of justice and benevolence toward the Indians; but I am satisfied that they have never realized fifteen millions beneficially. They are too remote from the seat of government for their real condition to be understood here; and if the government intends liberality or justice toward them it is often diverted from the intended object and consumed by speculators.

I am a friend to the Indian upon the principle that I am a friend to justice. We are not bound to make them promises; but if a promise be made to an Indian it ought to be regarded

as sacredly as if it were made to a white man. If we treat them as tribes, recognize them, send commissioners to form treaties and exchange ratifications with them, and the treaties are negotiated, accepted, ratified, and exchanged—having met with the approval of the Senate—I think they may be called compacts; and how are these compacts regarded? Just as we choose to construe them at the time, without any reference to the wishes of the Indians or whether we do them kindness or justice in the operation or not. We are often prompted to their ratification by persons interested; and we lend ourselves unintentionally to an unjust act of oppression upon the Indians by men who go and get their signatures to a treaty. The Indian's mark is made; the employees of the government certify or witness it; and the Indians do not understand it for they do not know what is written. These are some of the circumstances connected with the Indians.

Gentlemen have spoken here of voting millions to build ships, and placing the army and navy at the disposition of the President in the event that England act inconsistently with treaty stipulations. This is done because, if England violates a treaty with us, our national honor is injured. Now I should like to know if it becomes us to violate a treaty made with the Indians when we please, regardless of every principle of truth and honor? We should be careful if it were with a power able to war with us; and it argues a degree of infinite meanness and indescribable degradation on our part to act differently with the Indians, who confide in our honor and justice, and who call the President their Great Father and confide in him. Mr. President, it is in the power of the Congress of the United States to do some justice to the Indians by giving them a government of their own, and encouraging them in their organization and improvement by inviting their delegates to a

place on the floor of the Senate and House of Representatives. If you will not do it, the sin will lie at your door, and Providence, in his own way, mysterious and incomprehensible to us though it is, will accomplish all his purposes, and may at some day avenge the wrongs of the Indians upon our nation. As a people we can save them; and the sooner the great work is begun, the sooner will humanity have cause to rejoice in its accomplishment.

Mr. President, I shall say but little more. My address may have been desultory. It embraces many subjects which it would be very hard to keep in entire order. We have, in the first place, the extensive territory; then we have the considerations due to the Indians; and then we have the proposed repeal of the Missouri Compromise, which seems to require the most explanation and to be the main point in the controversy. The great principle involved in that repeal is non-intervention, which, we are told, is to be of no practical benefit if the Compromise is repealed. It can have no effect but to keep up agitation. Sir, the friends who have survived the distinguished men who took prominent parts in the drama of the Compromise of 1850 ought to feel gratified that those men are not capable of participating in the events of to-day, but that they were permitted, after they had accomplished their labors and seen their country in peace, to leave the world, as Simeon did, with the exclamation: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." They departed in peace, and they left their country in peace. They felt, as they were about to be gathered to the tombs of their fathers, that the country they had loved so well and which had honored them—that country upon whose fame and name their doings had shed a bright lustre which shines abroad throughout all Christendom—was reposing in peace and happiness.

What would their emotions be if they could now be present and see an effort made, if not so designed, to undo all their work and to tear asunder the cords that they had bound around the hearts of their countrymen? They have departed. The nation felt the wound; and we see the memorials of woe still in this chamber. The proud symbol (the eagle) above your head remains enshrouded in black, as if it deplored the misfortune which had fallen upon us, or as a fearful omen of future calamities which await our nation in the event this bill should become a law.

Above it I behold the majestic figure of Washington, whose presence must ever inspire patriotic emotions and command the admiration and love of every American heart. By these associations I adjure you to regard the contract once made to harmonize and preserve this Union. Maintain the Missouri Compromise! Stir not up agitation. Give us peace.

This much I was bound to declare, in behalf of my country, as I believe, and I know in behalf of my constituents. In the discharge of my duty I have acted fearlessly. The events of the future are left in the hands of a wise Providence; and, in my opinion, upon the decision which we make upon this question must depend union or disunion.

EDWARD EVERETT

EDWARD EVERETT

EDWARD EVERETT, a distinguished American statesman, orator, and author, professor of Greek literature at Harvard, Governor of Massachusetts (1835–39), and editor of the "North American Review," was born at Dorchester, Mass., April 11, 1794, and died at Boston, Jan. 15, 1865. He was educated at Harvard, where he graduated with high honors in 1811. In his twentieth year, he became pastor of a Unitarian Church at Cambridge, and soon gained distinction by his brilliant pulpit efforts. This charge he, however, resigned in 1815 to accept the chair of Eliot Professor of Greek at Harvard. To fit himself better for the duties of this post, he made a four years' visit to Europe, where he met many eminent men, and returned to his professorship, which he entered upon with ardor and gave a great impetus to the study of Greek and its literature, as well as inspiration to general culture. He also for a time assumed the editorship of the "North American Review," and wrote and published a number of scholarly addresses. From 1824 to 1835 he was a member of Congress, and retired from the House to accept the governorship of his native State. In 1841, he was appointed United States Minister to England, and on his return was chosen president of his Alma Mater. In 1852, he became Secretary of State in Mr. Fillmore's Cabinet, and in the following year entered the United States Senate. Here he strove, but in vain, to avert civil war, and did useful work on committees. Of his public addresses the best known are one on Washington, which he wrote for the Mount Vernon Association fund, and to which he contributed personally $100,000, and his eloquent oration at the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg. At his death, in his seventy-first year, the scholarly statesman and accomplished man of letters was greatly mourned. The great charm of Everett's orations consists in their symmetry and finish, and every page of his eloquence bespeaks the richly endowed and thorough scholar. He possessed a wide reputation abroad as well as at home, and above all, he had an acquaintance with the politics of the world, with the laws of this country and of nations, and with the history and policy of the countries of Europe. Mr. Everett had substantial claims to the character of a poet, and among his poetical compositions his dirge of "Alaric the Visigoth" and "Santa Croce" are worthy of special mention. Among his published works are several volumes of "Orations and Speeches." He had long contemplated a work upon international law, and at the time of his death was preparing a course of lectures on this theme. A life-long and unbroken friendship existed between Everett and Daniel Webster, and the cordial relations that united them were never disturbed by any misunderstanding or estrangement. During the Civil War, Everett labored zealously in defence of the Union, but was always disposed to extend the hand of fraternal reconciliation towards those whom he regarded as so greatly in the wrong.

PHI BETA KAPPA ORATION

DELIVERED AT CAMBRIDGE, AUGUST 26, 1824

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,— In discharging the honorable trust of being the public organ of your sentiments on this occasion, I have been anxious that the hour, which we here pass together, should be occupied by those reflections exclusively, which belong to us as scholars. Our association in this fraternity is academical; we engaged in it before our alma mater dismissed us from her venerable roof to wander in the various paths of life; and we have now come together in the academical holidays, from every variety of pursuit, from almost every part of our country, to meet on common ground as the brethren of one literary household. The professional cares of life, like the conflicting tribes of Greece, have proclaimed to us a short armistice, that we may come up in peace to our Olympia.

But from the wide field of literary speculation and the innumerable subjects of meditation which arise in it, a selection must be made. And it has seemed to me proper that we should direct our thoughts, not merely to a subject of interest to scholars, but to one which may recommend itself as peculiarly appropriate to us. If "that old man eloquent, whom the dishonest victory at Cheronæa killed with report," could devote fifteen years to the composition of his Panegyric on Athens, I shall need no excuse to a society of American scholars, in choosing for the theme of an address, on an occasion like this, the peculiar motives to intellectual exertion in America. In this subject that curiosity which every

scholar feels in tracing and comparing the springs of mental activity is heightened and dignified by the important connection of the inquiry with the condition and prospects of our native land.

In the full comprehension of the terms, the motives to intellectual exertion in a country embrace the most important springs of national character. Pursued into its details, the study of these springs of national character is often little better than fanciful speculation. The questions, why Asia has almost always been the abode of despotism, and Europe more propitious to liberty; why the Egyptians were abject and melancholy; the Greeks inventive, elegant, and versatile; the Romans stern, saturnine, and, in matters of literature, for the most part servile imitators of a people whom they conquered, despised, and never equalled; why tribes of barbarians from the North and East, not known to differ essentially from each other, at the time of their settlement in Europe, should have laid the foundation of national characters so dissimilar as those of the Spanish, French, German, and English nations,—these are questions to which a few general answers may be attempted, that will probably be just and safe only in proportion as they are vague and comprehensive.

Difficult as it is, even in the individual man, to point out precisely the causes, under the influence of which members of the same community and of the same family, placed apparently in the same circumstances, grow up with characters the most diverse; it is infinitely more difficult to perform the same analysis on a subject so vast as a nation; where it is first not a small question what the character is, before you touch the inquiry into the circumstances by which it was formed.

But as, in the case of individual character, there are certain causes of undisputed and powerful operation; there are also in national character causes equally undisputed of improvement and excellence on the one hand, and of degeneracy and decline on the other. The philosophical student of history, the impartial observer of man, may often fix on circumstances, which, in their operation on the minds of the people, in furnishing the motives and giving the direction to intellectual exertion, have had the chief agency in making them what they were or are. Nor are there many exercises of the speculative principle more elevated than this. It is in the highest degree curious to trace physical facts into their political, intellectual and moral consequences; and to show how the climate, the geographical position, and even the particular topography of a region connect themselves by evident association, with the state of society, its predominating pursuits, and characteristic institutions.

In the case of other nations, particularly of those which in the great drama of the world have long since passed from the stage, these speculations are often only curious. The operation of a tropical climate in enervating and fitting a people for despotism; the influence of a broad river or a lofty chain of mountains in arresting the march of conquest or of emigration, and thus becoming the boundary not merely of governments, but of languages, literature, institutions, and character; the effect of a quarry of fine marble on the progress of the liberal arts; the agency of popular institutions in promoting popular eloquence, and the tremendous reaction of popular eloquence on the fortunes of a state: the comparative destiny of colonial settlements, of insular states, of tribes fortified in nature's Alpine battlements, or scattered over a smiling region of olive gardens and vineyards; these are all

topics, indeed, of rational curiosity and liberal speculation, but important only as they may illustrate the prospects of our own country.

It is therefore when we turn the inquiry to our country, when we survey its features, search its history, and contemplate its institutions, to see what the motives are, which are to excite and guide the minds of the people; when we dwell not on a distant, an uncertain, an almost forgotten past; but on an impending future, teeming with life and action, toward which we are rapidly and daily swept forward, and with which we stand in the dearest connection, which can bind the generations of man together; a future, which our own characters, our own actions, our own principles will do something to stamp with glory or shame; it is then that the inquiry becomes practical, momentous, and worthy the attention of every patriotic scholar. We then strive, as far as it is in the power of philosophical investigation to do it, to unfold our country's reverend auspices, to cast its great horoscope in the national sky, where many stars are waning, and many have set; to ascertain whether the soil which we love, as that where our fathers are laid and we shall presently be laid with them, will be trod in times to come by a people virtuous, enlightened, and free.

The first of the circumstances which are acting and will continue to act with a strong peculiarity among us, and which must prove one of the most powerful influences in exciting and directing the intellect of the country, is the new form of civil society, which has here been devised and established. I shall not wander so far from the literary limits of this occasion, nor into a field so oft trodden, as the praises of free political institutions. But the direct and appropriate influence on mental effort of institutions like ours has not

yet, perhaps, received the attention, which, from every American scholar, it richly deserves.

I have ventured to say that a new form of civil society has here been devised and established. The ancient Grecian republics, indeed, were free enough within the walls of the single city, of which most of them were wholly or chiefly composed; but to these single cities the freedom, as well as the power, was confined. Toward the confederated or tributary states the government was generally a despotism more capricious and not less stern than that of a single tyrant. Rome as a state was never free; in every period of her history, authentic and dubious, royal, republican, and imperial, her proud citizens were the slaves of an artful, accomplished, wealthy aristocracy; and nothing but the hard-fought battles of her stern tribunes can redeem her memory to the friends of liberty. In ancient and modern history there is no example before our own, of a purely elective and representative system. It is therefore on an entirely novel plan, that, in this country, the whole direction and influence of affairs; all the trusts and honors of society; the power of making, abrogating, and administering the laws; the whole civil authority and sway, from the highest post in the government to the smallest village trust, are put directly into the market of merit.

Whatsoever efficacy there is in high station and exalted honors to call out and exercise the powers, either by awakening the emulation of the aspirants or exciting the efforts of the incumbents, is here directly exerted on the largest mass of men with the smallest possible deductions. Nothing is bestowed on the chance of birth, nothing depends on proximity to the fountain of honor, nothing is to be acquired by espousing hereditary family interests; but whatever is desired

must be sought in the way of a broad, fair, personal competition. It requires little argument to show that such a system must most widely and most powerfully have the effect of appealing to whatever of energy the land contains; of searching out, with magnetic instinct, in the remotest quarters the latent ability of its children.

It may be objected, and it has been, that for want of a hereditary government, we lose that powerful spring of action which resides in the patronage of such a government, and must emanate from the crown. With many individuals, friendly to our popular institutions, it is nevertheless an opinion, that we must consent to lose something of the genial influence of princely and royal patronage on letters and arts, and find our consolation in the political benefits of our free system.

It may be doubted, however, whether this view be not entirely false. A crown is in itself a strip of velvet set with jewels; the dignity which it imparts and the honor with which it is invested depend on the numbers, resources, and the intelligence of the people who permit it to be worn. The crown of the late emperor of Hayti is said to have been one of the most brilliant in the world; and Theodore of Corsica, while confined for debt in the Fleet in London, sat on as high a throne as the king of England.

Since then the power and influence of the crown are really in the people, it seems preposterous to say that what increases the importance of the people can diminish the effect of that which proceeds from them, depends upon them, and reverts to them. Sovereignty, in all its truth and efficacy, exists here as much as ever it did at London, at Paris, at Rome, or at Susa. It exists, it is true, in an equal proportionate diffusion; a part of it belongs to the humblest citizen. The error

seems to be in confounding the idea of sovereignty with the quality of an individual sovereign.

Wheresoever Providence gathers into a nation the tribes of men, there a social life with its energies and functions is conferred; and this social life is sovereignty. By the healthful action of our representative system it is made to pervade the empire like the air; to reach the farthest, descend to the lowest and bind the distant together; it is made not only to co-operate with the successful and assist the prosperous, but to cheer the remote, "to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken."

Before the rising of our republic in the world, the faculties of men have had but one weary pilgrimage to perform—to travel up to court. By an improvement on the Jewish polity, which enjoined on the nation a visit thrice a year to the holy city; the great, the munificent, the enlightened states of the ancient and modern world have required a constant residence on the chosen spot. Provincial has become another term for inferior and rude; and impolite, which once meant only rural, has got to signify in all our languages something little better than barbarous.

But since in the nature of things a small part only of the population of a large state can by physical possibility be crowded within the walls of a city, and there receive the genial beams of metropolitan favor, it follows that the great mass of men are cut off from the operation of some of the strongest excitements to exertion.

It is rightfully urged, then, as a great advantage of our system, that the excitements of society go down as low as its burdens, and search out and bring forward whatsoever of ability and zeal are comprehended within the limits of the land. This is but the beginning of the benefit or rather it

is not yet the benefit. It is the effect of this diffusion of privileges that is precious. Capacity and opportunity, the twin sisters, who can scarce subsist but with each other, are now brought together.

The people who are to choose, and from whose number are to be chosen, by their neighbors, the highest officers of state, infallibly feel an impulse to mental activity; they read, think, and compare; they found village schools, they collect social libraries, they prepare their children for the higher establishments of education. The world, I think, has been abused on the tendency of institutions perfectly popular. From the ill-organized states of antiquity, terrific examples of license and popular misrule are quoted, to prove that man requires to be protected from himself, without asking who is to protect him from the protector, himself also a man.

While from the very first settlement of America to the present day, the most prominent trait of our character has been to cherish and diffuse the means of education. The village schoolhouse and the village church are the monuments which the American people have erected to their freedom; to read, and write and think are the licentious practices which have characterized our democracy.

But it will be urged, perhaps, that though the effect of our institutions be to excite the intellect of the nation, they excite it too much in a political direction; that the division and subdivision of the country into states and districts, and the equal diffusion throughout them of political privileges and powers, whatever favorable effect in other ways they may produce, are attended by this evil,—that they kindle a political ambition where it would not and ought not be felt; and particularly that they are unfriendly in their operation on literature, as they call the aspiring youth from the patient

and laborious vigils of the student to plunge prematurely into the conflicts of the forum.

It may, however, be doubted whether there be any foundation whatever for a charge like this; and whether the fact, so far as it is one, that the talent and ambition of the country incline at present to a political course be not owing to causes wholly unconnected with the free character of our institutions. It need not be said that the administration of the government of a country, whether it be liberal or despotic, is the first thing to be provided for. Some persons must be employed in making and administering the laws before any other interest can receive attention.

Our fathers, the pilgrims, before they left the vessel in which for five months they had been tossed on the ocean before setting foot on the new world of their desire, drew up a simple constitution of government. As this is the first care in the order of nature it ever retains its paramount importance.

Society must be preserved in its constituted forms, or there is no safety for life, no security for property, no permanence for any institution, civil, moral, or religious. The first efforts then of social men are of necessity political. Apart from every call of ambition, honorable or selfish, of interest enlarged or mercenary, the care of the government is the first care of a civilized community. In the early stages of social progress, where there is little property and a scanty population, the whole strength of the society must be employed in its support and defence. Though we are constantly receding from these stages we have not wholly left them. Even our rapidly increasing population is and will for some time remain small compared with the space over which it is diffused; and this with the total absence of large hereditary fortunes

will create a demand for political services on the one hand, and a necessity of rendering them on the other. There is, then, no ground for ascribing the political tendency of the talent and activity of this country to an imagined incompatibility of popular institutions with the profound cultivation of letters. Suppose our government were changed to-morrow; that the five points of a stronger government were introduced, a hereditary sovereign, an order of nobility, an established church, a standing army, and a vigilant police; and that these should take the place of that admirable system, which now, like the genial air, pervades all, supports all, cheers all, and is nowhere seen.

Suppose this change made, and other circumstances to remain the same; our population no more dense, our boundaries as wide, and the accumulation of private wealth no more abundant. Would there, in the new state of things, be less interest in politics? By the terms of the supposition, the leading class of the community, the nobles, are to be politicians by birth.

By the nature of the case a large portion of the remainder who gain their livelihood by their industry and talents would be engrossed, not indeed in the free political competition which now prevails, but in pursuing the interests of rival court factions. One class only, the peasantry, would remain, which would take less interest in politics than the corresponding class in a free state; or rather, this is a new class, which invariably comes in with a strong government; and no one can seriously think the cause of science and literature would be promoted by substituting an European peasantry in the place of, perhaps, the most substantial uncorrupted population on earth, the American yeomanry.

Moreover, the evil in question is with us a self-correcting

evil. If the career of politics be more open and the temptation to crowd it stronger, competition will spring up, numbers will engage in the pursuit; the less able, the less industrious, the less ambitious must retire and leave the race to the swift and the battle to the strong. But in hereditary governments no such remedy exists. One class of society, by the nature of its position, must be rulers, magistrates, or politicians. Weak or strong, willing or unwilling, they must play the game, though they, as well as the people, pay the bitter forfeit.

The obnoxious king can seldom shake off the empoisoned purple; he must wear the crown of thorns till it is struck off at the scaffold; and the same artificial necessity has obliged generations of nobles in all the old states of Europe to toil and bleed for a

"Power too great to keep or to resign."

Where the compulsion stops short of these afflicting extremities, still, under the governments in question, a large portion of the community is unavoidably destined to the calling of the courtier, the soldier, the party retainer; to a life of service, intrigue, and court attendance; and thousands, and those the prominent individuals in society, are brought up to look on a livelihood gained by private industry as base; on study as the pedant's trade, on labor as the badge of slavery.

I look in vain in institutions like these for anything essentially favorable to intellectual progress. On the contrary, while they must draw away the talent and ambition of the country quite as much as popular institutions can do it into pursuits foreign from the culture of the intellect, they necessarily doom to obscurity no small part of the mental energy of the land. For that mental energy has been equally diffused by sterner levellers than ever marched in the van of a

revolution; the nature of man and the Providence of God. Native character, strength, and quickness of mind are not of the number of distinctions and accomplishments that human institutions can monopolize within a city's walls. In quiet times they remain and perish in the obscurity to which a false organization of society consigns them. In dangerous, convulsed, and trying times they spring up in the fields, in the village hamlets, and on the mountain tops, and teach the surprised favorites of human law, that bright eyes, skilful hands, quick perceptions, firm purpose, and brave hearts, are not the exclusive appanage of courts.

Our popular institutions are favorable to intellectual improvement because their foundation is in dear nature. They do not consign the greater part of the social frame to torpidity and mortification. They send out a vital nerve to every member of the community by which its talents and power, great or small, are brought into living conjunction and strong sympathy with the kindred intellect of the nation; and every impression on every part vibrates with electric rapidity through the whole. They encourage nature to perfect her work; they make education, the soul's nutriment, cheap; they bring up remote and shrinking talent into the cheerful field of competition; in a thousand ways they provide an audience for lips which nature has touched with persuasion; they put a lyre into the hands of genius; they bestow on all who deserve it or seek it the only patronage worth having, the only patronage that ever struck out a spark of "celestial fire,"—the patronage of fair opportunity.

This is a day of improved education; new systems of teaching are devised; modes of instruction, choice of studies, adaptation of text-books, the whole machinery of means, have been brought in our day under severe revision. But were I to

attempt to point out the most efficacious and comprehensive improvement in education, the engine by which the greatest portion of mind could be brought and kept under cultivation, the discipline which would reach farthest, sink deepest, and cause the word of instruction, not to spread over the surface like an artificial hue carefully laid on, but to penetrate to the heart and soul of its objects, it would be popular institutions.

Give the people an object in promoting education, and the best methods will infallibly be suggested by that instinctive ingenuity of our nature which provides means for great and precious ends. Give the people an object in promoting education, and the worn hand of labor will be opened to the last farthing that its children may enjoy means denied to itself. This great contest about blackboards and sand-tables will then lose something of its importance, and even the exalted names of Bell and Lancaster may sink from that very lofty height where an over-hasty admiration has placed them.

But though it be conceded to us that the tendency which is alleged to exist in this country toward the political career is not a vicious effect of our free institutions, still it may be inquired whether the new form of social organization among us is at least to produce no corresponding modification of our literature? As the country advances, as the population becomes denser, as wealth accumulates, as the various occasions of a large, prosperous, and polite community call into strong action and vigorous competition the literary talent of the country, will no peculiar form or direction be given to its literature by the nature of its institutions? To this question an answer must without hesitation be given in the affirmative.

Literature as well in its origin as in its true and only genuine character is but a more perfect communication of man with man and mind with mind. It is a grave, sustained,

deliberate utterance of fact, of opinion, and feeling; or a free and happy reflection of nature, of characters, or of manners; and if it be not these it is poor imitation. It may therefore be assumed as certain that the peculiarity of our condition and institutions will be reflected in some peculiarity of our literature; but what that shall be it is as yet too early to say.

Literary history informs us of many studies which have been neglected as dangerous to existing governments, and many others which have been cultivated because they were prudent and safe. We have hardly the means of settling from analogy what direction the mind will most decisively take when left, under strong excitements, to action wholly without restraint from the arm of power. It is impossible to anticipate what garments our native muses will weave for themselves. To foretell our literature would be to create it.

There was a time before an epic poem, a tragedy, or a historical composition had ever been produced by the wit of man. It was a time of vast and powerful empires, of populous and wealthy cities. But these new and beautiful forms of human thought and feeling all sprang up in Greece under the stimulus of her free institutions. Before they appeared in the world it would have been idle for the philosopher to form conjectures as to the direction which the kindling genius of the age was to assume. He who could form could and would realize the anticipation, and it would cease to be an anticipation.

Assuredly epic poetry was invented then and not before, when the gorgeous vision of the Iliad, not in its full detail of circumstance, but in the dim conception of its leading scenes and sterner features, burst into the soul of Homer. Impossible, indeed, were the task fully to foretell the progress of

the mind under the influence of institutions as new, as peculiar, and far more animating than those of Greece.

But if, as no one will deny, our political system brings more minds into action on equal terms, if it provides a prompter circulation of thought throughout the community, if it gives weight and emphasis to more voices, if it swells to tens of thousands and millions those "sons of emulation who crowd the narrow strait where honor travels," then it seems not too much to expect some peculiarity at least, if we may not call it improvement, in that literature which is but the voice and utterance of all this mental action.

There is little doubt that the instrument of communication itself will receive great improvements; that the written and spoken language will acquire force and power; possibly that forms of address wholly new will be struck out to meet the universal demand for new energy. When the improvement or the invention (whatever it be) comes, it will come unlooked for, as well to its happy author as the world. But where great interests are at stake, great concerns rapidly succeeding each other, depending on almost innumerable wills, and yet requiring to be apprehended in a glance and explained in a word; where movements are to be given to a vast empire, not by transmitting orders, but by diffusing opinions, exciting feelings, and touching the electric chord of sympathy, there language and expression will become intense, and the old processes of communication must put on a vigor and a directness adapted to the aspect of the times.

Our country is called, as it is, practical; but this is the element for intellectual action. No strongly marked and high-toned literature, poetry, eloquence, or ethics, ever appeared but in the pressure, the din, and crowd of great interests, great enterprises, perilous risks, and dazzling rewards. States-

men, and warriors, and poets, and orators, and artists, start up under one and the same excitement. They are all branches of one stock. They form, and cheer, and stimulate, and, what is worth all the rest, understand each other; and it is as truly the sentiment of the student in the recesses of his cell as of the soldier in the ranks which breathes in the exclamation:

> "To all the sons of sense proclaim,
> One glorious hour of crowded life
> Is worth an age without a name."

But we are brought back to the unfavorable aspect of the subject by being reminded out of history of the splendid patronage which arbitrary governments have bestowed on letters, and which, from the nature of the case, can hardly be extended even to the highest merit under institutions like our own.

We are told of the munificent pensions, the rich establishments, the large foundations; of the museums erected, the libraries gathered, the endowments granted, by Ptolemys, Augustuses, and Louises of ancient and modern days. We are asked to remark the fruit of this noble patronage; wonders of antiquarian or scientific lore, Thesauruses and Corpuses, efforts of erudition from which the emulous student who would read all things, weigh all things, surpass all things, recoils in horror; volumes and shelves of volumes before which meek-eyed patience folds her hands in despair.

When we have contemplated these things and turn our thoughts back to our poor republican land, to our frugal treasury and the caution with which it is dispensed; to our modest fortunes and the thrift with which they are hoarded; to our scanty public libraries and the plain brick walls within which they are deposited, we may be apt to form gloomy auguries of the influence of free political institutions on our

literature. It is important then that we examine more carefully the experience of former ages and see how far their institutions, as they have been more or less popular, have been more or less associated with displays of intellectual excellence. When we make this examination, we shall be gratified to find that the precedents are all in favor of liberty.

The greatest efforts of human genius have been made where the nearest approach to free institutions has taken place. There shone forth not one ray of intellectual light to cheer the long and gloomy ages of the Memphian and Babylonian despots. Not a historian, not an orator, not a poet is heard of in their annals. When you ask what was achieved by the generations of thinking beings, the millions of men whose natural genius was as bright as that of the Greeks, nay, who forestalled the Greeks in the first invention of many of the arts, you are told that they built the pyramids of Memphis, the temples of Thebes, and the tower of Babylon, and carried Sesostris and Ninus upon their shoulders from the west of Africa to the Indus.

Mark the contrast in Greece. With the first emerging of that country into the light of political liberty the poems of Homer appear. Some centuries of political misrule and literary darkness follow, and then the great constellation of their geniuses seems to rise at once. The stormy eloquence and the deep philosophy, the impassioned drama and the grave history, were all produced for the entertainment of that "fierce democratie" of Athens. Here then the genial influence of liberty on letters is strongly put to the test. Athens was certainly a free state—free to licentiousness, free to madness. The rich were arbitrarily pillaged to defray the expenses of the state, the great were banished to appease the envy of their

rivals, the wise sacrificed to the fury of the populace. It was a state, in short, where liberty existed with most of the imperfections which have led men to love and praise despotism. Still, however, it was for this lawless, merciless people that the most chastised and accomplished literature which the world has known was produced.

The philosophy of Plato was the attraction which drew to a morning's walk in the olive gardens of the academy the young men of this factious city. Those tumultuous assemblies of Athens, the very same which rose in their wrath and to a man, and clamored for the blood of Phocion, required to be addressed, not in the cheap extemporaneous rant of modern demagogues, but in the elaborate and thrice repeated orations of Demosthenes. No! the noble and elegant arts of Greece grew up in no Augustan age, enjoyed neither royal nor imperial patronage. Unknown before in the world, strangers on the Nile, and strangers on the Euphrates, they sprang at once into life in a region not unlike our own New England—iron-bound, sterile, and free.

The imperial astronomers of Chaldæ went up almost to the stars in their observatories; but it was a Greek who first foretold an eclipse and measured the year. The nations of the East invented the alphabet, but not a line has reached us of profane literature in any of their languages; and it is owing to the embalming power of Grecian genius that the invention itself has been transmitted to the world. The Egyptian architects could erect structures which after three thousand five hundred years are still standing in their uncouth original majesty; but it was only on the barren soil of Attica that the beautiful columns of the Parthenon and the Theseum could rest, which are standing also. With the decline of liberty in Greece began the decline of all her letters

and all her arts; though her tumultuous democracies were succeeded by liberal and accomplished princes.

Compare the literature of the Alexandrian with that of the Periclean age; how cold, pedantic, and imitative! Compare, I will not say, the axes, the eggs, the altars, and the other frigid devices of the pensioned wits in the museum at Alexandria, but compare their best spirits with those of independent Greece: Callimachus with Pindar, Lycophron with Sophocles, Aristophanes of Byzantium with Aristotle, and Apollonius the Rhodian with Homer. When we descend to Rome, to the Augustan age, the exalted era of Mæcenas, we find one uniform work of imitation, often of translation. The choicest geniuses seldom rise beyond a happy transfusion of the Grecian masters. Horace translates Alcæus, Terence translates Menander, Lucretius translates Epicurus, Virgil translates Homer and Cicero—I had almost said, translates Demosthenes and Plato.

But the soul of liberty did burst forth from the lips of Cicero, "her form had not yet lost all its original brightness," her inspiration produced in him the only specimens of a purely original literature, which Rome has transmitted to us. After him, their literary history is written in one line of Tacitus: "*gliscente adulatione, magna ingenia deterrebantur.*"[1] The fine arts revived a little under the princes of the Flavian house, but never rose higher than a successful imitation of the waning excellence of Greece. With the princes of this line, the arts of Rome expired, and Constantine the Great was obliged to tear down an arch of Trajan for sculptures, wherewithal to adorn his own.

In modern times civilized states have multiplied; political institutions have varied in different states and at different

[1] As adulation increased, great geniuses declined.

times in the same state; some liberal institutions have existed in the bosom of societies otherwise despotic; and a great addition of new studies has been made to the encyclopædia, which have all been cultivated by great minds, and some of which, as the physical and experimental sciences, have little or no direct connection with the state of liberty. These circumstances perplex in some degree the inquiry into the effect of free institutions on intellectual improvement in modern times. There are times and places where it would seem that the muses, both the gay and the severe, had been transformed into court ladies.

Upon the whole, however, the modern history of literature bears but a cold testimony to the genial influence of the governments under which it has grown up. Dante and Petrarch composed their beautiful works in exile; Boccaccio complains in the most celebrated of his that he was transfixed with the darts of envy and calumny; Machiavelli was pursued by the party of the Medici for resisting their tyrannical designs; Guicciardini retired in disgust to compose his history in voluntary exile; Galileo confessed in the prisons of the Inquisition that the earth did not move; Ariosto lived in poverty; and Tasso died in want and despair.

Cervantes, after he had immortalized himself in his great work, was obliged to write on for bread. The whole French Academy was pensioned to crush the great Corneille. Racine, after living to see his finest pieces derided as cold and worthless, died of a broken heart. The divine genius of Shakespeare raised him to no higher rank than that of a subaltern actor in his own and Ben Jonson's plays. The immortal Chancellor was sacrificed to the preservation of a worthless minion, and is said (falsely I trust) to have begged a cup of beer in his old age, and begged it in vain. The most valuable of the

pieces of Selden were written in that famous resort of great minds, the Tower of London. Milton, surprised by want in his infirm old age, sold the first production of the human mind for five pounds. The great boast of English philosophy was expelled from his place in Oxford and kept in banishment, "the king having been given to understand," to use the words of Lord Sunderland, who ordered the expulsion, "that one Locke has, upon several occasions, behaved himself very factiously against the government." Dryden sacrificed his genius to the spur of immediate want. Otway was choked with a morsel of bread too ravenously swallowed after a long fast. Jonson was taken to prison for a debt of five shillings; and Burke petitioned for a professorship at Glasgow and was denied.

When we survey these facts and the innumerable others of which these are not even an adequate specimen we may perhaps conclude that in whatever way the arbitrary governments of Europe have encouraged letters it has not been in that of a steady cheering patronage. We may think there is abundant reason to acknowledge that the ancient lesson is confirmed by modern experience, and that popular institutions are most propitious to the full and prosperous growth of intellectual excellence.

If the perfectly organized system of liberty which here prevails be thus favorable to intellectual progress, various other conditions of our national existence are not less so, particularly the extension of one language, government, and character over so vast a space as the United States of America. Hitherto, in the main, the world has seen but two forms of social existence, free governments in small states and arbitrary governments in large ones. Though various shades of both have appeared at different times in the world, yet on the

whole, the political ingenuity of man has never found out the mode of extending liberal institutions beyond small districts, or of governing large empires by any other means than the visible demonstration and exercise of absolute power. The effect in either case has been unpropitious to the growth of intellectual excellence.

Free institutions, though favorable to the growth of intellectual excellence, are not the only thing needed. The wandering savage is free, but most of the powers of his mind lie dormant under the severe privations of a barbarous life. An infant colony on a distant coast may be free, but for want of the necessary mental aliment and excitement, may be unable to rise above the limits of material existence. In order then that free institutions may have their full and entire effect in producing the highest attainable degree of intellectual improvement, they require to be established in an extensive region and over a numerous people. This constitutes a state of society entirely new among men; a vast empire whose institutions are wholly popular.

While we experience the genial influence of those principles which belong to all free states, and in proportion as they are free; independence of thought and the right of expressing it; we are to feel in this country, we and those who succeed us, all that excitement which in various ways arises from the reciprocal action upon each other of the parts of a great empire. Literature, as has been partly hinted, is the voice of the age and the state. The character, energy, and resources of the country are reflected and imaged forth in the conceptions of its great minds. They are the organs of the time; they speak not their own language, they scarce think their own thoughts; but under an impulse like the prophetic enthusiasm of old they must feel and utter the sentiments which

society inspires. They do not create, they obey the Spirit of the Age; the serene and beautiful spirit descended from the highest heaven of liberty, who laughs at our little preconceptions, and, with the breath of his mouth, sweeps before him the men and the nations that cross his path.

By an unconscious instinct the mind in the strong action of its powers adapts itself to the number and complexion of the other minds with which it is to enter into communion or conflict. As the voice falls into the key which is suited to the space to be filled, the mind, in the various exercises of its creative faculties, strives with curious search for that master-note which will awaken a vibration from the surrounding community, and which, if it do not find, it is itself too often struck dumb.

For this reason, from the moment in the destiny of nations that they descend from their culminating point and begin to decline, from that moment the voice of creative genius is hushed, and at best, the age of criticism, learning, and imitation succeeds. When Greece ceased to be independent, the forum and the stage became mute. The patronage of Macedonian, Alexandrian, and Pergamean princes was lavished in vain. They could not woo the healthy muses of Hellas from the cold mountain tops of Greece to dwell in their gilded halls. Nay, though the fall of greatness, the decay of beauty, the waste of strength, and the wreck of power have ever been among the favorite themes of the pensive muse, yet not a poet arose in Greece to chant her own elegy; and it is after nearly three centuries and from Cicero and Sulpicius, that we catch the first notes of pious and pathetic lamentation over the fallen land of the arts. The freedom and genius of a country are invariably gathered into a common tomb, and there

> "Can only strangers breathe
> The name of that which was beneath."

It is when we reflect on this power of an auspicious future that we realize the prospect which smiles upon the intellect of America. It may justly be accounted the great peculiarity of ancient days compared with modern that in antiquity there was, upon the whole, but one civilized and literary nation at a time in the world. Art and refinement followed in the train of political ascendancy, from the East to Greece and from Greece to Rome.

In the modern world, under the influence of various causes, intellectual, political, and moral, civilization has been diffused throughout the greater part of Europe and America. Now mark a singular fatality as regards the connection of this enlarged and diffused civilization with the progress of letters and the excitement to intellectual exertion in any given state. Instead of one sole country, as in antiquity, where the arts and refinements find a home, there are, in modern Europe, seven or eight equally entitled to the general name of cultivated nations, and in each of which some minds of the first order have appeared. And yet, by the unfortunate multiplication of languages, an obstacle all but insuperable has been thrown in the way of the free progress of genius in its triumphant course from region to region. The muses of Shakespeare and Milton, of Camoens, of Lope de Vega, and Calderon, of Corneille and Racine, of Dante and Tasso, of Goethe and Schiller, are strangers to each other.

This evil was so keenly felt in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that the Latin language was widely adopted as a dialect common to scholars. We see men like Luther, Calvin, and Erasmus, Bacon, Grotius, and Thuanus, who could scarce have written a line without exciting the admiration of their contemporaries, driven to the use of a tongue which none but the learned could understand.

For the sake of addressing the scholars of other countries these great men and others like them, in many of their writings, were obliged to cut themselves off from all sympathy with the mass of those whom as patriots they must have wished most to instruct. In works of pure science and learned criticism this is of less consequence, for being independent of sentiment it matters less how remote from real life the symbols in which their ideas are conveyed. But when we see a writer like Milton, who more than any other whom England ever produced, was a master of the music of his native tongue, who, besides all the eloquence of thought and imagery, knew better than any other man how to clothe them according to his own beautiful expression,—

> "In notes, with many a winding bout
> Of linked sweetness, long drawn out,
> With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
> The melting voice through mazes running,
> Untwisting all the chains that tie
> The hidden soul of harmony;"

—when we see a master of English eloquence thus gifted choosing a dead language, the dialect of the closet, a tongue without an echo from the hearts of the people, as the vehicle of his defence of that people's rights; asserting the cause of Englishmen in the language, as it may be truly called, of Cicero, we can only measure the incongruity by reflecting what Cicero would himself have thought and felt if called to defend the cause of Roman freedom, not in the language of the Roman citizen, but in that of the Chaldeans or Assyrians, or some people still farther remote in the history of the world.

There is little doubt that the prevalence of the Latin language among modern scholars was a great cause not only of the slow progress of letters among the lower ranks, but of the stiffness and constraint formerly visible in the vernacular style of most scholars themselves. That the reformation in

religion advanced with such rapidity is doubtless in no small degree to be attributed to the translation of the Scriptures and the use of liturgies in the modern tongues. While the preservation in England of a strange language—I will not sin against the majesty of Rome by calling it Latin—in legal acts, down to so late a period as 1730, may be one cause that the practical forms of administering justice have not been made to keep pace with the popular views that have triumphed in other things.

With the erection of popular institutions under Cromwell, among various other legal improvements, very many of which were speedily adopted by our plain-dealing forefathers, the records of the law were ordered to be kept in English; "a novelty." says the learned commentator on the English laws, "which at the Restoration was no longer continued, practisers having found it very difficult to express themselves so concisely or significantly in any other language but Latin;" an argument for the use of that language whose soundness it must be left to clients to estimate.

Nor are the other remedies more efficacious which have been attempted for the evil of a multiplicity of tongues. Something is done by translations and something by the acquisition of foreign languages. But that no effectual transfusion of the higher literature of a country can take place in the way of translation is matter of notoriety; and it is a remark of one of the few who could have courage to make such a remark, Madame de Staël, that it is impossible fully to comprehend the literature of a foreign tongue.

The general preference given to Young's "Night Thoughts" and Ossian over all the other English poets, in many parts of the continent of Europe, seems to confirm the justice of the observation. There is, indeed, an influence of exalted genius

co-extensive with the earth. Something of its power will be felt in spite of the obstacles of different languages, remote regions, and other times. But its true empire, its lawful sway, are at home and over the hearts of kindred men. A charm which nothing can borrow, nothing counterfeit, nothing dispense with, resides in the simple sound of our mother tongue.

Not analyzed nor reasoned upon it unites the earliest associations of life with the maturest conceptions of the understanding. The heart is willing to open all its avenues to the language in which its infantile caprices were soothed; and by the curious efficacy of the principal association it is this echo from the feeble dawn of life which gives to eloquence much of its manly power and to poetry much of its divine charm. This feeling of the music of our native language is the first intellectual capacity that is developed in children, and when by age or misfortune

> "The ear is all unstrung,
> Still, still, it loves the lowland tongue."

What a noble prospect is opened in this connection for the circulation of thought and sentiment in our country! Instead of that multiplicity of dialect by which mental communication and sympathy are cut off in the old world a continually expanding realm is opened and opening to American intellect in the community of our language throughout the widespread settlements of this continent. The enginery of the press will here for the first time be brought to bear with all its mighty power on the minds and hearts of men, in exchanging intelligence and circulating opinions, unchecked by the diversity of language, over an empire more extensive than the whole of Europe.

And this community of language, all important as it is, is but a part of the manifold brotherhood which unites and will unite the growing millions of America. In Europe, the worl

of international alienation which begins in diversity of language is carried on and consummated by diversity of government, institutions, national descent, and national prejudices. In crossing the principal rivers, channels, and mountains in that quarter of the world, you are met, not only by new tongues, but by new forms of government, new associations of ancestry, new and generally hostile objects of national boast and gratulation. While on the other hand, throughout the vast regions included within the limits of our republic not only the same language, but the same laws, the same national government, the same republican institutions, and a common ancestral association prevail and will diffuse themselves.

Mankind will here exist, move, and act in a kindred mass such as was never before congregated on the earth's surface. The necessary consequences of such a cause overpower the imagination. What would be the effect on the intellectual state of Europe at the present day were all her nations and tribes amalgamated into one vast empire, speaking the same tongue, united into one political system, and that a free one, and opening one broad unobstructed pathway for the interchange of thought and feeling from Lisbon to Archangel!

If effects are to bear a constant proportion to their causes; if the energy of thought is to be commensurate with the masses which prompt it and the masses it must penetrate; if eloquence is to grow in fervor with the weight of the interests it is to plead, and the grandeur of the assemblies it addresses; if efforts rise with the glory that is to crown them; in a word, if the faculties of the human mind, as we firmly believe, are capable of tension and achievement altogether indefinite,

"Nil actum reputans, dum quid superesset agendum." [1]

then it is not too much to say that a new era will open on

[1] "Counting nothing done as long as something still remained to be done."

the intellectual world in the fulfilment of our country's prospects.

By the sovereign efficacy of the partition of powers between the national and State governments, in virtue of which the national government is relieved from all the odium of internal administration, and the State governments are spared the conflicts of foreign politics, all bounds seem removed from the possible extension of our country but the geographical limits of the continent. Instead of growing cumbrous, as it increases in size, there never was a moment since the first settlement of Virginia, when the political system of America moved with so firm and bold a step as at the present day. If there is any faith in our country's auspices this great continent, in no remote futurity, will be filled up with a homogeneous population; with the mightiest kindred people known in history; our language will acquire an extension which no other ever possessed; and the empire of the mind, with nothing to resist its sway, will attain an expansion of which as yet we can but partly conceive.

The vision is too magnificent to be fully borne; a mass of two or three hundred millions, not chained to the oar like the same number in China by a brutalizing despotism, but held in their several orbits of nation and State by the grand representative attraction; bringing to bear on every point the concentrated energy of such a host; calling into competition so many minds; uniting into one great national feeling the hearts of so many freemen; all to be guided, persuaded, moved and swayed, by the master-spirits of the time!

Let me not be told that this is a chimerical imagination of a future indefinitely removed; let me not hear repeated the ribaldry of an anticipation of "two thousand years"—of a vision that requires for its fulfilment a length of ages beyond

the grasp of any reasonable computation. It is the last point of peculiarity in our condition to which I invite your attention as affecting the progress of intellect in the country, that it is growing with a rapidity hitherto entirely without example in the world. For the two hundred years of our existence the population has doubled itself in periods of less than a quarter of a century. In the infancy of the country, and while our numbers remained within the limits of a youthful colony, a progress so rapid as this, however important in the principle of growth disclosed, was not yet a circumstance strongly to fix the attention.

But arrived at a population of ten millions, it is a fact of the most overpowering interest that within less than twenty-five years these ten millions will have swelled to twenty; that the younger members of this audience will be citizens of the largest civilized State on earth; that in a few years more than one century the American population will equal the fabulous numbers of the Chinese empire.

This rate of increase has already produced the most striking phenomena. A few weeks after the opening of the revolutionary drama at Lexington, the momentous intelligence that the first blood was spilt reached a party of hunters beyond the Alleghanies who had wandered far into the western wilderness. In prophetic commemoration of the glorious event, they gave the name of Lexington to the spot of their encampment in the woods. That spot is now the capital of a State larger than Massachusetts; it is the seat of a university as fully attended as our venerable Alma Mater; nay, more, it is the capital of a State from which, in the language of one of her own citizens, whose eloquence is the ornament of his country, the tide of emigration still farther westward is more fully pouring than from any other in the Union.

I need not say that this astonishing increase of numbers is by no means the limit and measure of our country's growth. Arts, agriculture, all the great national interests, all the sources of national wealth, are growing in a ratio still more rapid. In our cities the intensest activity is apparent; in the country every spring of prosperity from the smallest improvement in husbandry to the construction of canals across the continent is in vigorous action; abroad our vessels are beating the pathways of the ocean white; on the inland frontier the nation is journeying on like a healthy giant with a pace more like romance than reality.

These facts, and thousands like them, form one of those peculiarities in our country's condition which will have the most powerful influence on the minds of its children. The population of several states of Europe has reached its term. In some it is declining, in some stationary, and in the most prosperous, under the extraordinary stimulus of the last part of the eighteenth century, it doubles itself but about once in seventy-five years. In consequence of this the process of social transmission is heavy and slow. Men, not adventitiously favored, come late into life, and the best years of existence are exhausted in languishing competition.

The man grows up, and in the stern language of one of their most renowned economists, Mr. Malthus, finds no cover laid for him at Nature's table. The smallest official provision is a boon at which great minds are not ashamed to grasp; the assurance of the most frugal subsistence commands the brightest talents and the most laborious studies; poor wages pay for the unremitted labor of the most curious hands; and it is the smallest part of the population only that is within the reach even of these humiliating springs of action.

We need not labor to contrast this state of things with the

teeming growth and noble expansion of all our institutions and resources. Instead of being shut up, as it were, in the prison of a stationary or a very slowly progressive community, the emulation of our countrymen is drawn out and tempted on by a horizon constantly receding before them.

New nations of kindred freemen are springing up in successive periods, shorter even than the active portion of the life of man. "While we spend our time," says Burke on this topic, "in deliberating on the mode of governing two millions in America, we shall find we have millions more to manage." Many individuals are in this house who were arrived at years of discretion when these words of Burke were uttered, and the two millions which Great Britain was then to manage have grown into ten, exceedingly unmanageable. The most affecting view of this subject is that it puts it in the power of the wise, and good, and great to gather while they live the ripest fruits of their labors.

Where in human history is to be found a contrast like that which the last fifty years have crowded into the lives of those favored men, who raising their hands or their voices when our little bands were led out to the perilous conflict with one of the most powerful empires on earth have lived to be crowned with the highest honors of the republic which they established? Honor to their gray hairs, and peace and serenity to the evening of their eventful days!

Though it may never again be the fortune of our country to bring within the compass of half a century a contrast so dazzling as this, yet in its grand and steady progress the career of duty and usefulness will be run by all its children under a constantly increasing stimulus. The voice which in the morning of life shall awaken the patriotic sympathy of the land will be echoed back by a community, incalculably

swelled in all its proportions, before it shall be hushed in death. The writer by whom the noble features of our scenery shall be sketched with a glowing pencil, the traits of our romantic early history gathered up with filial zeal, and the peculiarities of our character seized with delicate perception, cannot mount so entirely and rapidly to success but that ten years will add new millions to the numbers of his readers. The American statesman, the orator whose voice is already heard in its supremacy from Florida to Maine, whose intellectual empire already extends beyond the limits of Alexander's, has yet new states and new nations starting into being, the willing tributaries to his sway.

This march of our population westward has been attended with consequences in some degree novel in the history of the human mind. It is a fact, somewhat difficult of explanation, that the refinement of the ancient nations seemed almost wholly devoid of an elastic and expansive principle.

The arts of Greece were enchained to her islands and her coasts, they did not penetrate the interior. The language and literature of Athens were as unknown to the north of Pindus at a distance of two hundred miles from the capital of Grecian refinement as they were in Scythia. Thrace, whose mountain tops may almost be seen from the porch of the temple of Minerva at Sunium, was the proverbial abode of barbarism. Though the colonies of Greece were scattered on the coasts of Italy, of France, of Spain, and of Africa, no extension of their population toward the interior took place, and the arts did not penetrate beyond the walls of the cities where they were cultivated. How different is the picture of the diffusion of the arts and improvement of civilization from the coast to the interior of America!

Population advances westward with a rapidity which num-

bers may describe indeed but cannot represent with any vivacity to the mind. The wilderness, which one year is impassable is traversed the next by the caravans of the industrious emigrants, who go to follow the setting sun, with the language, the institutions, and the arts of civilized life. It is not the irruption of wild barbarians come to visit the wrath of God on a degenerate empire; it is not the inroad of disciplined banditti, marshalled by the intrigues of ministers and kings. It is the human family led out to possess its broad patrimony.

The states and nations which are springing up in the valley of the Missouri are bound to us by the dearest ties of a common language, a common government, and a common descent. Before New England can look with coldness on their rising myriads she must forget that some of the best of her own blood is beating in their veins; that her hardy children with their axes on their shoulders have been literally among the pioneers in this march of humanity; that young as she is she has become the mother of populous states.

What generous mind would sacrifice to a selfish preservation of local preponderance the delight of beholding civilized nations rising up in the desert; and the language, the manners, the institutions, to which he has been reared carried with his household gods to the foot of the Rocky Mountains? Who can forget that this extension of our territorial limits is the extension of the empire of all we hold dear; of our laws, of our character, of the memory of our ancestors, of the great achievements in our history? Whithersoever the sons of the thirteen States shall wander, to southern or western climes, they will send back their hearts to the rocky shores, the battle fields, and the intrepid counsels of the Atlantic coast. These are placed beyond the reach of vicissitude.

They have become already matter of history, of poetry, of eloquence:

> "The love, where death has set his seal,
> Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
> Nor falsehood disavow."

Divisions may spring up, ill blood arise, parties be formed, and interests may seem to clash; but the great bonds of the nation are linked to what is passed. The deeds of the great men to whom this country owes its origin and growth are a patrimony, I know, of which its children will never deprive themselves. As long as the Mississippi and the Missouri shall flow those men and those deeds will be remembered on their banks. The sceptre of government may go where it will; but that of patriotic feeling can never depart from Judah. In all that mighty region which is drained by the Missouri and its tributary streams—the valley coextensive with the temperate zone—will there be, as long as the name of America shall last, a father that will not take his children on his knee and recount to them the events of the twentieth of December, the nineteenth of April, the seventeenth of June, and the fourth of July?

This then is the theatre on which the intellect of America is to appear, and such the motives to its exertion; such the mass to be influenced by its energies, such the crowd to witness its efforts, such the glory to crown its success. If I err in this happy vision of my country's fortunes I thank God for an error so animating. If this be false may I never know the truth. Never may you, my friends, be under any other feeling, than that a great, a growing, an immeasurably expanding country is calling upon you for your best services. The name and character of your Alma Mater have already been carried by some of our brethren thousands of miles from her venerable walls; and thousands of miles still farther west-

ward the communities of kindred men are fast gathering, whose minds and hearts will act in sympathy with yours.

The most powerful motives call on us as scholars for those efforts which our common country demands of all her children. Most of us are of that class who owe whatever of knowledge has shone into our minds to the free and popular institutions of our native land. There are few of us who may not be permitted to boast that we have been reared in an honest poverty or a frugal competence and owe everything to those means of education which are equally open to all. We are summoned to new energy and zeal by the high nature of the experiment we are appointed in Providence to make, and the grandeur of the theatre on which it is to be performed.

When the old world afforded no longer any hope it pleased heaven to open this last refuge of humanity. The attempt has begun, and is going on, far from foreign corruption, on the broadest scale and under the most benignant auspices; and it certainly rests with us to solve the great problem in human society, to settle, and that forever, the momentous question—whether mankind can be trusted with a purely popular system?

One might almost think, without extravagance, that the departed wise and good of all places and times are looking down from their happy seats to witness what shall now be done by us; that they who lavished their treasures and their blood of old, who labored and suffered, who spake and wrote, who fought and perished in the one great cause of freedom and truth, are now hanging from their orbs on high over the last solemn experiment of humanity.

As I have wandered over the spots, once the scene of their labors, and mused among the prostrate columns of their

senate houses and forums, I have seemed almost to hear a voice from the tombs of departed ages; from the sepulchres of the nations, which died before the sight. They exhort us, they adjure us to be faithful to our trust. They implore us by the long trials of struggling humanity, by the blessed memory of the departed, by the dear faith which has been plighted by pure hands to the holy cause of truth and man; by the awful secrets of the prison houses where the sons of freedom have been immured, by the noble heads which have been brought to the block, by the wrecks of time, by the eloquent ruins of nations, they conjure us not to quench the light which is rising on the world.

Greece cries to us by the convulsed lips of her poisoned, dying Demosthenes; and Rome pleads with us in the mute persuasion of her mangled Tully. They address us each and all in the glorious language of Milton, to one who might have canonized his memory in the hearts of the friends of liberty, but who did most shamefully betray the cause:

"Reverere tantam de te expectationem, spem patriæ de te unicam. Reverere vultus et vulnera tot fortium virorum, quotquot pro libertate tam strenue decertarunt, manes etiam eorum qui in ipso certamine occubuerunt. Reverere exterarum quoque civitatum existimationem de te atque sermones; quantas res de libertate nostra tam fortiter parta, de nostra republica tam gloriose exorta sibi polliceantur; quæ si tam cito quasi aborta evanuerit, profecto nihil æque dedecorosum huic genti atque periculosum fuerit."[1]

Yes, my friends, such is the exhortation which calls on us to exert our powers, to employ our time, and consecrate our labors in the cause of our native land. When we engage in that solemn study, the history of our race; when we survey the progress of man, from his cradle in the East to these last

[1] Milton's "Defensio Secunda."

limits of his wandering; when we behold him forever flying westward from civil and religious thraldom, bearing his household gods over mountains and seas, seeking rest and finding none, but still pursuing the flying bow of promise to the glittering hills which it spans in Hesperian climes, we cannot but exclaim with Bishop Berkeley, the generous prelate of England who bestowed his benefactions as well as blessings on our country,

> "Westward the star of Empire takes its way;
> The four first acts already past,
> The fifth shall close the drama with the day;
> Time's noblest offspring is the last."

In that high romance, if romance it be, in which the great minds of antiquity sketched the fortunes of the ages to come, they pictured to themselves a favored region beyond the ocean, a land of equal laws and happy men. The primitive poets beheld it in the islands of the blest; the Doric bards surveyed it in the Hyperborean regions; the sage of the academy placed it in the lost Atlantis; and even the sterner spirit of Seneca could discern a fairer abode of humanity in distant regions then unknown. We look back upon these uninspired predictions and almost recoil from the obligation they imply. By us must these fair visions be realized, by us must be fulfilled these high promises which burst in trying hours from the longing hearts of the champions of truth. There are no more continents or worlds to be revealed; Atlantis hath arisen from the ocean, the farthest Thule is reached, there are no more retreats beyond the sea, no more discoveries, no more hopes. Here then a mighty work is to be fulfilled, or never by the race of mortals. The man who looks with tenderness on the sufferings of good men in other times, the descendant of the pilgrims who cherishes the memory of his fathers, the patriot who feels an honest glow at the majesty of the system

of which he is a member, the scholar who beholds with rapture the long sealed book of unprejudiced truth expanded to all to read, these are they by whom these auspices are to be accomplished. Yes, brethren, it is by the intellect of the country that the mighty mass is to be inspired, that its parts are to communicate and sympathize, its bright progress to be adorned with becoming refinements, its strong sense uttered, its character reflected, its feelings interpreted to its own children, to other regions, and to after ages.

Meantime the years are rapidly passing away and gathering importance in their course. With the present year will be completed the half century from that most important era in human history, the commencement of our revolutionary war. The jubilee of our national existence is at hand. The space of time that has elapsed from that momentous date has laid down in the dust, which the blood of many of them had already hallowed, most of the great men to whom under Providence we owe our national existence and privileges. A few still survive among us to reap the rich fruits of their labors and sufferings; and one[1] has yielded himself to the united voice of a people and returned in his age to receive the gratitude of the nation to whom he devoted his youth. It is recorded on the pages of American history that when this friend of our country applied to our commissioners at Paris, in 1776, for a passage in the first ship they should despatch to America they were obliged to answer him (so low and abject was then our dear native land), that they possessed not the means nor the credit sufficient for providing a single vessel in all the ports of France. Then, exclaimed the youthful hero, "I will provide my own;" and it is a literal fact that

[1] Major-General La Fayette, who was present at the delivery of this oration.

when all America was too poor to offer him so much as a passage to our shores, he left, in his tender youth, the bosom of home, of happiness, of wealth, of rank, to plunge in the dust and blood of our inauspicious struggle.

Welcome, friend of our fathers, to our shores! Happy are our eyes that behold those venerable features. Enjoy a triumph such as never conqueror or monarch enjoyed, the assurance, that throughout America, there is not a bosom which does not beat with joy and gratitude at the sound of your name. You have already met and saluted, or will soon meet, the few that remain of the ardent patriots, prudent counsellors, and brave warriors with whom you were associated in achieving our liberty. But you have looked round in vain for the faces of many who would have lived years of pleasure on a day like this with their old companion in arms and brother in peril. Lincoln, and Greene, and Knox, and Hamilton, are gone; the heroes of Saratoga and Yorktown have fallen before the only foe they could not meet. Above all, the first of heroes and of men, the friend of your youth, the more than friend of his country, rests in the bosom of the soil he redeemed. On the banks of his Potomac he lies in glory and peace. You will revisit the hospitable shades of Mount Vernon, but him whom you venerated as we did you will not meet at its door. His voice of consolation, which reached you in the Austrian dungeons, cannot now break its silence to bid you welcome to his own roof. But the grateful children of America will bid you welcome, in his name. Welcome, thrice welcome to our shores; and whithersoever throughout the limits of the continent your course shall take you, the ear that hears you shall bless you, the eye that sees you shall bear witness to you, and every tongue exclaim, with heartfelt joy, welcome, welcome La Fayette!

PATRIOTIC ORATION

DELIVERED AT CAMBRIDGE ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

FELLOW CITIZENS,—It belongs to us with strong propriety to celebrate this day. The town of Cambridge and the county of Middlesex are filled with the vestiges of the revolution; whithersoever we turn our eyes we behold some memento of its glorious scenes. Within the walls in which we are now assembled was convened the first provincial Congress after its adjournment at Concord. The rural magazine at Medford reminds us of one of the earliest acts of British aggression.

The march of both divisions of the royal army on the memorable 19th of April was through the limits of Cambridge; in the neighboring towns of Lexington and Concord the first blood of the revolution was shed; in West Cambridge the royal convoy of provisions was, the same day, gallantly surprised by the aged citizens who stayed to protect their homes while their sons pursued the foe.

Here the first American army was formed; from this place, on the 17th of June, was detached the Spartan band that immortalized the heights of Charlestown and consecrated that day with blood and fire to the cause of American liberty. Beneath the venerable elm which still shades the southwestern corner of the common General Washington first unsheathed his sword at the head of an American army, and to that seat was wont every Sunday to repair to join in the supplications which were made for the welfare of his country.

How changed is now the scene! The foe is gone! The din and the desolation of war are passed; science has long resumed her station in the shades of our venerable university, no longer glittering with arms; the anxious war council is no longer in session, to offer a reward for the discovery of the best mode of making saltpetre—an unpromising stage of hostilities when an army of twenty thousand men is in the field in front of the foe; the tall grass now waves in the trampled sallyport of some of the rural redoubts that form a part of the simple lines of circumvallation within which a half-armed American militia held the flower of the British army blockaded; the plough has done what the English batteries could not do—has levelled others of them with the earth; and the men, the great and good men, their warfare is over and they have gone quietly down to the dust they redeemed from oppression.

At the close of a half century since the declaration of our independence we are assembled to commemorate that great and happy event. We come together, not because it needs, but because it deserves these acts of celebration. We do not meet each other and exchange our felicitations because we should otherwise fall into forgetfulness of this auspicious era, but because we owe it to our fathers and to our children to mark its return with grateful festivities.

The major part of this assembly is composed of those who had not yet engaged in the active scenes of life when the revolution commenced. We come not to applaud our own work but to pay a filial tribute to the deeds of our fathers. It was for their children that the heroes and sages of the revolution labored and bled. They were too wise not to know that it was not personally their own cause in which they were embarked; they felt that they were engaging in

an enterprise which an entire generation must be too short to bring to its mature and perfect issue.

The most they could promise themselves was, that, having cast forth the seed of liberty, having shielded its tender germ from the stern blasts that beat upon it, having watered it with the tears of waiting eyes and the blood of brave hearts, their children might gather the fruit of its branches, while those who planted it should molder in peace beneath its shade.

Nor was it only in this that we discern their disinterestedness, their heroic forgetfulness of self. Not only was the independence for which they struggled a great and arduous adventure, of which they were to encounter the risk and others to enjoy the benefits, but the oppressions which roused them had assumed in their day no worse form than that of a pernicious principle. No intolerable acts of oppression had ground them to the dust. They were not slaves rising in desperation from beneath the agonies of the lash, but free men, snuffing from afar "the tainted gale of tyranny."

The worst encroachments on which the British ministry had ventured might have been borne consistently with the practical enjoyment of many of the advantages resulting from good government. On the score of calculation alone that generation had much better have paid the duties on glass, painter's colors, stamped paper, and tea, than have plunged into the expenses of the revolutionary war.

But they thought not of shuffling off upon posterity the burden of resistance. They well understood the part which Providence had assigned to them. They perceived that they were called to discharge a high and perilous office to the cause of freedom; that their hands were elected to strike the blow for which near two centuries of preparation—never remitted though often unconscious—had been making on one side or

the other of the Atlantic. They felt that the colonies had now reached that stage in their growth when the difficult problem of colonial government must be solved; difficult I call it, for such it is to the statesman whose mind is not sufficiently enlarged for the idea that a wise colonial government must naturally and rightfully end in independence; that even a mild and prudent sway on the part of the mother country furnishes no reason for not severing the bands of the colonial subjection; and that when the rising state has passed the period of adolescence the only alternative which remains is that of a peaceable separation or a convulsive rupture.

The British ministry, at that time weaker than it had ever been since the infatuated reign of James II, had no knowledge of political science but that which they derived from the text of official records. They drew their maxims, as it was happily said of one of them that he did his measures, from the file. They heard that a distant province had resisted the execution of an act of Parliament. Indeed, and what is the specific in cases of resistance?—a military force; and two more regiments are ordered to Boston. Again they hear that the general court of Massachusetts Bay has taken counsels subversive of the allegiance due to the crown. A case of a refractory corporation; what is to be done? First try a mandamus, and if that fails seize the franchises into his Majesty's hands.

They never asked the great questions, whether nations, like men, have not their principles of growth; whether Providence has assigned no laws to regulate the changes in the condition of that most astonishing of human things, a nation of kindred men. They did not inquire, I will not say whether it were rightful and expedient, but whether it were practicable, to give law across the Atlantic to a people who possessed within

themselves every imaginable element of self-government—a people rocked in the cradle of liberty, brought up to hardship, inheriting nothing but their rights on earth and their hopes in heaven.

But though the rulers of Britain appear not to have caught a glimpse of the great principles involved in these questions, our fathers had asked and answered them. They perceived with the rapidity of intuition that the hour of separation had come; because a principle was assumed by the British government which put an instantaneous check to the further growth of liberty. Either the race of civilized man happily planted on our shores, at first slowly and painfully reared, but at length auspiciously multiplying in America, is destined never to constitute a free and independent state; or these measures must be resisted which go to bind it in a mild but abject colonial vassalage.

Either the hope must be forever abandoned, the hope that had been brightening and kindling toward assurance like the glowing skies of the morning—the hope that a new centre of civilization was to be planted on the new continent at which the social and political institutions of the world may be brought to the standard of reason and truth after thousands of years of degeneracy—either this hope must be abandoned, and forever, or the battle was now to be fought, first in the political assemblies and then, if need be, in the field.

In the halls of legislation scarcely can it be said that the battle was fought. A spectacle indeed seemed to be promised to the civilized world of breathless interest and uncalculated consequence. "You are placed," said the provincial Congress of Massachusetts in their address to the inhabitants, of December 4, 1774, an address promulgated at the close of a session held in this very house where we are now convened,

"You are placed by Providence in a post of honor because it is a post of danger, and while struggling for the noblest objects, the liberties of our country, the happiness of posterity, and the rights of human nature, the eyes, not only of North America and the whole British empire, but of all Europe are upon you."

A mighty question of political right was at issue between the two hemispheres. Europe and America in the face of mankind are going to plead the great cause on which the fate of popular government forever is suspended. One circumstance, and one alone, exists to diminish the interest of the contention—the perilous inequality of the parties—an inequality far exceeding that which gives animation to a contest, and so great as to destroy the hope of an ably waged encounter.

On the one side were arrayed the two houses of the British Parliament, the modern school of political eloquence, the arena where great minds had for a century and a half strenuously wrestled themselves into strength and power, and in better days the common and upright chancery of an empire on which the sun never set.

Upon the other side rose up the colonial assemblies of Massachusetts and Virginia, and the Continental Congress of Philadelphia, composed of men whose training had been within a small provincial circuit, who had never before felt the inspiration which the consciousness of a station before the world imparts; who brought no power into the contest but that which they drew from their cause and their bosoms.

It is by champions like these that the great principles of representative government, of chartered rights and constitutional liberty are to be discussed; and surely never in the annals of national controversy was exhibited a triumph so

complete of the seemingly weaker party, a rout so disastrous of the stronger. Often as it has been repeated, it will bear another repetition; it never ought to be omitted in the history of constitutional liberty; it ought especially to be repeated this day; the various addresses, petitions, and appeals, the correspondence, the resolutions, the legislative and popular debates, from 1764 to the Declaration of Independence, present a maturity of political wisdom, a strength of argument, a gravity of style, a manly eloquence, and a moral courage, of which unquestionably the modern world affords no other example.

This meed of praise, substantially accorded at the time by Chatham, in the British Parliament, may well be repeated by us. For most of the venerated men to whom it is paid it is but a pious tribute to departed worth. The Lees and the Henrys, Otis, Quincy, Warren, and Samuel Adams, the men who spoke those words of thrilling power which raised and ruled the storm of resistance and rang like the voice of fate across the Atlantic, are beyond the reach of our praise.

To most of them it was granted to witness some of the fruits of their labors; such fruit as revolutions do not often bear.

And what, fellow citizens, are to be the fruits to us and to the world of the establishment of this perfect system of government? I might partly answer the inquiry by reminding you what have been the fruits to us and to the world; by inviting you to compare our beloved country, as it is, in extent of settlement, in numbers and resources, in the useful and ornamental arts, in the abundance of the common blessings of life, in the general standard of character, in the means of education, in the institutions for social objects, in the various great industrial interests, in public strength and national

respectability, with what it was in all these respects fifty years ago. But the limits of this occasion will not allow us to engage in such an enumeration; and it will be amply sufficient for us to contemplate in its principle the beneficial operation on society of the form of government bequeathed to us by our fathers. This principle is equality; the equal enjoyment by every citizen of the rights and privileges of the social union.

The principle of all other governments is monopoly, exclusion, favor. They secure great privileges to a small number and necessarily at the expense of all the rest of the citizens.

In the keen conflict of minds which preceded and accompanied the political convulsions of the last generation the first principles of society were canvassed with a boldness and power before unknown in Europe, and from the great principle that all men are equal it was for the first time triumphantly inferred, as a necessary consequence, that the will of a majority of the people is the rule of government. To meet these doctrines, so appalling in their tendency to the existing institutions of Europe, new ground was also taken by the champions of those institutions, and particularly by a man whose genius, eloquence, and integrity gave a currency which nothing else could have given, to his splendid paradoxes and servile doctrines.

In one of his renowned productions[1] this great man,—for great, even in his errors, most assuredly he was,—in order to meet the inferences drawn from the equality of man, that the will of the majority must be the rule of government, has undertaken, as he says, " to fix with some degree of distinctness an idea of what it is we mean when we say ' The

[1] The appeal from the New to the Old Whigs.

People;'" and in fulfilment of this design he lays it down "that in a state of rude nature there is no such thing as a people.

"A number of men in themselves can have no collective capacity. The idea of a people is the idea of a corporation, it is wholly artificial, and made, like all other legal fictions, by common agreement."

"In a state of rude nature there is no such thing as a people!" I would fain learn in what corner of the earth, rude or civilized, men are to be found who are not a people more or less improved. "A number of men in themselves have no collective capacity!" I would gladly be told where, in what region,—I will not say of geography, I know there is none such,—but of poetry or romance, a number of men has been placed, by nature, each standing alone and not bound by any of those ties of blood, affinity, and language which form the rudiments of a collective capacity. "The idea of a people is the idea of a corporation, it is wholly artificial, and made, like all other legal fictions, by common agreement."

Indeed, is the social principle artificial? Is the gift of articulate speech which enables man to impart his condition to man, the organized sense which enables him to comprehend what is imparted—is that sympathy which subjects our opinions and feelings, and through them our conduct, to the influence of others and their conduct to our influence—is that chain of cause and effect, which makes our characters receive impressions from the generations before us, and puts it in our power, by a good or bad precedent, to distill a poison or a balm into the characters of posterity—are these, indeed, all by-laws of a corporation?

Are all the feelings of ancestry, posterity, and fellow citizenship; all the charm, veneration, and love bound up in the

name of country; the delight, the enthusiasm, with which we seek out, after the lapse of generations and ages, the traces of our fathers' bravery or wisdom, are these all "a legal fiction?"

Is it indeed a legal fiction that moistens the eye of the solitary traveller when he meets a countryman in a foreign land? Is it a "common agreement" that gives its meaning to my mother tongue and enables me to speak to the hearts of my kindred men beyond the rivers and beyond the mountains? Yes, it is a common agreement; recorded on the same registry with that which marshals the winged nations that,

> "In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,
> Intelligent of seasons; and set forth
> Their airy caravan, high over seas
> Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
> Easing their flight."

The mutual dependence of man on man, family on family, interest on interest, is but a chapter in the great law, not of corporations, but of nature. The law, by which commerce, manufactures, and agriculture support each other, is the same law in virtue of which the thirsty earth owes its fertility to the rivers and the rains; and the clouds derive their high travelling waters from the rising vapors; and the ocean is fed from the secret springs of the mountains; and the plant that grows derives its increase from the plant that decays; and all subsist and thrive, not by themselves but by others, in the great political economy of nature.

The necessary cohesion of the parts of the political system is no more artificial than the gravity of the natural system, in which planet is bound to planet, and all to the sun and the sun to all. Insulate an interest in society, a family, or a man, and all the faculties and powers they possess will avail them little toward the great objects of life; in like manner, as not all the

mysteriously combined elements of the earth around and beneath us, the light and volatile airs, that fill the atmosphere; not the electric fluid, which lies condensed and embattled in its cloudy magazines, or subtilely diffused through creation; not the volcanic fires that rage in the earth's bosom, nor all her mines of coal and nitre and sulphur; nor fountains of naphtha, petroleum, or asphaltus,—not all, combined and united afford one beam of that common light which sends man forth from his labors, and which is the sun's contribution to the system in which we live.

And yet the great natural system, the political, intellectual, moral system, is artificial, as a legal fiction! "O that mine enemy had said it," the admirers of Mr. Burke may well exclaim. Oh that some impious Voltaire, some ruthless Rousseau had uttered it. Had uttered it! Rousseau did utter the same thing; and more rebuked than any other error of this misguided genius is his doctrine of the Social Contract, of which Burke has reasserted, and more than reasserted, the principle in the sentences I have quoted.

But no, fellow citizens; political society exists by the law of nature. Man is formed for it; every man is formed for it; every man has an equal right to its privileges, and to be deprived of them, under whatever pretence, is so far to be reduced to slavery. The authors of the Declaration of Independence saw this and taught that all men are born free and equal. On this principle our constitutions rest; and no constitution can bind a people on any other principle.

No original contract that gives away this right can bind any but the parties to it. My forefathers could not, if they had wished, have stipulated to their king that his children should rule over their children. By the introduction of this principle of equality it is that the Declaration of Independence has at

once effected a before unimagined extension of social privileges.

Grant that no new blessing (which, however, can by no means with truth be granted) be introduced into the world on this plan of equality, still it will have discharged the inestimable office of communicating, in equal proportion, to all the citizens, those privileges of the social union which were before partitioned in an invidious gradation, profusely among the privileged orders, and parsimoniously among all the rest.

Let me instance in the right of suffrage. The enjoyment of this right enters largely into the happiness of the social condition. I do not mean that it is necessary to our happiness actually to exercise this right at every election; but I say the right itself to give our voice in the choice of public servants and the management of public affairs is so precious, so inestimable, that there is not a citizen who hears me that would not lay down his life to assert it. This is a right unknown in every country but ours; I say unknown, because in England, whose institutions make the nearest approach to a popular character, the elective suffrage is not only incredibly unequal and capricious in its distribution; but extends, after all, only to the choice of a minority of one house of the legislature. Thus, then, the people of this country are, by their constitutions of government, endowed with a new source of enjoyment, elsewhere almost unknown; a great and substantial happiness; an unalloyed happiness.

Most of the desirable things of life bear a high price in the world's market. Everything usually deemed a great good must, for its attainment, be weighed down in the opposite scale, with what is as usually deemed a great evil—labor, care, danger. It is only the unbought, spontaneous, essential circumstances of our nature and condition that yield a liberal

enjoyment. Our religious hopes, intellectual meditations, social sentiments, family affections, political privileges, these are springs of unpurchased happiness; and to condemn men to live under an arbitrary government is to cut them off from nearly all the satisfactions which nature designed should flow from those principles within us by which a tribe of kindred men is constituted a people.

But it is not merely an extension to all the members of society of those blessings which, under other systems, are monopolized by a few; great and positive improvements, I feel sure, are destined to flow from the introduction of the republican system. The first of these will be to make wars less frequent, and finally to cause them to cease altogether. It was not a republican, it was the subject of a monarchy, and no patron of novelties, who said,

> "War is a game which, were their subjects wise,
> Kings would not play at."

A great majority of the wars which have desolated mankind have grown either out of the disputed titles and rival claims of sovereigns or their personal character, particularly their ambition, or the character of their favorites, or some other circumstance evidently incident to a form of government which withholds from the people the ultimate control of affairs. And the more civilized men grow, strange as it may seem, the more universally is this the case.

In the barbarous ages the people pursued war as an occupation; its plunder was more profitable than their labor at home in the state of general insecurity. In modern times princes raise their soldiers by conscription, their sailors by impressment, and drive them at the point of the bayonet and dirk into the battles they fight for reasons of state.

But in a republic, where the people by their representatives

must vote the declaration of war, and afterward raise the means of its support, none but wars of just and necessary defence can be waged. Republics, we are told, indeed, are ambitious,—a seemingly wise remark, devoid of meaning. Man is ambitious; and the question is, where will his ambition be most likely to drive his country into war; in a monarchy, where he has but to "Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war," or in a republic, where he must get the vote of a strong majority of the nation?

Let history furnish the answer. The book which promised you in its title a picture of the progress of the human family turns out to be a record, not of the human family, but of the Macedonian family, the Julian family, the families of York and Lancaster, of Lorraine and Bourbon. We need not go to the ancient annals to confirm this remark. We need not speak of those who reduced Asia and Africa in the morning of the world to a vassalage from which they have never recovered.

We need not dwell on the more notorious exploits of the Alexanders and the Cæsars, the men who wept for other worlds to visit with the pestilence of their arms. We need not run down the bloody line of the dark ages when the barbarous North disgorged her ambitious savages on Europe, or when at a later period barbarous Europe poured back her holy ruffians on Asia; we need but look at the dates of modern history,—the history of civilized, balanced Europe. We here behold the ambition of Charles V involving the continent of Europe in war for the first half of the sixteenth century, and the fiend-like malignity of Catherine de Medici and her kindred distracting it the other half. We see the haughty and cheerless bigotry of Philip persevering in a conflict of extermination for one whole age in the Netherlands and darkening the English Channel with his armada; while France prolongs her civil dis-

sensions because Henry IV was the twenty-second cousin of Henry III.

We enter the seventeenth century and again find the hereditary pride and bigotry of the House of Austria wasting Germany and the neighboring powers with the Thirty Years' war; and before the peace of Westphalia is concluded England is plunged into the fiery trial of her militant liberties. Contemporaneously, the civil wars are revived in France, and the kingdom is blighted by the passions of Mazarin.

The civil wars are healed and the atrocious career of Louis XIV begins; a half century of bloodshed and woe, that stands in revolting contrast with the paltry pretences of his wars. At length the peace of Ryswick is made in 1697 and bleeding Europe throws off the harness and lies down like an exhausted giant to repose. In three years the testament of a doting Spanish king gives the signal for the Succession War; till a cup of tea spilt on Mrs. Masham's apron restores peace to the afflicted kingdoms. Meantime the madman of the North had broken loose upon the world and was running his frantic round. Peace at length is restored and with one or two short wars it remains unbroken till, in 1740, the will of Charles VI occasions another testamentary contest; and in the gallant words of the stern but relenting moralist,

"The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms."

Eight years are this time sufficient to exhaust the combatants, and the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle is concluded; but in 1755 the old French war is kindled in our own wilderness and through the united operation of the monopolizing spirit of England, the party intrigues of France, and the ambition of Frederick, spread throughout Europe.

The wars of the last generation I need not name, nor dwell

on that signal retribution by which the political ambition of the cabinets at length conjured up the military ambition of the astonishing individual who seems in our day to have risen out of the ranks of the people to chastise the privileged orders with that iron scourge with which they had so long afflicted mankind; to gather with his strong plebeian hands the fragrance of those palmy honors which they had reared for three centuries in the bloody gardens of their royalty.

It may well be doubted whether, under a government like ours, one of all these contests would have taken place. Those that arose from disputed titles and bequests of thrones could not of course have existed; and making every allowance for the effect of popular delusion it seems to me not possible that a representative government would have embarked in any of the wars of ambition and aggrandizement which fill up the catalogue.

Who then are these families and individuals—these royal *lanistæ*—by whom the nations are kept in training for a long gladiatorial combat? Are they better, wiser than we? Look at them in life; what are they? "Kings are fond," says Mr. Burke, no scoffer at thrones, "kings are fond of low company." What are they when gone? *Expende Hannibalem.* Enter the great cathedrals of Europe and contemplate the sepulchres of the men who claimed to be the lords of each successive generation. Question your own feelings as you behold where the Plantagenets and Tudors, the Stuarts and those of Brunswick, lie mournfully huddled up in the chapels of Westminster Abbey; and compare those feelings with the homage you pay to heaven's aristocracy,—the untitled learning, genius, and wit that molder by their side. Count over the sixty-six emperors and princes of the Austrian house that lie gathered in the dreary pomp of monumental marble in the vaults of the

Capuchins at Vienna; and weigh the worth of their dust against the calamities of their Peasants' war, their Thirty Years' war, their Succession war, their wars to enforce the Pragmatic Sanction, and of all the other uncouth pretences for destroying mankind with which they have plagued the world.

But the cessation of wars to which we look forward as the result of the gradual diffusion of republican government is but the commencement of the social improvements which cannot but flow from the same benignant source. It has been justly said that he was a great benefactor of mankind who could make two blades of grass grow where one grew before. But our fathers—our fathers were the benefactors of mankind—who brought into action such a vast increase of physical, political, and moral energy; who have made not two citizens to live only, but hundreds, yea, unnumbered thousands to live and to prosper in regions which but for their achievements would have remained for ages unsettled, and to enjoy those rights of men which but for their institutions would have continued to be arrogated as the exclusive inheritance of a few.

I appeal to the fact. I ask any sober judge of political probability to tell me whether more has not been done to extend the domain of civilization in fifty years since the declaration of independence than would have been done in five centuries of continued colonial subjection. It is not even a matter of probability; the king in council had adopted it as a maxim of his American policy that no settlements in this country should be made beyond the Alleghanies; that the design of Providence in spreading out the fertile valley of the Mississippi should not be fulfilled.

I know that it is said, in palliation of the restrictive influ-

ence of European governments, that they are as good as their subjects can bear. I know it is said that it would be useless and pernicious to call on the half-savage and brutified peasantry of many countries to take a share in the administration of affairs by electing or being elected to office. I know they are unfit for it; it is the very curse of the system. What is it that unfits them? What is it that makes slavish labor, and slavish ignorance, and slavish stupidity their necessary heritage? Are they not made of the same Caucasian clay? Have they not five senses, the same faculties, the same passions? And is it anything but an aggravation of the vice of arbitrary governments that they first deprive men of their rights and then unfit them to exercise those rights; profanely construing the effect into a justification of the evil?

The influence of our institutions on foreign nations is—next to their effect on our own condition—the most interesting question we can contemplate. With our example of popular government before their eyes the nations of the earth will not eventually be satisfied with any other. With the French Revolution as a beacon to guide them they will learn, we may hope, not to embark too rashly on the mounting waves of reform.

The cause, however, of popular government is rapidly gaining in the world. In England education is carrying it wide and deep into society. On the Continent written constitutions of governments, nominally representative,—though as yet, it must be owned, nominally so alone,—are adopted in eight or ten late absolute monarchies; and it is not without good grounds that we may trust that the indifference with which the Christian powers contemplate the sacrifice of Greece and their crusade against the constitutions of Spain, Piedmont, and Naples will satisfy the mass of thinking men in

Europe that it is time to put an end to these cruel delusions and take their own government into their own hands.

But the great triumphs of constitutional freedom to which our independence has furnished the example have been witnessed in the southern portion of our hemisphere. Sunk to the last point of colonial degradation they have risen at once into the organization of free republics. Their struggle has been arduous; and eighteen years of chequered fortune have not yet brought it to a close. But we must not infer from their prolonged agitation that their independence is uncertain; that they have prematurely put on the *toga virilis* of freedom. They have not begun too soon; they have more to do.

Our war of independence was shorter; happily we were contending with a government that could not, like that of Spain, pursue an interminable and hopeless contest in defiance of the people's will. Our transition to a mature and well-adjusted constitution was more prompt than that of our sister republics; for the foundations had long been settled, the preparation long made. And when we consider that it is our example which has aroused the spirit of independence from California to Cape Horn; that the experiment of liberty, if it had failed with us, most surely would not have been attempted by them; that even now our councils and acts will operate as powerful precedents in this great family of republics, we learn the importance of the post which Providence has assigned us in the world.

A wise and harmonious administration of the public affairs, a faithful, liberal, and patriotic exercise of the private duties of the citizen, while they secure our happiness at home, will diffuse a healthful influence through the channels of national communication and serve the cause of liberty beyond the equator and the Andes. When we show an united, concilia-

tory, and imposing front to their rising states we show them, better than sounding eulogies can do, the true aspect of an independent republic. We give them a living example that the fireside policy of a people is like that of the individual man. As the one, commencing in the prudence, order, and industry of the private circle, extends itself to all the duties of social life, of the family, the neighborhood, the country; so the true domestic policy of the republic, beginning in the wise organization of its own institutions, pervades its territories with a vigilant, prudent, temperate administration; and extends the hand of cordial interest to all the friendly nations, especially to those which are of the household of liberty.

It is in this way that we are to fulfil our destiny in the world. The greatest engine of moral power which human nature knows is an organized, prosperous state. All that man in his individual capacity can do, all that he can effect by his fraternities, by his ingenious discoveries and wonders of art, or by his influence over others, is as nothing compared with the collective, perpetuated influence on human affairs and human happiness of a well-constituted, powerful commonwealth.

It blesses generations with its sweet influence; even the barren earth seems to pour out its fruits under a system where property is secure, while her fairest gardens are blighted by despotism; men—thinking, reasoning men—abound beneath its benignant sway; nature enters into a beautiful accord, a better, purer *asiento* with man, and guides an industrious citizen to every rood of her smiling wastes; and we see at length that what has been called a state of nature has been most falsely, calumniously so denominated; that the nature of man is neither that of a savage, a hermit, nor a slave, but that of a member of a well-ordered family, that of a good neighbor,

a free citizen, a well-informed, good man, acting with others like him. This is the lesson which is taught in the charter of our independence; this is the lesson which our example is to teach the world.

The epic poet of Rome—the faithful subject of an absolute prince—in unfolding the duties and destinies of his countrymen, bids them look down with disdain on the polished and intellectual arts of Greece, and deem their arts to be

> "To rule the nations with imperial sway;
> To spare the tribes that yield; fight down the proud;
> And force the mood of peace upon the world."

A nobler counsel breathes from the charter of our independence; a happier province belongs to our free republic. Peace we would extend, but by persuasion and example—the moral force, by which alone it can prevail among the nations. Wars we may encounter, but it is in the sacred character of the injured and the wronged; to raise the trampled rights of humanity from the dust; to rescue the mild form of liberty from her abode among the prisons and the scaffolds of the elder world, and to seat her in the chair of state among her adoring children; to give her beauty for ashes; a healthful action for her cruel agony; to put at last a period to her warfare on earth; to tear her star-spangled banner from the perilous ridges of battle and plant it on the rock of ages. There be it fixed forever,—the power of a free people slumbering in its folds, their peace reposing in its shade!

THOMAS CORWIN

THOMAS CORWIN, American statesman and orator, was born in Bourbon Co., Ky., July 29, 1794, and died at Washington, D. C., Dec. 18, 1865. Removing with his parents to Ohio in 1798, his youth was passed on his father's farm. His educational opportunities were meagre, but early in life he began the study of law, and in 1818 was admitted to the Bar. Four years later he entered the Ohio legislature, making a speech in opposition to the proposed introduction of the whipping-post into Ohio. After seven years' service in the legislature, he entered Congress and became prominent there as a Whig leader. He resigned in 1840 to become a candidate for the governorship of Ohio. During the political campaign that ensued, Corwin spoke several times a day for over three months. He was elected by a large majority, but was defeated in a similar contest in 1842. In 1844, he was elected to the United States Senate, where he was a conspicuous opponent of the war with Mexico. During the administration of President Fillmore (1850–53), Corwin was Secretary of the Treasury, and on the expiration of Fillmore's term he returned to the practice of his profession at Lebanon, O. From 1858 to 1861, he sat in Congress, and was subsequently Minister to Mexico (1861–64). Corwin was a brilliant speaker, alike at the Bar and in Congress, and his social qualities made him a general favorite. His strenuous opposition to the Mexican War, however, interfered with his political advancement. His "Life and Speeches," edited by Strohn, were published in 1859 at Dayton, Ohio.

FROM SPEECH ON THE MEXICAN WAR

DELIVERED IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE, FEBRUARY 11, 1847

THE President has said he does not expect to hold Mexican territory by conquest. Why then conquer it? Why waste thousands of lives and millions of money fortifying towns and creating governments, if, at the end of the war, you retire from the graves of your soldiers and the desolated country of your foes, only to get money from Mexico for the expense of all your toil and sacrifice? Who ever heard, since Christianity was propagated among men, of a nation taxing its people, enlisting its young men, and marching off two thousand miles to fight a people merely to

be paid for it in money? What is this but hunting a market for blood, selling the lives of your young men, marching them in regiments to be slaughtered and paid for like oxen and brute beasts?

Sir, this is, when stripped naked, that atrocious idea first promulgated in the President's message, and now advocated here, of fighting on till we can get our indemnity for the past as well as the present slaughter. We have chastised Mexico, and if it were worth while to do so, we have, I dare say, satisfied the world that we can fight. What now? Why the mothers of America are asked to send another of their sons to blow out the brains of Mexicans because they refuse to pay the price of the first who fell there fighting for glory! And what if the second fall, too? The Executive, the parental reply is, "We shall have him paid for; we shall get full indemnity!"

Sir, I have no patience with this flagitious notion of fighting for indemnity, and this under the equally absurd and hypocritical pretence of securing an honorable peace. An honorable peace! If you have accomplished the objects of the war—if indeed you had an object which you dare to avow—cease to fight and you will have peace. Conquer your insane love of false glory, and you will "conquer a peace."

Sir, if your commander-in-chief will not do this, I will endeavor to compel him, and as I find no other means I shall refuse supplies—without the money of the people he cannot go further. He asks me for that money; I wish him to bring your armies home, to cease shedding blood for money; if he refuses, I will refuse supplies, and then I know he must, he will cease his further sale of the lives of my countrymen.

May we not, ought we not now to do this? I can hear no reason why we should not, except this: It is said that we

are in war, wrongfully it may be, but, being in, the President is responsible, and we must give him the means he requires! He responsible! Sir, we, we are responsible, if, having the power to stay this plague, we refuse to do so. When it shall be so—when the American Senate and the American House of Representatives can stoop from their high position and yield a dumb compliance with the behests of a president who is, for the time being, commander of your army; when they will open the treasury with one hand, and the veins of all the soldiers in the land with the other, merely because the President commands, then, sir, it matters little how soon some Cromwell shall come into this hall and say, "The Lord hath no further need of you here."

When we fail to do the work "whereunto we were sent," we shall be, we ought to be, removed, and give place to others who will. The fate of the barren fig-tree will be ours —Christ cursed it and it withered.

Mr. President, I dismiss this branch of the subject, and beg the indulgence of the Senate to some reflections on the particular bill now under consideration. I voted for a bill somewhat like the present at the last session—our army was then in the neighborhood of our line. I then hoped that the President did sincerely desire a peace. Our army had not then penetrated far into Mexico and I did hope that with the two millions then proposed we might get peace and avoid the slaughter, the shame, the crime, of an aggressive, unprovoked war. But now you have overrun half of Mexico, you have exasperated and irritated her people, you claim indemnity for all expenses incurred in doing this mischief and boldly ask her to give up New Mexico and California; and, as a bribe to her patriotism, seizing on her property, you offer three millions to pay the soldiers she has called out to repel your

invasion on condition that she will give up to you at least one third of her whole territory. This is the modest—I should say, the monstrous—proposition now before us as explained by the chairman of the committee on foreign relations [Mr. Sevier], who reported the bill. I cannot now give my consent to this.

But, sir, I do not believe you will succeed. I am not informed of your prospects of success with this measure of peace. The chairman of the committee on foreign relations tells us that he has every reason to believe that peace can be obtained if we grant this appropriation. What reason have you, Mr. Chairman, for that opinion? "Facts which I cannot disclose to you—correspondence which it would be improper to name here—facts which I know, but which you are not permitted to know, have satisfied the committee that peace may be purchased if you will but grant these three millions of dollars."

Now, Mr. President, I wish to know if I am required to act upon such opinions of the chairman of the committee on foreign relations, formed upon facts which he refuses to disclose to me? No! I must know the facts before I can form my judgment. But I am to take it for granted that there must be some prospect of an end to this dreadful war—for it is a dreadful war, being, as I believe in my conscience it is, an unjust war. Is it possible that for three millions you can purchase a peace with Mexico? How? By the purchase of California? Mr. President, I know not what facts the chairman of the committee on foreign affairs may have had access to. I know not what secret agents have been whispering into the ears of the authorities of Mexico; but of one thing I am certain, that by a cession of California and New Mexico you never can purchase a peace with her.

You may wrest provinces from Mexico by war—you may hold them by the right of the strongest—you may rob her; but a treaty of peace to that effect with the people of Mexico, legitimately and freely made, you never will have! I thank God that it is so, as well for the sake of the Mexican people as ourselves; for, unlike the senator from Alabama [Mr. Bagby], I do not value the life of a citizen of the United States above the lives of a hundred thousand Mexican women and children—a rather cold sort of philanthropy, in my judgment. For the sake of Mexico, then, as well as our own country, I rejoice that it is an impossibility that you can obtain by treaty from her those territories under the existing state of things.

I am somewhat at a loss to know on what plan of operations gentlemen having charge of this war intend to proceed. We hear much said of the terror of your arms. The affrighted Mexican, it is said, when you shall have drenched his country in blood, will sue for peace, and thus you will indeed "conquer peace." This is the heroic and savage tone in which we have heretofore been lectured by our friends on the other side of the chamber, especially by the senator from Michigan [General Cass].

But suddenly the chairman of the committee on foreign relations comes to us with a smooth phrase of diplomacy made potent by the gentle suasion of gold. The chairman of the committee on military affairs calls for thirty millions of money and ten thousand regular troops; these, we are assured, shall "conquer peace," if the obstinate Celt refuses to treat till we shall whip him in another field of blood. What a delightful scene in the nineteenth century of the Christian era!

What an interesting sight to see these two representatives

of war and peace moving in grand procession through the halls of the Montezumas! The senator from Michigan [General Cass], red with the blood of recent slaughter, the gory spear of Achilles in his hand and the hoarse clarion of war in his mouth, blowing a blast "so loud and deep" that the sleeping echoes of the lofty Cordilleras start from their caverns and return the sound, till every ear from Panama to Santa Fé is deafened with the roar. By his side, with "modest mien and downcast look," comes the senator from Arkansas [Mr. Sevier], covered from head to foot with a gorgeous robe, glittering and embossed with three millions of shining gold, putting to shame "the wealth of Ormus or of Ind." The olive of Minerva graces his brow; in his right hand is the delicate rebec, from which are breathed, in Lydian measure, notes "that tell of naught but love and peace."

I fear very much you will scarcely be able to explain to the simple, savage mind of the half-civilized Mexicans the puzzling dualism of this scene, at once gorgeous and grotesque. Sir, I scarcely understand the meaning of all this myself. If we are to vindicate our rights by battles—in bloody fields of war—let us do it. If that is not the plan, why then let us call back our armies into our own territory, and propose a treaty with Mexico based upon the proposition that money is better for her and land is better for us. Thus we can treat Mexico like an equal and do honor to ourselves.

But what is it you ask? You have taken from Mexico one fourth of her territory, and you now propose to run a line comprehending about another third, and for what? I ask, Mr. President, for what? What has Mexico got from you for parting with two thirds of her domain? She has given you ample redress for every injury of which you have com-

plained. She has submitted to the award of your commissioners, and up to the time of the rupture with Texas faithfully paid it. And for all that she has lost (not through or by you, but which loss has been your gain), what requital do we, her strong, rich, robust neighbor, make? Do we send our missionaries there "to point the way to heaven?" Or do we send the schoolmasters to pour daylight into her dark places, to aid her infant strength to conquer freedom and reap the fruit of the independence herself alone had won?

No, no, none of this do we! But we send regiments, storm towns, and our colonels prate of liberty in the midst of the solitudes their ravages have made. They proclaim the empty forms of social compact to a people bleeding and maimed with wounds received in defending their hearthstones against the invasion of these very men who shoot them down and then exhort them to be free. Your chaplains of the navy throw aside the New Testament and seize a bill of rights. The Rev. Don Walter Colton, I see, abandons the Sermon on the Mount, and betakes himself to Blackstone and Kent, and is elected a justice of the peace! He takes military possession of some town in California, and instead of teaching the plan of the atonement and the way of salvation to the poor, ignorant Celt, he presents Colt's pistol to his ear, and calls on him to take "trial by jury and habeas corpus," or nine bullets in his head. Oh! Mr. President, are you not the lights of the earth, if not its salt? You, you are indeed opening the eyes of the blind in Mexico, with a most emphatic and exoteric power. Sir, if all this were not a sad, mournful truth, it would be the very *ne plus ultra* of the ridiculous.

But, sir, let us see what, as the chairman of the committee on foreign relations explains it, we are to get by the combined processes of conquest and treaty.

What is the territory, Mr. President, which you propose to wrest from Mexico? It is consecrated to the heart of the Mexican by many a well-fought battle with his old Castilian master. His Bunker Hills, and Saratogas, and Yorktowns are there. The Mexican can say, "There I bled for liberty! and shall I surrender that consecrated home of my affections to the Anglo-Saxon invaders? What do they want with it? They have Texas already. They have possessed themselves of the territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grande. What else do they want? To what shall I point my children as memorials of that independence which I bequeath to them when those battlefields shall have passed from my possession?"

Sir, had one come and demanded Bunker Hill of the people of Massachusetts, had England's lion ever showed himself there, is there a man over thirteen and under ninety who would not have been ready to meet him; is there a river on this continent that would not have run red with blood; is there a field but would have been piled high with the unburied bones of slaughtered Americans before these consecrated battlefields of liberty should have been wrested from us? But this same American goes into a sister republic and says to poor, weak Mexico, "Give up your territory—you are unworthy to possess it—I have got one half already—all I ask of you is to give up the other!"

England might as well, in the circumstances I have described, have come and demanded of us, "Give up the Atlantic slope—give up this trifling territory from the Allegheny mountains to the sea; it is only from Maine to St. Mary's—only about one third of your republic, and the least interesting portion of it." What would be the response? They would say we must give this up to John Bull. Why? "He wants room." The senator from Michigan says he must have this

Why, my worthy Christian brother, on what principle of justice? "I want room!"

Sir, look at this pretence of want of room! With twenty millions of people you have about one thousand millions of acres of land, inviting settlement by every conceivable argument—bringing them down to a quarter of a dollar an acre, and allowing every man to squat where he pleases. But the senator from Michigan says we will be two hundred millions in a few years, and we want room. If I were a Mexican I would tell you, "Have you not room in your own country to bury your dead men? If you come into mine we will greet you with bloody hands and welcome you to hospitable graves."

Why, says the chairman of this committee on foreign relations, it is the most reasonable thing in the world! We ought to have the Bay of San Francisco. Why? Because it is the best harbor on the Pacific! It has been my fortune, Mr. President, to have practised a good deal in criminal courts in the course of my life, but I never yet heard a thief arraigned for stealing a horse plead that it was the best horse that he could find in the country! We want California. What for? Why, says the senator from Michigan, we will have it; and the senator from South Carolina, with a very mistaken view, I think, of policy, says you can't keep our people from going there. Let them go and seek their happiness in whatever country or clime it pleases them.

All I ask of them is, not to require this government to protect them with that banner consécrated to war waged for principles—eternal, enduring truth. Sir, it is not meet that our old flag should throw its protecting folds over expeditions for lucre or for land. But you still say you want room for your people. This has been the plea of every robber-chief from Nimrod to the present hour. I dare say, when Tamerlane

descended from his throne built of seventy thousand human skulls, and marched his ferocious battalions to further slaughter, I dare say he said, "I want room."

Bajazet was another gentleman of kindred tastes and wants with us Anglo-Saxons—he "wanted room." Alexander, too, the mighty "Macedonian madman," when he wandered with his Greeks to the plains of India and fought a bloody battle on the very ground where recently England and the Sikhs engaged in strife for "room," was no doubt in quest of some California there. Many a Monterey had he to storm to get "room."

Sir, he made quite as much of that sort of history as you ever will. Mr. President, do you remember the last chapter in that history? It is soon read. Oh! I wish we could but understand its moral. Ammon's son (so was Alexander named), after all his victories, died drunk in Babylon! The vast empire he conquered to "get room" became the prey of the generals he had trained; it was disparted, torn to pieces, and so ended. Sir, there is a very significant appendix; it is this: The descendants of the Greeks—of Alexander's Greeks—are now governed by a descendant of Attila!

Mr. President, while we are fighting for room let us ponder deeply this appendix. I was somewhat amazed the other day to hear the senator from Michigan declare that Europe had quite forgotten us till these battles waked them up. I suppose the senator feels grateful to the President for "waking up" Europe. Does the President, who is, I hope, read in civic as well as military lore, remember the saying of one who had pored upon history long—long, too, upon man, his nature and true destiny? Montesquieu did not think highly of this way of "waking up." "Happy," says he, "is that nation whose annals are tiresome."

The senator from Michigan has a different view of this. He thinks that a nation is not distinguished until it is distinguished in war; he fears that the slumbering faculties of Europe have not been able to ascertain that there are twenty millions of Anglo-Saxons here making railroads and canals, and speeding all the arts of peace to the utmost accomplishment of the most refined civilization. They do not know it! And what is the wonderful expedient which this democratic method of making history would adopt in order to make us known? Storming cities, desolating peaceful, happy homes, shooting men—aye, sir, such is war—and shooting women, too!

Sir, I have read in some account of your battle of Monterey, of a lovely Mexican girl, who, with the benevolence of an angel in her bosom and the robust courage of a hero in her heart, was busily engaged during the bloody conflict, amid the crash of falling houses, the groans of the dying, and the wild shriek of battle, in carrying water to slake the burning thirst of the wounded of either host. While bending over a wounded American soldier a cannon-ball struck her and blew her to atoms! Sir, I do not charge my brave, generous-hearted countrymen who fought that fight with this. No, no! We who send them—we who know that scenes like this, which might send tears of sorrow "down Pluto's iron cheek," are the invariable, inevitable attendants on war—we are accountable for this. And this—this is the way we are to be made known to Europe. This—this is to be the undying renown of free, republican America! "She has stormed a city—killed many of its inhabitants of both sexes—she has room!" So it will read. Sir, if this were our only history, then may God of his mercy grant that its volume may speedily come to a close.

Why is it, sir, that we, the United States, a people of yester-

day compared with the older nations of the world, should be waging war for territory—for "room?" Look at your country, extending from the Alleghany Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, capable itself of sustaining in comfort a larger population than will be in the whole Union for one hundred years to come. Over this vast expanse of territory your population is now so sparse that I believe we provided, at the last session, a regiment of mounted men to guard the mail from the frontier of Missouri to the mouth of the Columbia; and yet you persist in the ridiculous assertion, "I want room." One would imagine, from the frequent reiteration of the complaint, that you had a bursting, teeming population, whose energy was paralyzed, whose enterprise was crushed, for want of space. Why should we be so weak or wicked as to offer this idle apology for ravaging a neighboring republic? It will impose on no one at home or abroad.

Do we not know, Mr. President, that it is a law never to be repealed that falsehood shall be short-lived? Was it not ordained of old that truth only shall abide forever? Whatever we may say to-day, or whatever we may write in our books, the stern tribunal of history will review it all, detect falsehood, and bring us to judgment before that posterity which shall bless or curse us, as we may act now, wisely or otherwise. We may hide in the grave (which awaits us all) in vain; we may hope there, like the foolish bird that hides its head in the sand, in the vain belief that its body is not seen; yet even there this preposterous excuse of want of "room" shall be laid bare and the quick-coming future will decide that it was a hypocritical pretence under which we sought to conceal the avarice which prompted us to covet and to seize by force that which was not ours.

Mr. President, this uneasy desire to augment our territory

has depraved the moral sense and blunted the otherwise keen sagacity of our people. What has been the fate of all nations who have acted upon the idea that they must advance! Our young orators cherish this notion with a fervid but fatally mistaken zeal. They call it by the mysterious name of "destiny." "Our destiny," they say, is "onward," and hence they argue, with ready sophistry, the propriety of seizing upon any territory and any people that may lie in the way of our "fated" advance. Recently these progressives have grown classical; some assiduous student of antiquities has helped them to a patron saint. They have wandered back into the desolated Pantheon, and there, among the polytheistic relics of that "pale mother of dead empires," they have found a god whom these Romans, centuries gone by, baptized "Terminus."

Sir, I have heard much and read somewhat of this gentleman Terminus. Alexander, of whom I have spoken, was a devotee of this divinity. We have seen the end of him and his empire. It was said to be an attribute of this god that he must always advance and never recede. So both republican and imperial Rome believed. It was, as they said, their destiny. And for a while it did seem to be even so. Roman Terminus did advance. Under the eagles of Rome he was carried from his home on the Tiber to the farthest East on the one hand, and to the far West, among the then barbarous tribes of western Europe, on the other.

But at length the time came when retributive justice had become "a destiny." The despised Gaul calls out the contemned Goth, and Attila with his Huns answers back the battle-shout to both. The "blue-eyed nations of the North," in succession or united, pour forth their countless hosts of warriors upon Rome and Rome's always-advancing god Terminus. And now the battle-axe of the barbarian strikes down the con-

quering eagle of Rome. Terminus at last recedes, slowly at first, but finally he is driven to Rome, and from Rome to Byzantium. Whoever would know the further fate of this Roman deity, so recently taken under the patronage of American democracy, may find ample gratification of his curiosity in the luminous pages of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall."

Such will find that Rome thought as you now think, that it was her destiny to conquer provinces and nations, and no doubt she sometimes said, as you say, "I will conquer a peace," and where now is she, the mistress of the world? The spider weaves his web in her palaces, the owl sings his watch-song in her towers. Teutonic power now lords it over the servile remnant, the miserable memento of old and once omnipotent Rome. Sad, very sad, are the lessons which time has written for us. Through and in them all I see nothing but the inflexible execution of that old law which ordains as eternal that cardinal rule, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods, nor anything which is his." Since I have lately heard so much about the dismemberment of Mexico I have looked back to see how, in the course of events, which some call "Providence," it has fared with other nations who engaged in this work of dismemberment. I see that in the latter half of the eighteenth century three powerful nations, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, united in the dismemberment of Poland. They said, too, as you say, "It is our destiny." They "wanted room." Doubtless each of these thought, with his share of Poland, his power was too strong ever to fear invasion, or even insult. One had his California, another his New Mexico, and the third his Vera Cruz. Did they remain untouched and incapable of harm? Alas! no—far, very far, from it. Retributive justice must fulfil its destiny, too.

A very few years pass off, and we hear of a new man, a Corsican lieutenant, the self-named "armed soldier of democracy," Napoleon. He ravages Austria, covers her land with blood, drives the Northern Cæsar from his capital, and sleeps in his palace. Austria may now remember how her power trampled upon Poland. Did she not pay dear, very dear, for her California?

But has Prussia no atonement to make? You see this same Napoleon, the blind instrument of Providence, at work there. The thunders of his cannon at Jena proclaim the work of retribution for Poland's wrongs; and the successors of the Great Frederick, the drill-sergeant of Europe, are seen flying across the sandy plain that surrounds their capital, right glad if they may escape captivity or death. But how fares it with the Autocrat of Russia? Is he secure in his share of the spoils of Poland? No. Suddenly we see, sir, six hundred thousand armed men marching to Moscow. Does his Vera Cruz protect him now? Far from it. Blood, slaughter, desolation spread abroad over the land, and finally the conflagration of the old commercial metropolis of Russia closes the retribution she must pay for her share in the dismemberment of her weak and impotent neighbor.

Mr. President, a mind more prone to look for the judgments of heaven in the doings of men than mine cannot fail in this to see the providence of God. When Moscow burned, it seemed as if the earth was lighted up that the nations might behold the scene. As that mighty sea of fire gathered and heaved and rolled upward and yet higher till its flames licked the stars and fired the whole heavens, it did seem as though the God of the nations was writing in characters of flame on the front of his throne that doom that shall fall upon the strong nation which tramples in scorn upon the weak. And

what fortune awaits him, the appointed executor of this work, when it was all done? He, too, conceived the notion that his destiny pointed onward to universal dominion. France was too small—Europe, he thought, should bow down before him.

But as soon as this idea took possession of his soul, he, too, becomes powerless. His Terminus must recede, too. Right there, while he witnessed the humiliation and doubtless meditated the subjugation of Russia, He who holds the winds in his fist gathered the snows of the north and blew them upon his six hundred thousand men; they fled—they froze—they perished. And now the mighty Napoleon, who had resolved on universal dominion, he, too, is summoned to answer for the violation of that ancient law, "Thou shalt not covet anything which is thy neighbor's." How is the mighty fallen! He, beneath whose proud footstep Europe trembled, he is now an exile at Elba, and now finally a prisoner on the rock of St. Helena, and there, on a barren island, in an unfrequented sea, in the crater of an extinguished volcano, there is the death-bed of the mighty conqueror. All his annexations have come to that! His last hour is now come, and he, the man of destiny, he who had rocked the world as with the throes of an earthquake, is now powerless, still—even as a beggar, so he died. On the wings of a tempest that raged with unwonted fury, up to the throne of the only Power that controlled him while he lived, went the fiery soul of that wonderful warrior, another witness to the existence of that eternal decree that they who do not rule in righteousness shall perish from the earth. He has found "room" at last.

And France,—she, too, has found "room." Her "eagles" now no longer scream along the banks of the Danube, the Po, and the Borysthenes. They have returned home, to their old

eyrie, between the Alps, the Rhine, and the Pyrenees. So shall it be with yours. You may carry them to the loftiest peaks of the Cordilleras, they may wave with insolent triumph in the halls of the Montezumas, the armed men of Mexico may quail before them, but the weakest hand in Mexico, uplifted in prayer to the God of Justice, may call down against you a Power in the presence of which the iron hearts of your warriors shall be turned into ashes.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, an eminent American poet and journalist, was born at Cummington, Mass., Nov. 3, 1794, and died at New York, June 12, 1878. He was educated at Williams College, studied law, and in 1815 was admitted to the Bar. After ten years' successful practice at Plainfield and at Great Barrington, in Berkshire County, he removed to New York city in 1825, there becoming one of the editors of the "Evening Post," and in 1828, its editor-in-chief, a position which he held up to the time of his death. In 1807, at the age of thirteen, he published "The Embargo," a political satire in verse, but no collection of his scattered verses was made until 1821. A second collection appeared in 1832, and later other volumes of his poetry came from his pen, besides metrical translations — the fruit of the last lustre of his life — of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," 1870–71. He is best remembered, however, as a poet, by his "Thanatopsis," a poem written before he was twenty, and by his shorter pieces, "To a Waterfowl," "To the Fringed Gentian," and "The Death of the Flowers." A volume of "Orations and Addresses" was issued in 1873, and his complete works, in four volumes, edited by Park Godwin, his son-in-law, in 1884. Some few years before his death he began a "Popular History of the United States."

WELCOME TO LOUIS KOSSUTH

DELIVERED AT A BANQUET GIVEN BY THE PRESS OF NEW YORK, DECEMBER 15, 1851

LET me ask you to imagine the contest, in which the United States asserted their independence of Great Britain, had been unsuccessful, that our armies, through treason or a league of tyrants against us, had been broken and scattered, that the great men who led them, and who swayed our councils, our Washington, our Franklin, and the venerable President of the American Congress, had been driven forth as exiles. If there had existed at that day, in any part of the civilized world, a powerful republic, with institutions resting on the same foundations of liberty, which our own countrymen sought to establish, would there have been in that republic any hospitality too cordial, any sympathy too deep, any zeal for their glorious but unfortunate cause,

too fervent or too active to be shown toward these illustrious fugitives? Gentlemen, the case I have supposed is before you. The Washingtons, the Franklins, the Hancocks of Hungary, driven out by a far worse tyranny than was ever endured here, are wanderers in foreign lands. Some of them have sought a refuge in our country—one sits with his company our guest to-night, and we must measure the duty we owe them by the same standard which we would have had history apply, if our ancestors had met with a fate like theirs.

I have compared the exiled Hungarians to the great men of our own history. Difficulty, my brethren, is the nurse of greatness; a harsh nurse, who roughly rocks her foster-children into strength and athletic proportion. The mind grappling with great aims and wrestling with mighty ingredients, grows, by a certain necessity, to their stature. Scarce anything so convinces me of the capacity of the human intellect for indefinite expansion in the different stages of its being, as this power of enlarging itself to the compass of surrounding emergencies. These men have been trained to greatness by a quicker and surer method than a peaceful country and a tranquil period can know.

But it is not merely or principally for their personal qualities that we honor them; we honor them for the cause in which they failed so gloriously. Great issues hang upon that cause, and great interests of mankind are crushed by its downfall. I was on the continent of Europe when the treason of Görgey laid Hungary bound at the feet of the Tsar. Europe was at that time in the midst of the reaction; the ebb tide was rushing violently back, sweeping all that the friends of freedom had planned into the black bosom of the deep. In France the liberty of the press was extinct—Paris in a state of siege—the soldiery of that republic had

just quenched in blood the freedom of Rome—Austria had suppressed liberty in northern Italy—absolutism was restored in Russia, along the Rhine, and in the towns and villages of Würtemburg and Bavaria, troops withdrawn from the barracks, and garrisons filled the streets and kept the inhabitants quiet with the bayonet at their breast. Hungary at that moment alone upheld, and upheld with a firm hand and dauntless heart, the blazing torch of liberty. To Hungary were turned the eyes, to Hungary clung the hopes of all who did not despair of the freedom of Europe.

I recollect that while the armies of Russia were moving like a tempest from the North upon the Hungarian host, the progress of events was watched with the deepest solicitude by the people of Germany. I was at that time in Munich, the splendid capital of Bavaria. The Germans seemed for the time to have put off their usual character, and scrambled for the daily prints, wet from the press, with such eagerness that I almost thought myself in America. The news of the catastrophe at last arrived; Görgey had betrayed the cause of Hungary, and yielded to the demands of the Russians. Immediately a funeral gloom settled like a noonday darkness upon the city. I heard the muttered exclamations of the people, "It is all over—the last hope of European liberty is gone."

Russia did not misjudge. If she had allowed Hungary to become independent, or free, the reaction in favor of absolutism had been incomplete; there would have been one perilous example of successful resistance to despotism—in one corner of Europe a flame would have been kept alive, at which the other nations might have rekindled, among themselves, the light of liberty. Hungary was subdued; but does any one who hears me believe that the present state of things

in Europe will last? The despots themselves fear that it will not; and made cruel by their fears, are heaping chain on chain around the limbs of their subjects.

They are hastening the event they dread. Every added shackle galls, into a more fiery impotence, those who wear them. I look with mingling hope and horror to the day—a day bloodier, perhaps, than we have yet seen—when the exasperated nations shall snap their chains and start to their feet. It may well be that Hungary, made less patient of the yoke by the remembrance of her own many and glorious struggles for independence, and better fitted than other nations, by the peculiar structure of her institutions, for founding the liberty of her citizens on a rational basis, will take the lead. In that glorious and hazardous enterprise, in that hour of care, need, and peril, I hope she will be cheered and strengthened with aid from this side of the Atlantic; aid given not with the stinted hand, not with a cowardly and selfish apprehension, lest we should not err on the safe side—wisely if you please. I care not with how broad a regard to the future, but in large, generous, effectual measure.

And you, our guest, fearless, eloquent, large of heart and of mind, whose one thought is the salvation of oppressed Hungary, unfortunate but undiscouraged, struck down in the battle of liberty, but great in defeat, and gathering strength for future triumphs, receive this action at our hands, that in this great attempt of man to repossess himself of the rights which God gave him, though the strife be waged under a distant belt of longitude, and with the mightiest despotism of the world, the Press of America takes part with you and your countrymen. I give you—"LOUIS KOSSUTH."

ADDRESS AT THE FOUNDING OF THE METROPOLITAN ART MUSEUM

DELIVERED AT THE UNION CLUB HOUSE, NOVEMBER 23, 1869

WE ARE assembled, my friends, to consider the subject of founding in this city a museum of art, a repository of the productions of artists of every class, which shall be in some measure worthy of this great metropolis and of the wide empire of which New York is the commercial centre. I understand that no rivalry with any other project is contemplated, no competition save with similar institutions in other countries, and then only such modest competition as a museum in its infancy may aspire to hold with those which were founded centuries ago, and are enriched with the additions made by the munificence of successive generations. No precise method of reaching this result has been determined on, but the object of the present meeting is to awaken the public, so far as our proceedings can influence the general mind, to the importance of taking early and effectual measures for founding such a museum as I have described.

Our city is the third great city of the civilized world. Our republic has already taken its place among the great powers of the earth; it is great in extent, great in population, great in the activity and enterprise of her people. It is the richest nation in the world if paying off an enormous national debt with a rapidity unexampled in history be any proof of riches; the richest in the world if contented submission to heavy taxation be a sign of wealth; the richest in the world if quietly to allow itself to be annually plundered of immense sums by men

who seek public stations for their individual profit be a token of public prosperity.

My friends, if a tenth part of what is every year stolen from us in this way, in the city where we live, under pretence of the public service, and poured profusely into the coffers of political rogues, were expended on a museum of art, we might have, deposited in spacious and stately buildings, collections formed of works left by the world's greatest artists, which would be the pride of our country. We might have an annual revenue which would bring to the museum every stray statue and picture of merit for which there should be no ready sale to individuals, every smaller collection in the country which its owner could no longer conveniently keep, every noble work by the artists of former ages which by any casualty, after long remaining on the walls of some ancient building, should be again thrown upon the world.

But what have we done—numerous as our people are, and so rich as to be contentedly cheated and plundered, what have we done toward founding such a repository? We have hardly made a step toward it. Yet, beyond the sea there is the little kingdom of Saxony, with an area even less than that of Massachusetts, and a population but little larger, possessing a museum of the fine arts, marvellously rich, which no man who visits the continent of Europe is willing to own that he has not seen.

There is Spain, a third-rate power of Europe, and poor besides, with a museum of fine arts at her capital the opulence and extent of which absolutely bewilder the visitor. I will not speak of France or of England, conquering nations, which have gathered their treasures of art in part from regions overrun by their armies; nor yet of Italy, the fortunate inheritor of so many glorious productions of her own artists. But there

are Holland and Belgium, kingdoms almost too small to be heeded by the greater powers of Europe in the consultations which decide the destinies of nations, and these little kingdoms have their public collections of art, the resort of admiring visitors from all parts of the civilized world.

But in our country, when the owner of a private gallery of art desires to leave his treasures where they can be seen by the public, he looks in vain for any institution to which he can send them. A public-spirited citizen desires to employ a favorite artist upon some great historical picture; there are no walls on which it can hang in public sight. A large collection of works of art, made at great cost, and with great pains, gathered perhaps during a lifetime, is for sale in Europe. We may find here men willing to contribute to purchase it, but if it should be brought to our country there is no edifice here to give it hospitality.

In 1857, during a visit to Spain, I found in Madrid a rich private collection of pictures, made by Medraza, an aged painter, during a long life, and at a period when frequent social and political changes in that country dismantled many palaces of the old nobility of the works of art which adorned them. In that collection were many pictures by the illustrious elder artists of Italy, Spain, and Holland. The whole might have been bought for half its value, but if it had been brought over to our country we had no gallery to hold it.

The same year I stood before the famous Campana collection of marbles, at Rome, which was then waiting for a purchaser—a noble collection, busts and statues of the ancient philosophers, orators, and poets, the majestic forms of Roman senators, the deities of ancient mythology,

"The fair humanities of old religion,"

but if they had been purchased by our countrymen and landed here, we should have been obliged to leave them in boxes, just as they were packed.

Moreover, we require an extensive public gallery to contain the greater works of our own painters and sculptors. The American soil is prolific of artists. The fine arts blossom not only in the populous regions of our country, but even in its solitary places. Go where you will, into whatever museum of art in the Old World, you find there artists from the new, contemplating or copying the masterpieces of art which they contain. Our artists swarm in Italy. When I was last at Rome, two years since, I found the number of American artists residing there as two to one compared with those from the British isles. But there are beginners among us who have not the means of resorting to distant countries for that instruction in art which is derived from carefully studying works of acknowledged excellence. For these a gallery is needed at home which shall vie with those abroad, if not in the multitude, yet in the merit of the works it contains.

Yet further, it is unfortunate for our artists, our painters especially, that they too often find their genius cramped by the narrow space in which it is constrained to exert itself. It is like a bird in a cage which can only take short flights from one perch to another and longs to stretch its wings in an ampler atmosphere. Producing works for private dwellings, our painters are for the most part obliged to confine themselves to cabinet pictures, and have little opportunity for that larger treatment of important subjects which a greater breadth of canvas would allow them, and by which the higher and nobler triumphs of their art have been achieved.

There is yet another view of the subject, and a most important one. When I consider, my friends, the prospect which

opens before this great mart of the western world I am moved by feelings which I feel it somewhat difficult clearly to define. The growth of our city is already wonderfully rapid; it is every day spreading itself into the surrounding region, and overwhelming it like an inundation. Now that our great railway has been laid from the Atlantic to the Pacific, Eastern Asia and Western Europe will shake hands over our republic. New York will be the mart from which Europe will receive a large proportion of the products of China, and will become not only a centre of commerce for the New World, but for that region which is to Europe the most remote part of the Old. A new impulse will be given to the growth of our city, which I cannot contemplate without an emotion akin to dismay. Men will flock in greater numbers than ever before to plant themselves on a spot so favorable to the exchange of commodities between distant regions; and here will be an aggregation of human life, a concentration of all that ennobles and all that degrades humanity, on a scale which the imagination cannot venture to measure. To great cities resort not only all that is eminent in talent, all that is splendid in genius, and all that is active in philanthropy; but also all that is most dexterous in villainy, and all that is most foul in guilt. It is in the labyrinths of such mighty and crowded populations that crime finds its safest lurking-places; it is there that vice spreads its most seductive and fatal snares, and sin is pampered and festers and spreads its contagion in the greatest security.

My friends, it is important that we should encounter the temptations to vice in this great and too rapidly growing capital by attractive entertainments of an innocent and improving character. We have libraries and reading-rooms, and this is well; we have also spacious halls for musical entertainments, and that also is well; but there are times when we do not care

to read and are satiate with the listening to sweet sounds, and when we more willingly contemplate works of art. It is the business of the true philanthropist to find means of gratifying this preference. We must be beforehand with vice in our arrangements for all that gives grace and cheerfulness to society. The influence of works of art is wholesome, ennobling, instructive. Besides the cultivation of the sense of beauty—in other words, the perception of order, symmetry, proportion of parts, which is of near kindred to the moral sentiments—the intelligent contemplation of a great gallery of works of art is a lesson in history, a lesson in biography, a lesson in the antiquities of different countries. Half our knowledge of the customs and modes of life among the ancient Greeks and Romans is derived from the remains of ancient art.

Let it be remembered to the honor of art that if it has ever been perverted to the purposes of vice, it has only been at the bidding of some corrupt court or at the desire of some opulent and powerful voluptuary whose word was law. When intended for the general eye no such stain rests on the works of art. Let me close with an anecdote of the influence of a well-known work. I was once speaking to the poet Rogers in commendation of the painting of Ary Scheffer entitled "Christ the Consoler." "I have an engraving of it," he answered, "hanging at my bedside, where it meets my eye every morning." The aged poet, over whom already impended the shadow that shrouds the entrance to the next world, found his morning meditations guided by that work to the founder of our religion.

THOMAS ARNOLD

THOMAS ARNOLD, a distinguished English educator and historian, was born at West Cowes, Isle of Wight, June 13, 1795, and died at Ambleside, June 12, 1842. He was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and gained a fellowship at Oriel College in 1815, which he retained until 1820, when he removed to Laleham, near Staines. Here for eight years he had the care of pupils whom he prepared for the universities. He had taken deacon's orders in the Church of England in 1818, and soon after his election to the headmastership of Rugby, in 1827, he took priest's orders. The remainder of his life was passed at Rugby, where he accomplished a great work in elevating the standard of education in the English public schools, his primary aim in teaching being to arouse the pupils to think for themselves. More deeply than any instructor of his time Arnold impressed himself upon his pupils, not alone by his influence in the schoolroom, but also by his weekly sermons in the college chapel, where his power as a moral and religious teacher was great. His political principles were those of the Whigs or Liberals, and as a theologian he was the leader of the Broad Church thinkers of his day. His chief works include an edition of "Thucydides" (1835), "History of Rome" (1842), "Letters on Modern History" (1842), and six volumes of "Sermons" (1876). His "Life and Correspondence," edited by Dean Stanley appeared in 1844; for a graphic picture of Rugby in Arnold's régime, and of this ideal teacher's relations to his scholars, see Hughes' "Tom Brown's School Days." Matthew Arnold (1822–88), poet, critic, and man of letters, was a son of Thomas Arnold.

SERMON: ALIVE IN GOD

"God is not the God of the dead, but of the living."—Matt. xxii, 32.

WE hear these words as a part of our Lord's answer to the Sadducees; and as their question was put in evident profaneness, and the answer to it is one which to our minds is quite obvious and natural, so we are apt to think that in this particular story there is less than usual that particularly concerns us. But it so happens that our Lord in answering the Sadducees has brought in one of the most universal and most solemn of all truths,—which is indeed implied in many parts of the Old Testament, but which the Gospel has revealed to us in all its fulness,—the truth

contained in the words of the text, that "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living."

I would wish to unfold a little what is contained in these words which we often hear even, perhaps, without quite understanding them, and many times oftener without fully entering into them. And we may take them, first, in their first part, where they say that "God is not the God of the dead."

The word "dead," we know, is constantly used in Scripture in a double sense, as meaning those who are dead spiritually as well as those who are dead naturally. And in either sense the words are alike applicable: "God is not the God of the dead."

God's not being the God of the dead signifies two things: that they who are without him are dead, as well as that they who are dead are also without him. So far as our knowledge goes respecting inferior animals they appear to be examples of this truth. They appear to us to have no knowledge of God; and we are not told that they have any other life than the short one of which our senses inform us. I am well aware that our ignorance of their condition is so great that we may not dare to say anything of them positively; there may be a hundred things true respecting them which we neither know nor imagine. I would only say that according to that most imperfect light in which we see them the two points of which I have been speaking appear to meet in them: we believe that they have no consciousness of God, and we believe that they will die. And so far, therefore, they afford an example of the agreement, if I may so speak, between these two points; and were intended, perhaps, to be to our view a continual image of it. But we had far be ter speak of ourselves. And here, too, it is the case that "God is not the

God of the dead." If we are without him we are dead, and if we are dead we are without him; in other words, the two ideas of death and absence from God are in fact synonymous.

Thus, in the account given of the fall of man, the sentence of death and of being cast out of Eden go together; and if any one compares the description of the second Eden in the Revelation, and recollects how especially it is there said that God dwells in the midst of it, and is its light by day and night, he will see that the banishment from the first Eden means a banishment from the presence of God. And thus, in the day that Adam sinned he died; for he was cast out of Eden immediately, however long he may have moved about afterward upon the earth where God was not. And how very strong to the same point are the words of Hezekiah's prayer, "The grave cannot praise thee, Death cannot celebrate thee; they that go down into the pit cannot hope for thy truth;" words which express completely the feeling that God is not the God of the dead. This, too, appears to be the sense generally of the expression used in various parts of the Old Testament, "Thou shalt surely die."

It is, no doubt, left purposely obscure; nor are we ever told in so many words all that is meant by death; but, surely, it always implies a separation from God, and the being—whatever the notion may extend to—the being dead to him.

Thus, when David had committed his great sin and had expressed his repentance for it, Nathan tells him, "The Lord also hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die:" which means, most expressively, thou shalt not die to God.

In one sense David died, as all men die; nor was he by any means freed from the punishment of his sin; he was not, in that sense, forgiven, but he was allowed still to regard God as his God; and therefore his punishments were but

fatherly chastisements from God's hand, designed for his profit that he might be partaker of God's holiness.

And thus although Saul was sentenced to lose his kingdom, and although he was killed with his sons on Mount Gilboa, yet I do not think that we find the sentence passed upon him, "Thou shalt surely die;" and therefore we have no right to say that God had ceased to be his God although he visited him with severe chastisements and would not allow him to hand down to his sons the crown of Israel. Observe, also, the language of the eighteenth chapter of Ezekiel, where the expressions occur so often, "He shall surely live," and "He shall surely die."

We have no right to refer these to a mere extension on the one hand, or a cutting short on the other, of the term of earthly existence. The promise of living long in the land, or, as in Hezekiah's case, of adding to his days fifteen years, is very different from the full and unreserved blessing, "Thou shalt surely live." And we know, undoubtedly, that both the good and the bad to whom Ezekiel spoke died alike the natural death of the body. But the peculiar force of the promise and of the threat was, in the one case, Thou shalt belong to God; in the other, Thou shalt cease to belong to him; although the veil was not yet drawn up which concealed the full import of those terms, "belonging to God," and "ceasing to belong to him:" nay, can we venture to affirm that it is fully drawn aside even now?

I have dwelt on this at some length, because it really seems to place the common state of the minds of too many amongst us in a light which is exceedingly awful; for if it be true, as I think the Scripture implies, that to be dead and to be without God are precisely the same thing, then can it be denied that the symptoms of death are strongly marked upon many

of us? Are there not many who never think of God or care about his service? Are there not many who live, to all appearance, as unconscious of his existence as we fancy the inferior animals to be?

And is it not quite clear that to such persons God cannot be said to be their God? He may be the God of heaven and earth, the God of the universe, the God of Christ's church; but he is not their God, for they feel to have nothing at all to do with him; and therefore, as he is not their God, they are, and must be according to the Scripture, reckoned among the dead.

But God is the God "of the living." That is, as before, all who are alive live unto him; all who live unto him are alive. "God said, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob;" and therefore, says our Lord, "Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob are not and cannot be dead." They cannot be dead, because God owns them: he is not ashamed to be called their God; therefore they are not cast out from him; therefore, by necessity, they live.

Wonderful, indeed, is the truth here implied, in exact agreement, as we have seen, with the general language of Scripture; that, as she who but touched the hem of Christ's garment was in a moment relieved from her infirmity, so great was the virtue which went out from him; so they who are not cast out from God, but have anything whatever to do with him, feel the virtue of his gracious presence penetrating their whole nature; because he lives, they must live also.

Behold, then, life and death set before us; not remote (if a few years be, indeed, to be called remote), but even now present before us; even now suffered or enjoyed. Even now, we are alive unto God, or dead unto God; and, as we are either the one or the other, so we are, in the highest possible

sense of the terms, alive or dead. In the highest possible sense of the terms; but who can tell what that highest possible sense of the terms is? So much has, indeed, been revealed to us, that we know now that death means a conscious and perpetual death, as life means a conscious and perpetual life.

But greatly, indeed, do we deceive ourselves, if we fancy that, by having thus much told us, we have also risen to the infinite heights, or descended to the infinite depths, contained in those little words, life and death. They are far higher, and far deeper, than ever thought or fancy of man has reached to. But, even on the first edge of either, at the visible beginnings of that infinite ascent or descent, there is surely something which may give us a foretaste of what is beyond. Even to us in this mortal state, even to you advanced but so short a way on your very earthly journey, life and death have a meaning: to be dead unto God, or to be alive to him, are things perceptibly different.

For, let me ask of those who think least of God, who are most separate from him, and most without him, whether there is not now actually, perceptibly, in their state, something of the coldness, the loneliness, the fearfulness of death? I do not ask them whether they are made unhappy by the fear of God's anger; of course they are not: for they who fear God are not dead to him, nor he to them.

The thought of him gives them no disquiet at all; this is the very point we start from. But I would ask them whether they know what it is to feel God's blessing. For instance: we all of us have our troubles of some sort or other, our disappointments, if not our sorrows. In these troubles, in these disappointments,—I care not how small they may be,—have they known what it is to feel that God's hand is over

them; that these little annoyances are but his fatherly correction; that he is all the time loving us, and supporting us? In seasons of joy, such as they taste very often, have they known what it is to feel that they are tasting the kindness of their heavenly Father, that their good things come from his hand and are but an infinitely slight foretaste of his love? Sickness, danger; I know that they come to many of us but rarely; but if we have known them, or at least sickness, even in its lighter form, if not in its graver,—have we felt what it is to know that we are in our Father's hands, that he is with us, and will be with us to the end; that nothing can hurt those whom he loves?

Surely, then, if we have never tasted anything of this: if in trouble, or in joy, or in sickness, we are left wholly to ourselves to bear as we can and enjoy as we can; if there is no voice that ever speaks out of the heights and the depths around us to give any answer to our own; if we are thus left to ourselves in this vast world,—there is in this a coldness and a loneliness; and whenever we come to be, of necessity, driven to be with our own hearts alone, the coldness and the loneliness must be felt. But consider that the things which we see around us cannot remain with us nor we with them. The coldness and loneliness of the world, without God, must be felt more and more as life wears on; in every change of our own state, in every separation from or loss of a friend, in every more sensible weakness of our own bodies, in every additional experience of the uncertainty of our own counsels, —the deathlike feeling will come upon us more and more strongly: we shall gain more of that fearful knowledge which tells us that "God is not the God of the dead."

And so, also, the blessed knowledge that he is the God "of the living" grows upon those who are truly alive. Surely he "is not far from every one of us." No occasion of life

fails to remind those who live unto him that he is their God and that they are his children. On light occasions or on grave ones, in sorrow and in joy, still the warmth of his love is spread, as it were, all through the atmosphere of their lives; they forever feel his blessing. And if it fills them with joy unspeakable even now, when they so often feel how little they deserve it; if they delight still in being with God, and in living to him, let them be sure that they have in themselves the unerring witness of life eternal: God is the God of the living, and all who are with him must live.

Hard it is, I well know, to bring this home in any degree to the minds of those who are dead; for it is of the very nature of the dead that they can hear no words of life. But it has happened that, even whilst writing what I have just been uttering to you, the news reached me that one who two months ago was one of your number, who this very half-year has shared in all the business and amusements of this place, is passed already into that state where the meanings of the terms life and death are become fully revealed. He knows what it is to live unto God and what it is to die to him. Those things which are to us unfathomable mysteries are to him all plain: and yet but two months ago he might have thought himself as far from attaining this knowledge as any of us can do. Wherefore it is clear that these things, life and death, may hurry their lesson upon us sooner than we deem of, sooner than we are prepared to receive it. And that were indeed awful, if, being dead to God, and yet little feeling it because of the enjoyments of our worldly life, those enjoyments were on a sudden to be struck away from us, and we should find then that to be dead to God was death indeed, a death from which there is no waking, and in which there is no sleeping forever.

JOSHUA REED GIDDINGS

JOSHUA REED GIDDINGS, an American publicist and anti-slavery leader, was born at Athens, Bradford Co., Pa., Oct. 6, 1795, and died at Montreal, Canada, May 27, 1864. While a youth he removed with his parents to Ashtabula Co., O., where his education was obtained with difficulty and largely from books that he was able to borrow and study at home. He served in the army in 1812, subsequently taught school, studied law, and, securing admission to the Bar in 1821, eventually reached a high rank in his profession. In 1827, he sat in the Ohio legislature and in 1839 entered Congress, where he became a zealous and fearless opponent of the slave power; he spoke also on the tariff and other important measures. In a notable speech which he delivered in Congress in 1841 he declared that the Indian war in Florida was being waged in behalf of slavery, and in 1843 his "Pacificus" essays on slavery attracted much attention. Giddings opposed the annexation of Texas, was a strong supporter of the Wilmot Proviso, and, when Taylor was nominated for the Presidency, in 1849, he abandoned the Whigs for the Free Soil party. As a Free Soil advocate he strenuously opposed the Fugitive Slave Bill. His staunch anti-slavery opinions made him the object of much denunciation and abuse, and he was twice assaulted in Congress and once pursued by a mob in the streets of Washington. In 1859, he retired from Congress, and, in 1861, was appointed Consul-General to Canada. He was the author of "The Exiles of Florida," "The Rebellion: Its Authors and Its Causes," besides the "Essays of Pacificus," above mentioned, and a collection of his own "Speeches in Congress."

DENUNCIATION OF SLAVERY

DELIVERED JUNE 23, 1852

MR. CHAIRMAN,—The two great political parties of the nation have held their conventions. From all parts of these United States delegates have assembled, deliberated upon their platform of principles, avowed their doctrines, nominated their candidates for President and Vice-President, and now have entered upon the presidential campaign. Preparatory to this state of things many speeches were made here, to which the Free Democrats, the advocates of liberty, listened with commendable attention. And now I rise to occupy a brief hour in vindicating the position of

the party to which I am attached. Often, during the last six months, the question has been propounded to me, whether we should vote for the candidates of the Whig or the Democratic party? This question, so far as I am concerned, will probably be answered satisfactorily before I take my seat.

It is not my purpose to examine very critically the prinples of those parties. It may be sufficient for me to remark that they agree as to the policy which ought to control our government. . . .

This is the first time, for many years, that these parties have each put forth an avowal of their doctrines. In the change of times and the ordinary course of events they now find themselves in perfect harmony with each other. The day of their contention and disagreement has passed away. The issues which once really existed between them have become obsolete, or surrendered. Their usefulness is at an end and their history will soon be written. The increase of intelligence, the improvements of the age, demand new organizations and new parties. For years the old parties have intermingled constantly and no influence has been able to keep them separate. Here, and throughout the country, some Whigs act with the Democratic party, and some Democrats act with the Whig party.

For the last four years there has been no matter of legislation before this body on which the members have arrayed themselves according to their party character. On every question a portion of Whigs have acted with the Democrats and a portion of Democrats have acted with the Whigs. Indeed, sir, those who have watched the proceedings here for the past few years could not fail to see that slavery constitutes the only question of interest before us. . . .

The motto of Free-Soilers is "No more slave States." This

is our unyielding, determined position. We wage an exterminating warfare against every party which would extend the curse of human servitude or increase the slave power in any degree. The Democratic party and the Whig party unite in the extension of slavery and of the slave power, and then ask the friends of liberty to vote with them! I shall not do it.

Another measure of the last Congress was a law entitled "An act to abolish the slave-trade in the District of Columbia." A flagrant falsehood was sent to the people in this title; for the law itself does not profess to abolish the slave-trade in this district, and only excludes from this market the slave-breeders of Maryland and Virginia, leaving the sale of men, women, and children to continue here. And this commerce in the image of God is to go on and continue forever. The Whigs say it shall not be disturbed and the Democrats say they too will protect it. These parties have taken position between us and the slave-dealers, and say we shall not discuss the morality of their vocation; that we shall not agitate the cause of freedom.

You, sir, lately saw an advertisement in the leading Whig paper of this district, in these words: "For sale, a handsome and accomplished lady's maid, aged just sixteen years." Except in this city and New Zealand I do not think any government within the bounds of civilization would have permitted such an outrage upon decency. I speak of New Zealand without intending any disrespect to the people of that island by comparing their habits with ours. They buy men and women for food only. The object is far more honorable and Christian-like than that for which the young women of this city are advertised and sold.

Mr. Chairman, General Scott and General Pierce are both

pledged to maintain this traffic in the bodies of women, and the advocates of liberty are asked to aid in electing them. Sir, let those parties revel in such moral and political wickedness; let them pledge themselves and their candidates to perpetrate crimes thus revolting to humanity; but I beseech them not to insult honest men, philanthropists and Christians, by asking them to participate in such transcendent iniquity.

Another of the compromise measures is the fugitive-slave law. Of the character of this law I have spoken on former occasions. Of its unconstitutionality I think no unprejudiced mind can doubt who listened to the speech of the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Rantoul]. Of the crimes committed under this law, of the enormities of sending free men into slavery under color of this law, of the barbarous and savage character of the agents selected by this administration to carry it out, I have no time to speak. I noticed in the address of a clergyman, lately delivered before the Home Missionary Society, a statement that the reverend speaker was in the central parts of Russia during the last summer; that an intelligent nobleman taunted him with the character of this fugitive law, saying: "You can find nothing in the legal code of Russia, nor in the decrees of her emperors, equal to that barbarous law."

No, sir, I do not believe that any despot of Russia, or of Austria, was ever guilty of putting forth so barbarous a law; yet the Democratic party and the Whig party tell us that this law shall remain as a final settlement of this subject. The Whig party, it is true, reserve to themselves the right of making it more barbarous. But it is to remain a law and continue in force while time shall last. Yes, when the "archangel shall descend from heaven with a rainbow upon his head, and, placing one foot upon the earth and the other upon the sea,

shall swear by him who liveth for ever and ever, that time shall be no longer," the dread summons shall find the people of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston upon the *qui vive*, hunting for slave-mothers who have fled from all else they hold dear in life, in order to enjoy liberty. The Whigs and Democrats will be found supporting this law; and when they shall close their eyes upon terrestrial objects they will be listening to the baying of bloodhounds, the clanking of chains, shrieks of slaves, and the roar of muskets; while the dying groans of slave-catchers and their wounded associates, the bloodhounds, the last death-sighs of murdered fugitives, will all rise from this earth and mingle with the archangel's voice as he shall summon us all to the bar of final retribution. I would speak of the future with solemnity; but if men are to carry with them into the coming world their leading traits of character, as some hold, it would seem that their residence in the spirit land will be made vocal with the sighs and groans and shrieks of associated beings.

But both parties and their candidates are pledged to maintain this infamous law. And they will "resist" and "discountenance" all agitation in regard to it, "in Congress or out of it." The policy of silencing discussion upon it must be apparent to every man. The slave-holders demanded the passage of this law, Northern doughfaces submitted, some voted for it, others fled the hall. They then knew it would be death to the measure and political obliteration to themselves to discuss it; and therefore voted against its discussion, against all agitation, and a minority of this body actually passed it under the previous question; and now Whigs and Democrats say it never shall be discussed. That when our people of the North see a fellow being seized, chained, dragged into slavery, and sold and flogged, they shall say nothing about it, here or else-

where; that they shall look upon the murdered corpses of fugitives shot down by the agents of government, and may moan over their barbarity, but they must not discuss, they must not agitate the repeal of this law. Well, sir, I assure them the people will discuss these things.

But it is said, through the Whig press, that we cannot repeal this law. I saw this morning an article, in some respects an able article, denouncing this law, in a Whig paper, professedly anti-slavery. The editor, however, admitted that the law would not be repealed, perhaps, for twenty years. Sir, the admission shows the author to be unconscious of the people's power.

It is this miserable, cowardly submission to the slave interest which has degraded Northern men. Let the people send to this body forty members whose hearts are devoted to freedom, who have confidence in the power of truth, and this law will be repealed in six weeks. It will be swept from our statute book, and curses deep and loud will rest upon its authors.

The editor to whom I alluded proposes that we shall contribute from the national funds to pay for fugitives. I could have forgiven the editor for almost any other political offence. What, sir! are we, the descendants of the Pilgrims, of those who bled at Bunker Hill and on every battlefield of the revolution rather than pay a paltry tax on tea and on stamped paper, are we supinely to become tributary to Southern taskmasters? When the barbarians of Algiers seized and enslaved our people we sent an armed force there and slew them, holding them unworthy of a place upon God's footstool. No, sir; by all the hallowed associations which cluster around the memory of English and American patriots, I avow that I would sooner see every slave-holder of the nation hanged

than to witness the subjugation of Northern freemen to such a humiliating condition.

Sir, when it comes to that, I, for one, shall be prepared for the *dernier ressort*,—an appeal to the God of battles. I am a man of peace, but am no non-resistant; and I would sooner have the ashes of my hearth slaked in my own blood and the blood of my children than submit to such degradation. And here I will take occasion to say that if this law continues to be enforced civil war is inevitable. The people will not submit to it. Why, sir, civil war already exists. At Christiana, civil war, with all the circumstances of force, under color of law—resistance in defence of natural right—bloodshed and death took place. In my own State a similar transaction occurred; and I assure gentlemen that other instances will occur if attempts be made to enforce that law. In my own district are many fugitives who have informed their masters where they may be found. These men have become desperate. They desire to see the slave-catchers. They pant for an opportunity to make their oppressors "bite the dust." Sir, send on your commissioners and deputy marshals and bloodhounds, and I assure you that a civil war will soon be in active progress.

Gentlemen talk of enforcing this law. It cannot be done. The people have already passed sentence upon it and upon its authors; and that sentence will be speedily executed. Nor can you stop agitation in regard to it.

Agitation, discussion, and examination are the agents, the instruments, for carrying forward all reforms. The Saviour of man spoke truths boldly. They fell harshly upon the ears of scribes, Pharisees, and hypocrites. They denounced him as an agitator; seized, tried, condemned, and crucified him as an agitator. From that day to the present every man who has boldly avowed truths unwelcome to the ears of despots,

tyrants, and the oppressors of our race have been denounced as agitators. Jefferson, in the Declaration of American Independence; Samuel Adams, in the Continental Congress; Washington, on the battlefield, were "distinguished agitators;" John Quincy Adams, while in this hall, for years maintained and defended, with inimitable powers, the right of petition, and was denounced throughout the country as an agitator. He was arraigned at the bar of this House and tried as an agitator. Every member of this body who defends the rights of the people is denounced as an agitator. To me these epithets have lost their terrors.

For hundreds and for thousands of years the instruction and elevation of mankind have been carried forward by agitation. By means of it tyrants and despots have been driven from power and popular rights have been extorted from barbarous rulers. Without agitation no people ever gained their rights, or retained them after they had been extorted from their oppressors. Now, suddenly, to prevent the progress of liberty, Whigs and Democrats unite to suppress this element in all reforms. They declare that discussion shall cease, and the slave-trade and slavery shall continue forever, and the fugitive law shall be rendered perpetual. . . .

Mr. Chairman, I have served in this hall some fifteen years During that period I think at least two thirds of the time of this body has been occupied by the subject of slavery and other matters connected with that institution. For the last three years we can scarcely be said to have done anything else but discuss and legislate for slavery. This, sir, is all wrong. Slavery is a local institution, existing only in a portion of the States. The attempt to nationalize it is unwarranted and unconstitutional. To do this is now the object of both the Whig and Democratic parties. Against these attempts, we, the

Free Democracy, wage unceasing, undying, unyielding hostility. This war we shall never give up. We shall never lay aside our arms until victory shall crown our efforts,—until this government shall be redeemed and disenthralled from the foul stain of chattel slavery. Against oppression in all its forms, and in all places, we have sworn eternal hostility. Our sympathy for suffering humanity is broad as creation, reaching to all climes and embracing all who bear the image of our Creator. To persecuted Hungary we tender the assurance that "we feel for those in bonds as bound with them." On this subject the Democrats have spoken oracularly.

The Whigs talk about "entangling alliances and standing on foreign soil;" but they dare not take distinct issue on the propriety of exerting our moral power, our political influence, to maintain the law of nations. Substantially, both Whigs and Democrats are opposed to us on this subject. They would permit Russia or Austria to swallow up Hungary without any protest or expression of our disapprobation. We sympathize with the oppressed of all nations; and we, the Free Democracy, literally constitute the party of progress. At Buffalo we adopted the policy of "cheap postage for the people;" and inscribed it upon our banner, and unfurled it to the breeze. We foresaw the advantages of increasing the facilities of communication among the masses and determined to confer upon our country these benefits, while Whigs and Democrats were too timid to take a position either for or against it.

I am aware that we are often charged with being men of one idea, indeed, we are sometimes called the party of one idea,—and I refer to these facts to vindicate ourselves from that charge. We dared go where neither of those parties were willing to follow us, nor to oppose us; and in less than

three years the correctness of our position has been acknowledged before the country.

"Lands for the poor, homes for the destitute," free of expense to all who will immigrate to the West, was another article in our political creed. To this policy neither the Whig nor Democratic party dared express their consent, nor dared they oppose it. At this session a bill carrying out our views on this subject passed this body by a vote of nearly two to one. The Senate will doubtless comply with the popular will of the nation by passing this measure of benevolence which will cause thousands of hearts to swell with gratitude and joy. Sir, the Free Democracy believe that governments were constituted to protect, elevate, and render our race, our whole race, more happy. That it is our duty as statesmen, as philanthropists, as Christians, so far as we have constitutional power, "to raise up the bowed down," "to exalt the humble," "to inform the ignorant," "to comfort the distressed," and increase the prosperity and happiness of all who come within the sphere of our political, our moral, or our religious influence. Of course, we are hostile to those compromise measures which the Whigs and Democrats are pledged to sustain.

In 1848 nearly three hundred thousand freemen cast their votes for our presidential candidate. Since that period our moral and political power has greatly increased. Probably one third of the members on this floor are indebted to men who sympathize with us for their seats, and many were elected solely and entirely upon our principles. Three members of the Senate were elected as Free Democrats, while others are partially indebted to the votes of the Free Democracy. In several State legislatures we hold the balance of power; but this is but little evidence of the rapidity with which our principles are extending.

Our progress is marked by the change of feeling toward our doctrines in both the other parties; their hostility is diminishing daily; they are becoming acquainted with our views, and, of course, respect our motives. In all elections now throughout most of the free States candidates are selected whose doctrines and principles are not obnoxious to us. The cloud which in 1848 was like unto a man's hand in size has now overspread the whole North, and will soon extend over the nation, and finally over the world.

But it is said that those friends in the State of New York who came from the Democratic party have returned to it. I deeply feel and deplore this fact. I loved and honored them, —I still respect them; but I must say that, in my judgment, they have erred in departing from us. I, however, will not judge them; to their own masters they stand or fall. Had they continued with us, there is, in my opinion, no doubt that we should, in November next, have effected the election of a President favorable to our views. That they are friends of liberty I know; that they will sustain the doctrines laid down in the Democratic confession of faith, or vote for Pierce and King under the circumstances attending their nomination, I do not believe. The members of our party, generally, entered upon an organization with a deep feeling and conviction that such an organization was necessary.

Time and experience has confirmed us in that opinion. I have stated the basis of our doctrines; they are permanent, eternal as God himself. While standing on those principles we cannot be wrong. The political and moral regeneration of our country, the entire reformation of this government from its practice of sustaining oppression, slavery, and crime, is our object. To effect this great and holy purpose must require time and perseverance. In what I have said and done

on these questions I have but reflected the sentiments and feelings of those I represent,—indeed, among them are many, very many, " older and better soldiers " than myself. That people, sir, will stand firmly, steadfast, and immovable, upon the doctrines and the organization which they have adopted.

I am aware of the arguments so often used to persuade Free-Soilers to vote for this or that man, for this or that party, in order to gain some supposed temporary advantage. But, sir, we organized for the maintenance of doctrines important not merely to the people of a township, a county, or a state, but to man wherever he is found,—important not merely to-day, at this election, or next year, but in all coming time. Can we leave such a position to unite with either of the other parties in order to elect this or that man to office while he stands pledged to maintain slavery and the slave-trade in this district and in our territories,—to continue the infamous fugitive law,—to uphold and support all these measures as a final settlement of the subjects to which they refer, and to discountenance all examination, discussion, or agitation as to the propriety of these measures? Sir, were we to unite with either party to elect a President thus pledged we should lose our own self-respect,—we should lose the respect and confidence of the world. Politically, sir, we are " a city set upon an hill, which cannot be hid." Throughout the country our influence is felt. In this hall we wield a moral power far beyond our numbers. Let no man charge me with indelicacy when I assert that the Free-Soilers of this body exert all the influence to which their numbers entitle them. Whigs and Democrats have confidence that we shall in all cases be guided by judgment, by reason and justice, and not by the paltry considerations of party.

The effect has been most salutary. Ten years since no

man here dared separate from his party. No matter what was the subject, or his own judgment, every member was compelled to fall into line and vote with his party leaders. Free-Soilers have set an example here of independence. The commencement of our trials on this subject were severe. We were frowned upon, vilified, and denounced; but, thank God, we had the firmness to bide our time, and now for years many Whigs and Democrats have followed our example and dared to vote as their judgments and consciences dictated. In short, sir, here party lines upon most subjects of legislation have become obliterated. This of itself constitutes a great reform.

At Baltimore a portion of the Whig party contended manfully against committing themselves to the outrages and crimes of the fugitive law and compromise measures. In that respect they did more than the Democrats. My sympathies, and the sympathies of our party and of all good men were with them.

And had the anti-slavery Whigs in this House and the Senate promptly and energetically met the supercilious pretensions of the slave-power with decision and firmness, I have little doubt they would have inspired a feeling at Baltimore which would have repudiated a platform that has stamped indelible disgrace upon their party. In this hall, the Democrats have sustained the constitutional rights of the free States more ably and faithfully than the Whigs have during the present session.

But I am aware that a strong effort is making to induce our Free Democracy to sustain the Whig candidate at the coming election. With the gentleman nominated I have long been acquainted. To him nor to the Democratic nominee have I any personal objection; but, if elected, he is pledged

to maintain the outrages, the revolting crimes, pertaining to the compromise measures and fugitive-slave law to which I have called attention,—to render them perpetual, so far as he may be able,—to prevent all discussion relating to them. To vote for him is to vote for this policy,—to identify ourselves in favor of the avowed doctrines which he is pledged to support,—to give proof by our votes that we approve the platform on which he stands. But, sir, why vote for Scott in preference to Pierce?

The doctrines of the Whig party, as I have shown, pledge them and their candidate to maintain slavery; the breeding of slaves for market; the sale of women in this district and in the territories; to uphold the fugitive law in all coming time; to admit as many slave States as shall apply from New Mexico and Utah, and to silence discussion on all these subjects. This is as far, I think, as human depravity can go. If the Democratic party has dived deeper into moral and political putridity, some archangel fallen must have penned their confession of faith. If there be such a distinction, it can only be discovered by a refinement of casuistry too intricate for honest minds to exert. Sir, suppose there were a shade of distinction in the depths of depravity to which these parties have descended, does it become men,—free men, men of moral principle, of political integrity,—to be straining their visions and using intellectual microscopes to discover that shade of moral darkness? No, sir; let every man who feels that he has a country to save, a character to sustain,—that he owes a duty to mankind and to God,—come forward at once and wage a bold and exterminating war against these doctrines so abhorrent to freedom and humanity.

But it is said that the Democratic party, if defeated again by the anti-slavery sentiment, as they were in 1848, will dis-

band, and the masses will then unite with us in support of justice, truth, and liberty. The defeat of the Democratic party might disband them and it might not. There is no certainty on that point. If we were to unite with the Whigs, we might, or we might not, defeat the Democrats. If we were to try the experiment and fail, Whigs and Democrats would despise us. We should despise ourselves. If we should succeed we should become identified with the Whig party and swallowed up by it. In every aspect in which I can view such a policy we must lose the moral power which we possess. Standing upon elevated principles,—professing, avowing, and proclaiming the political gospel which we present to the people,—we cannot descend to mingle in such a contest without a sacrifice of that moral and political influence which now commands the respect of all honest men and of our own consciences.

Mr. Chairman, I know not the course which the people whom I represent will pursue. From the past only can I judge of their future action. A residence of half a century among them has given me some knowledge of their character. Their past action on this subject is "known and read of all men."

That people do their own thinking and their own voting. They know their rights and will maintain them so far as moral and political action on their part will do it. They are at all times prepared to discharge their duty. Sir, in 1848 there was more political effort made to induce our friends there to vote for the present Executive than was ever put forth on any other occasion. Distinguished gentlemen from other States, of great ability and of anti-slavery sentiments, were imported to show us the propriety of voting for men who feared to speak in favor of free principles. But those

efforts failed and few men can now be found who will admit that they ever cast a vote for the present Executive—a man who has prostituted the power of his office to the support of slavery and crime. Now they are to be called on to vote for men openly pledged and committed to the work of eternizing slavery and the slave-trade and the fugitive law. I will leave the Free Democracy of the Reserve to speak for themselves. They have always done that.

Sir, we are in the midst of a revolution. The two great parties are striving to convert this free government into a slave-holding, a slave-breeding republic. Those powers which were delegated to secure liberty, are now exerted to overthrow freedom and the constitution. It becomes every patriot, every lover of freedom, every Christian, every man, to stand forth in defence of popular rights, in defence of the rights of the free States, of the institutions under which we live, in defence of our national character.

Sir, I am getting old,—the infirmities of age are coming upon me. I must soon leave the scenes with which I am surrounded. It is uncertain whether I shall again address this body; but one thing I ask,—that friends and foes, here and elsewhere, in this and in coming time, shall understand that, whether in public or in private, by the wayside or the fireside, in life or in death, I oppose, denounce, and repudiate the efforts now put forth to involve the people of the free States in the support of slavery, of the slave-trade, and their attendant crimes.

FREDERICK WILLIAM IV

FREDERICK WILLIAM IV, King of Prussia (1840–61), was born Oct. 15, 1795, and died at Sans Souci, near Potsdam, Prussia, Jan. 2, 1861. He succeeded his father Frederick William III, on his death, in June, 1840. He at first granted many minor reforms and pledged himself to radical changes, but, being possessed by exaggerated ideas of the kingly office, kept evading the fulfillment of his promises. His reign is marked by the persistent demands of the people for a constitutional form of government, which though the King at first refused was granted in 1850, meanwhile opposing the revolutionary movements of 1848 and refusing the imperial crown offered him by the Liberal Frankfort Diet. In 1850, the people stormed the arsenal and seized the palace of his brother, William, Prince of Prussia, afterward William I, when he was forced to grant a representative parliament. In 1857, his mystic pietism developed into pronounced insanity, and he resigned the administration to his brother, who, at his death, became king.

OPENING OF THE PRUSSIAN DIET

DELIVERED ON THE OPENING OF THE DIET, APRIL, 1847

ILLUSTRIOUS NOBLE PRINCES, COUNTS, AND LORDS, MY DEAR AND TRUSTY ORDERS OF NOBLES, BURGHERS, AND COMMONS,—I bid you from the depth of my heart welcome on the day of the fulfilment of a great work of my father, resting in God, never to be forgotten, King William III, of glorious memory.

The noble edifice of representative freedom, the eight mighty pillars of which the king of blessed memory founded deep and unshakably in the peculiar organization of his provinces, is to-day perfected in your assembly. It has received its protecting roof. The king wished to have finished his work himself, but his views were shipwrecked in the utter impracticability of the plans laid before him. Therefrom arose evils which his clear eye detected with grief, and, before all, the uncertainty which made many a noble soil susceptible of

weeds. Let us bless, however, to-day, the conscientiousness of the true beloved king, who despised his own earlier triumph in order to guard his folk from later ruin, and let us honor his memory by not perilling the existence of his completed work by the impatient haste of beginners.

I give up beforehand all co-operation thereto. Let us suffer time, and, above all, experience, to have their way; and let us commit the work, as is fitting, to the furthering and forming hands of Divine Providence. Since the commencement of the operation of the provincial Diets I have perceived the defects of individual portions of our representative life, and proposed to myself conscientiously the grave question how they were to be remedied? My resolutions on this point have long since arrived at maturity. Immediately on my accession I made the first step toward realizing them by forming the committees of the provincial Diets, and by calling them together soon after.

You are aware, lords and gentlemen, that I have now made the days for the meeting of those committees periodical, and that I have confided to them the free working of the provincial Diets. For the ordinary run of affairs their deliberations will satisfactorily represent the desired point of union. But the law of January 17, 1820, respecting the state debts, gives, in that portion of it not as yet carried out, rights and privileges to the Orders which can be exercised neither by the provincial assemblies nor by the committees.

As the heir of an unweakened crown, which I must and will hand down unweakened to my descendants, I know that I am perfectly free from all and every pledge with respect to what has not been carried out, and, above all, with respect to that from the execution of which his own true paternal conscience preserved my illustrious predecessor. The law is, however,

carried out in all its essential parts; an edifice of justice has been built upon it, oaths have been sworn on it, and it has, all unfinished as it is, maintained itself as a wise law for seven-and-twenty years. Therefore have I proceeded, with a cheerful heart indeed, but with all the freedom of my kingly prerogative, to its final completion. I am, however, the irreconcilable enemy of all arbitrary proceedings, and must have been a foe, above all, to the idea of bringing together an artificial arbitrary assembly of the Orders, which should deprive the noble creation of the king, my dear father—I mean the provincial Diets—of their value. It has been, therefore, for many years my firm determination only to form this assembly, ordained by law, or by the fusion together of the provincial Diets. It is formed; I have recognized your claim to all the rights flowing from that law; and far beyond—yes, far beyond—all the promises of the king of blessed memory, I have granted you, within certain necessary limits, the right of granting taxes—a right, gentlemen, the responsibility of which weighs far more heavily than the honor which accompanies it. This august assembly will now denote important periods in the existence of our state, which are treated of in my patent of February 3d. As soon as those periods occur, I will assemble the Diets on each separate occasion round my throne, in order to deliberate with them for the welfare of my country, and to afford them an opportunity for the exercise of their rights. I have, however, reserved the express right of calling together these great assemblies on extraordinary occasions, when I deem it good and profitable; and I will do this willingly and at more frequent intervals if this Diet gives me proof that I may act thus without prejudice to higher sovereign duties.

My trusty and free subjects have received all the laws which I and my father have granted them for the protection of their

highest interests, and especially the laws of the 3d of February, with warm gratitude, and woe to him who shall dare to dash their thankfulness with care, or to turn it into ingratitude.

Every Prussian knows that for twenty-four years past all laws which concern his freedom and property have been first discussed by the Orders, but from this time forward let every one in my kingdom know that I, with the sole necessary exception of the occurrence of the calamity of war, will contract no state loan, levy no new taxes, nor increase existing ones, without the free consent of all Orders.

Noble lords and trusty Orders, I know that with these rights I entrust a costly jewel of freedom to your hands, and that you will employ it faithfully. But I know, as certainly, that many will mistake and despise this jewel—that to many it is not enough. A portion of the press, for instance, demands outright from me and my government a revolution in church and state, and from you, gentlemen, acts of importunate ingratitude, of illegality—nay, of disobedience. Many also, and among them very worthy men, look for our safety in the conversion of the natural relation between prince and people into a conventional existence granted by charters and ratified by oaths.

May, however, the example of the one happy country, whose constitution centuries and a hereditary wisdom without a parallel, but no sheets of paper, have made, not be lost upon us, but find the respect which it deserves. If other countries find their happiness in another way than that people and ourselves, namely, in the way of "manufactured and granted" constitutions, we must and will praise their happiness in an upright and brotherly manner. We will, with the justest admiration, consider the sublime example, when a strong will of iron consequence and high intelligence succeeds in delaying, in master-

ing, and allaying every crisis of serious importance; and, above all, when this tends to the welfare of Germany and the maintenance of the peace of Europe. But Prussia, gentlemen, Prussia cannot bear such a state of things. Do you ask why? I answer, cast your eyes at the map of Europe, at the position of our country, at its component parts; follow the line of our borders, weigh the power of our neighbors, throw before all an enlightened glance on our history. It has pleased God to make Prussia strong by the sword of war from without and by the sword of intellect from within; not, surely, by the negative intellect of the age, but by the spirit of moderation and order. I speak out boldly, gentlemen. As in the camp, unless in cases of the most urgent danger or grossest folly, the command can only be rested in the will of one, so can the destinies of this country, unless it is to fall instantly from its height, only be guided by one will; and if the King of Prussia would commit an abomination, were he to demand from his subjects the subserviency of a slave, so would he commit a far greater abomination were he not to demand from them the crowning virtue of freemen—I mean obedience for the sake of God and conscience. Whoever is alarmed at the tenor of these words, him I refer to the development of our laws for a century back, to the edicts of the Orders, and finally to this assembly and its rights; there he may find consolation if he will.

Noble lords and trusty Orders, I am forced to the solemn declaration that no power on earth will ever succeed in moving me to change the natural—and, in our own case, so imperatively necessary—relation between prince and people, into something merely conventional or constitutional; and that, once for all, I will never suffer a written sheet of paper to force itself in, as it were a second providence, between our Lord God in heaven and this people, in order to rule us with its

paragraphs, and to replace by them our ancient and time-hallowed trusty reliance on each other. Between us be truth. From one weakness I feel myself entirely free—I strive not for idle popular favor; who could do so if he has read history aright? I strive alone to fulfil my duty, so as to satisfy my understanding and my conscience, and to deserve the thanks of my people, even though it be never my lot to obtain it.

Noble lords and trusty Orders, it has often caused me care and impatience during the first years of my reign, that I could not remove hindrances which opposed an earlier convocation of your assembly. I was wrong. On both sides we should have been poorer by many experiences, poorer by experiences in part of a costly nature; but all of them, if not always good, yet for us of priceless worth. We have now lying open before us the experiences of seven years, and, by God's good pleasure, not in vain. The working of parties on one side, and the temper of my people on the other, are now clear and indubitable. It is a splendid privilege of the kingly office that it can on all occasions call things by their right names without fear. I will do this to-day before you, as a duty which I have to fulfil. I beg you now to follow me a moment while with a sharp eye we consider the state of things at home.

The dearth which has visited Europe of latter years has also penetrated to us, if with less severity than in other countries. It has, however, found us well prepared, and I can give my government the honorable testimonial that it has honestly done its part towards alleviating the calamity. There are, also, means further to resist it, if God spares us from new failures in the crops. Here I must mention private benevolence, which, in these times, has manifested itself anew so nobly, so cheeringly; and I pay it here, before you, the tribute of my admiration and my gratitude.

The extinction of the national debt is progressing. The taxes are diminished, the finances are put in order. I have to-day the happiness to offer the provinces, for the use of their treasuries, a donation of 2,000,000 rix-dollars.

The management of affairs and the administration of justice are with us in a purer condition than almost in any other country; publicity is established in our courts; roads, canals, all kinds of improvements of the land are proceeding to an extent before unknown; science and art are in the most flourishing condition; the national prosperity is increasing; trade and industry, if, alas! not protected against their European vicissitudes, are comparatively satisfactory; paternal care and good will are certainly nowhere to be mistaken; the press is as free as the laws of the confederation permit; the freedom of confession is associated with animating power to our old liberty of faith and conscience; and our just pride and strong shield, my army of the line and militia, may be called incomparable.

With our neighbors and with the Powers on this and the other side of the ocean we stand on the best terms, and our relation to our allies, in combination with whom we once freed Germany, and from the happy concord of whom depends the maintenance of a thirty-two years' peace in a great part of Europe, is firmer and closer than ever.

I could add much which would be calculated to bend our knees in thanks toward God, but this will suffice. For it is quite sufficient to found this gratitude, and a state of contentment, which in an honest comparison, in spite of many just wishes, appears quite natural. Before all, one would think that the press must diffuse gratitude and contentment on all sides, for I venture to say that it is the press which, to a particular extent, owes me thanks. Noble lords and faithful

States, I require your German hearts to grant me those thanks. While recognizing the honorable endeavor to elevate the press by a noble and conscientious spirit, it is yet unquestionable that in a portion of it a dark spirit of destruction prevails, a spirit that entices to revolution, and that deals in the most audacious falsehood, disgraceful to German fidelity and Prussian honor. I know that the genuine sense of the people remains firm, but we do not deceive ourselves as to the evil fruits of the evil tree, which meet us in the shape of dissatisfaction and want of confidence, attended by still worse facts, such as open disobedience, secret conspiracy, a declared revolt from all which is sacred to good men, and attempted regicide. Even in our churches are seen those fruits, together with the twofold death in indifference and fanaticism. But ecclesiastical matters do not belong to the states. They have their legitimate organs in the two confessions. One confession of faith I am, on this day, unable to suppress, bearing in mind the frightful attempt to defraud my people of its holiest jewel—its faith in the Redeemer, Lord and King of itself and of us all. This avowal is as follows. [Here his Majesty arose and spoke the word standing, and with right hand uplifted] "I and my house, we will serve the Lord."

I turn my troubled glance from the aberrations of a few to the whole of my people. Then does it grow bright with tears of joy; there, my lords, amid all the heavy troubles of government, is my consolation. My people is still the old Christian people—the honest, true, valiant people—which has fought the battles of my fathers, and the honorable qualities of which have only grown with the greatness and fame of their country, which once, like no other, in the days of trouble, bound itself to its paternal king and bore him, as it were, upon its shoulders from victory to victory,—a people,

my lords, often tempted by the arts of seduction, but always found proof against them. Even out of the strongest of these trials it will come forth pure. Already is the impious sport with Christianity, the abuse of religion as a means of distinction, recognized in its true form as sacrilege, and is dying away. My firm reliance upon the fidelity of my people, as the surest means of extinguishing the conflagration, has been ever nobly rewarded both by the older and the younger sons of our Prussian country, even where another language than ours is spoken.

Therefore, hear this well, lords and faithful States, and may all the country hear it through you. From all the indignities to which I and my government have been exposed for some years, I appeal to my people! From all evils which perhaps are still in reserve for me, I appeal beforehand to my people! My people knows my heart, my faith and love to it, and adheres in love and faith to me. My people does not wish the association of representatives in the government, the weakening of rank, the division of sovereignty, the breaking up of the authority of its kings, who have founded its history, its freedom, its prosperity, and who alone can protect its dearest acquisitions, and will protect them, God willing, as heretofore.

Know, my lords, I do not read the feelings of my people in the green arches and huzzahs of festivity; still less in the praise and blame of the press, or in the doubtful, sometimes criminal, demands of certain addresses which are sent to the Throne, and States, or elsewhere. I have read them with my own eyes in the touching thanks of men for benefits scarcely promised, scarcely begun; here, where broad districts of land stood under water; there, where men scarcely recovered from hunger. In their grateful joy, in their wet eyes, did I read

their feelings three years ago, when the lives of myself and the queen were so wonderfully preserved. This is truth—and in my words is truth when I say that it is a noble people; and I feel entirely the happiness of presiding over such a people. And your hearts will understand me and accord with me when in this great hour I urgently call upon you—"Be worthy of this people!"

Illustrious princes, counts, and lords, you will have recognized in the position assigned to you by law in this united Diet, my intention that that position should be a dignified one, at once answering to the conception of a German order of nobles and also beneficial to the whole community. I rely upon your deeply feeling at this hour, and in these times, what is meant by being the first of a nation and also what is required at your hands. You will repay my confidence.

You, my lords of the nobility, and my faithful burghers and commons, are, I am firmly persuaded, impressed with this truth, that on this day and in this hour you are the first of your respective Orders; but therefore, also, the protectors of your ancient renown. Look at this throne! Your fathers and mine—many princes of your race, and of mine, and myself—have fought for the preservation, the deliverance, and the honor of that throne, and for the existence of our native land. God was with us! There is now a new battle to be fought on behalf of the same glorious possessions—a peaceful one, indeed, but its combats are not a whit less important than those of the field of war. And God will be with us yet again, for the battle is against the evil tendencies of the age. Your unanimity with me, the prompt expression of your wish to aid me in improving the domain of rights (that true field for the labor of kings) will make this Diet a pitched battle gained against every evil and lawless influence that troubles and dis-

honors Germany; and the work will be to your renown and that of the country, and the contentment and satisfaction of the people.

Representatives of the nobles, be now and for the future, as of old, the first to follow the banner of the Hohenzollerns, that for three centuries has led you on to honor. And you, burghers, give to the whole world a living testimony that the intelligence—the great mass of which you are proud to represent—is, among us, that right and true one which ennobles by the development of religion and morality and by the love of your king and country. And you, representatives of the commons, you and your Order are never the last when your country and your king call on you, whether it be in peace or in war. Hear the voice of your king, that tells you they require you again!

In my kingdom, neither of the three Orders ranks above or beneath the other. They stand beside each other on an equality of rights and honor, but each within its limits, each with its own province. This is a practicable and reasonable equality. This is freedom.

Noble lords and trusty Orders, a word more on the question —yes, the question of existence between the Throne and the different Orders. The late king, after mature consideration, called them into existence, according to the German and historical idea of them; and in this idea alone have I continued his work. Impress yourselves, I entreat you, with the spirit of this definition. You are German Orders in the anciently received sense of the word—that is, you are truly, and before all, "representatives and defenders of your own rights," the rights of those Orders whose confidence has sent here the far greater portion of this assembly. But after that you are to exercise those rights which the Crown has recognized as

yours; you have, further, conscientiously to give the Crown that advice it requires of you. Finally, you are free to bring petitions and complaints, after mature deliberation, to the foot of the throne.

Those are the rights, those the duties, of German Orders; this is your glorious vocation. But it is not your province to represent opinions or bring opinions of the day, or of this or that school, into practical operation. That is wholly un-German, and, besides, completely useless for the good of the community, for it would lead necessarily to inextricable embarrassments with the Crown, which must govern according to the law of God and the land, and its own free, unbiased resolution, but which cannot and dares not govern according to the will of the majority, if "Prussia" would not soon become an empty sound in Europe. Clearly recognizing my office and your vocation, and firmly resolved to treat that recognition faithfully under all circumstances, I have appeared among you, and addressed you with royal freedom. With the same openness, and as the highest proof of my confidence in you, I here give you my royal word that I should not have called you together had I had the smallest suspicion that you would otherwise understand your duties, or that you had any desire to play the part of what are called representatives of the people. I should not have called you together for that purpose, because according to my deepest and most heartfelt conviction, the Throne and state would be endangered by it, and because I recognize it as my first duty, under all circumstances and events, to preserve the Throne, the state, and my government, as they at present exist. I remember the axiom of a royal friend, "Confidence awakens confidence." That is this day my brightest hope. That my confidence in you is great, I have proved by my words, and sealed by my act.

And from you, gentlemen, I expect a proof of confidence in return, and an answer in the same manner—by your acts. God is my witness, I have summoned you as your truest, best, and most faithful friend; and I firmly believe that, among the hundreds before me, there is not one who is not resolved, at this moment, to preserve that friendship. Many of you were at Königsberg on the 10th of September, 1840; and I can even now hear the thunder of your voices as you pronounced the oath of fidelity, that then penetrated my soul. Many of you, on the day on which I received the homage of my hereditary estates, joined with thousands in the still echoing "Yes!" with which you replied to my demand whether you would, "in word and deed, in heart and spirit, in truth and love, help and assist me to preserve Prussia as it is, and as it must remain, if it would not perish: that you would not let or hinder me in the path of considerate but vigorous progress, but endure with me through good days and through evil." Now redeem your word—now fulfil that vow!

You can do it by the exercise of one of your most important duties—namely, by choosing from among you faithful and upright friends of the throne and of our good purpose for your committees—men who have comprehended that at this time it is the first duty of the Orders to encourage and support the good disposition and fidelity of the country by their own example, and, on the contrary, to strike down and discountenance every kind of many-headed faithlessness—men who, enemies of every kind of slavery, are, above all, enemies of that shameful yoke which a misguiding opinion (branding the name of freedom of thought) would lay upon your necks. This selection is a very critical act—one pregnant with consequences. Weigh it in your hearts, and choose conscientiously.

Remember, also, that the day of uncertainty as to the form which the activity of the Orders is to take is passed. Many things which, under this uncertainty, forbearance could excuse, have henceforth no excuse remaining. The 3d of February of this year, like the 3d of February, 1813, has opened to the real children of our fatherland that path they have now to pursue: and the same unspeakable happiness which then fell to the lot of my glorious father is now also mine—mine in this moment. I speak, as he did, to the hearts of German—of Prussian men!

Go, then, illustrious princes, counts, and lords—dear and faithful Orders of nobles, burghers, and commons—proceed with God's help to your task. You will, I am certain, in this moment, when all Europe is gazing on you, and through all the future labors of the Diet, prove yourselves true Prussians; and that one thing, believe me, will not be absent—namely, God's blessing, on which all things depend. Out of our unanimity it will descend on the present and future generations, and, I hope, on all our glorious German fatherland, in one broad stream, beside which we may dwell in peace and safety, as by the shores of the blessing-bringing rivers that water the earth. And now, once more, and out of the fullness of my heart—welcome!

THOMAS CARLYLE

THOMAS CARLYLE, eminent British historian and essayist, and one of the greatest forces in English literature, was born in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, Dec. 4, 1795, and died at Chelsea, London, Feb. 4, 1881. He received his education first at the Parish School at Annan, and afterward at the University of Edinburgh. Meanwhile, he read voraciously and widely, wrote for Brewster's "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," and published in a London magazine his "Life of Schiller." He also at this time issued his translations of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" and Legendre's "Geometry." In 1826, he married, and retired to a property possessed by his wife at Craigenputtoch, in Dumfriesshire. Here he worked assiduously on the essays on French and German authors, afterward published in his "Miscellanies," and on his first great and original work, "Sartor Resartus," issued in 1833–34 in "Fraser's Magazine." His reputation as a thinker and forcible writer having been established, he removed to Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, which thereafter became his home. Here he began the serious work of his life — the production of "The French Revolution," "Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," "Life of John Sterling," "Past and Present," "History of Frederick the Great," "Early Kings of Norway," "Chartism," and "Latter-Day Pamphlets," besides lecturing on German literature, and on those types of grand men among the world's prophets and rulers which were subsequently issued under the title of "Heroes and Hero-Worship." To these works he added, in separate form, his installation address delivered as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, "On the Choice of Books" — a most instructive and thought-stimulating essay. In this great body of literature he has left behind him much of enduring value, in spite of his censoriousness, and his cynical and peevish moods, and of his rough and jerky literary style — yet a style that seems to fit the censor and moralist better and more effectively than would one of more smoothness and polish. In his day, he was the most suggestive of writers and the grimmest and most impressive of historical painters.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS AT EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY

DELIVERED APRIL 2, 1866, ON HIS INSTALLATION AS LORD RECTOR

GENTLEMEN,—I have accepted the office you have elected me to, and it is now my duty to return thanks for the great honor done me. Your enthusiasm toward me, I must admit, is in itself very beautiful, however undeserved it may be in regard to the object of it. It is a feeling honorable to all men, and one well known to myself when I was of an age like yours, nor is it yet quite gone. I can only hope that with you too it may endure to the end,—

this noble desire to honor those whom you think worthy of honor; and that you will come to be more and more select and discriminate in the choice of the object of it—for I can well understand that you will modify your opinions of me and of many things else, as you go on. It is now fifty-six years, gone last November, since I first entered your city, a boy of not quite fourteen; to attend the classes here, and gain knowledge of all kinds, I could little guess what, my poor mind full of wonder and awe-struck expectation; and now, after a long course, this is what we have come to. There is something touching and tragic, and yet at the same time beautiful, to see, as it were, the third generation of my dear old native land rising up and saying, "Well, you are not altogether an unworthy laborer in the vineyard; you have toiled through a great variety of fortunes, and have had many judges: this is our judgment of you!" As the old proverb says, "He that builds by the wayside has many masters." We must expect a variety of judges; but the voice of young Scotland, through you, is really of some value to me; and I return you many thanks for it,—though I cannot go into describing my emotions to you, and perhaps they will be much more perfectly conceivable if expressed in silence.

When this office was first proposed to me, some of you know I was not very ambitious to accept it, but had my doubts rather. I was taught to believe that there were certain more or less important duties which would lie in my power. This, I confess, was my chief motive in going into it and overcoming the objections I felt to such things: if I could do anything to serve my dear old Alma Mater and you, why should not I? Well, but on practically looking into the matter when the office actually came into my hands, I find it grows more and

more uncertain and abstruse to me whether there is much real duty that I can do at all. I live four hundred miles away from you, in an entirely different scene of things; and my weak health, with the burden of the many years now accumulating on me, and my total unacquaintance with such subjects as concern your affairs here,—all this fills me with apprehension that there is really nothing worth the least consideration that I can do on that score. You may depend on it, however, that if any such duty does arise in any form, I will use my most faithful endeavor to do in it whatever is right and proper, according to the best of my judgment.

Meanwhile, the duty I at present have,—which might be very pleasant, but which is not quite so, for reasons you may fancy,—is to address some words to you, if possible not quite useless, nor incongruous to the occasion, and on subjects more or less cognate to the pursuits you are engaged in. Accordingly, I mean to offer you some loose observations, loose in point of order, but the truest I have, in such form as they may present themselves; certain of the thoughts that are in me about the business you are here engaged in, what kind of race it is that you young gentlemen have started on, and what sort of arena you are likely to find in this world. I ought, I believe, according to custom, to have written all that down on paper, and had it read out. That would have been much handier for me at the present moment; but on attempting the thing, I found I was not used to write speeches, and that I didn't get on very well. So I flung that aside, and could only resolve to trust, in all superficial respects, to the suggestion of the moment, as you now see. You will therefore have to accept what is readiest; what comes direct from the heart; and you must just take that in compensation for any good order or arrangement there might have been in it. I

will endeavor to say nothing that is not true, so far as I can manage; and that is pretty much all I can engage for.

Advices, I believe, to young men, as to all men, are very seldom much valued. There is a great deal of advising, and very little faithful performing; and talk that does not end in any kind of action is better suppressed altogether. I would not, therefore, go much into advising; but there is one advice I must give you. In fact, it is the summary of all advices, and doubtless you have heard it a thousand times; but I must nevertheless let you hear it the thousand-and-first time, for it is most intensely true, whether you will believe it at present or not: namely, That above all things the interest of your whole life depends on your being diligent, now while it is called to-day, in this place where you have come to get education! Diligent: that includes in it all virtues that a student can have; I mean it to include all those qualities of conduct that lead on to the acquirement of real instruction and improvement in such a place. If you will believe me, you who are young, yours is the golden season of life. As you have heard it called, so it verily is, the seedtime of life; in which, if you do not sow, or if you do sow tares instead of wheat, you cannot expect to reap well afterward, and you will arrive at little. And in the course of years, when you come to look back, if you have not done what you have heard from your advisers,—and among many counsellors there is wisdom,—you will bitterly repent when it is too late. The habits of study acquired at universities are of the highest importance in after-life. At the season when you are young in years, the whole mind is, as it were, fluid, and is capable of forming itself into any shape that the owner of the mind pleases to allow it, or constrain it, to form itself into. The mind is then in a plastic or fluid state; but it hardens gradually, to the

consistency of rock or of iron, and you cannot alter the habits of an old man: he, as he has begun, so he will proceed and go on to the last.

By diligence I mean, among other things, and very chiefly too,—honesty, in all your inquiries, and in all you are about. Pursue your studies in the way your conscience can name honest. More and more endeavor to do that. Keep, I should say for one thing, an accurate separation between what you have really come to know in your minds and what is still unknown. Leave all that latter on the hypothetical side of the barrier, as things afterwards to be acquired, if acquired at all; and be careful not to admit a thing as known when you do not yet know it. Count a thing known only when it is imprinted clearly on your mind, and has become transparent to you, so that you may survey it on all sides with intelligence. There is such a thing as a man endeavoring to persuade himself, and endeavoring to persuade others, that he knows things, when he does not know more than the outside skin of them; and yet he goes flourishing about with them. There is also a process called cramming, in some universities, that is, getting up such points of things as the examiner is likely to put questions about. Avoid all that, as entirely unworthy of an honorable mind. Be modest, and humble, and assiduous in your attention to what your teachers tell you, who are profoundly interested in trying to bring you forward in the right way, so far as they have been able to understand it. Try all things they set before you, in order, if possible, to understand them, and to follow and adopt them in proportion to their fitness for you. Gradually see what kind of work you individually can do; it is the first of all problems for a man to find out what kind of work he is to do in this universe. In short, morality as regards study is, as in all other things, the

primary consideration, and overrules all others. A dishonest man cannot do anything real; he never will study with real fruit; and perhaps it would be greatly better if he were tied up from trying it. He does nothing but darken counsel by the words he utters. That is a very old doctrine, but a very true one; and you will find it confirmed by all the thinking men that have ever lived in this long series of generations of which we are the latest.

I daresay you know, very many of you, that it is now some seven hundred years since universities were first set up in this world of ours. Abelard and other thinkers had arisen with doctrines in them which people wished to hear of, and students flocked toward them from all parts of the world. There was no getting the thing recorded in books as you now may. You had to hear the man speaking to you vocally, or else you could not learn at all what it was that he wanted to say. And so they gathered together, these speaking ones,—the various people who had anything to teach,—and formed themselves gradually, under the patronage of kings and other potentates who were anxious about the culture of their populations, and nobly studious of their best benefit; and became a body corporate, with high privileges, high dignities, and really high aims, under the title of a university.

Possibly too you may have heard it said that the course of centuries has changed all this; and that "the true university of our days is a collection of books." And beyond doubt, all this is greatly altered by the invention of printing, which took place about midway between us and the origin of universities. Men have not now to go in person to where a professor is actually speaking; because in most cases you can get his doctrine out of him through a book; and can then read it, and read it again and again, and study it. That is an immense

change, that one fact of printed books. And I am not sure that I know of any university in which the whole of that fact has yet been completely taken in, and the studies molded in complete conformity with it. Nevertheless, universities have, and will continue to have, an indispensable value in society, —I think, a very high, and it might be almost the highest value. They began, as is well known, with their grand aim directed on theology,—their eye turned earnestly on heaven. And perhaps, in a sense, it may be still said, the very highest interests of man are virtually intrusted to them. In regard to theology, as you are aware, it has been, and especially was then, the study of the deepest heads that have come into the world,—what is the nature of this stupendous universe, and what are our relations to it, and to all things knowable by man, or known only to the great author of man and it. Theology was once the name for all this; all this is still alive for man, however dead the name may grow. In fact, the members of the Church keeping theology in a lively condition for the benefit of the whole population, theology was the great object of the universities. I consider it is the same intrinsically now, though very much forgotten, from many causes, and not so successful as might be wished, by any manner of means.

It remains, however, practically a most important truth, what I alluded to above, that the main use of universities in the present age is that, after you have done with all your classes, the next thing is a collection of books, a great library of good books, which you proceed to study and to read. What the universities can mainly do for you,—what I have found the university did for me, is, that it taught me to read, in various languages, in various sciences; so that I could go into the books which treated of these things, and gradually

penetrate into any department I wanted to make myself master of, as I found it suit me.

Well, gentlemen, whatever you may think of these historical points, the clearest and most imperative duty lies on every one of you to be assiduous in your reading. Learn to be good readers,—which is perhaps a more difficult thing than you imagine. Learn to be discriminative in your reading; to read faithfully, and with your best attention, all kinds of things which you have a real interest in, a real not an imaginary, and which you find to be really fit for what you are engaged in. Of course, at the present time, in a great deal of the reading incumbent on you, you must be guided by the books recommended by your professors for assistance towards the effect of their prelections. And then, when you leave the university, and go into studies of your own, you will find it very important that you have chosen a field, some province specially suited to you, in which you can study and work. The most unhappy of all men is the man who cannot tell what he is going to do, who has got no work cut out for him in the world, and does not go into it. For work is the grand cure of all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind, —honest work, which you intend getting done.

If, in any vacant vague time, you are in a strait as to choice of reading,—a very good indication for you, perhaps the best you could get, is toward some book you have a great curiosity about. You are then in the readiest and best of all possible conditions to improve by that book. It is analogous to what doctors tell us about the physical health and appetites of the patient. You must learn, however, to distinguish between false appetite and true. There is such a thing as a false appetite, which will lead a man into vagaries with regard to diet; will tempt him to eat spicy things, which he should not

eat at all, nor would, but that the things are toothsome, and that he is under a momentary baseness of mind. A man ought to examine and find out what he really and truly has an appetite for, what suits his constitution and condition; and that, doctors tell him, is in general the very thing he ought to have. And so with books.

As applicable to all of you, I will say that it is highly expedient to go into history; to inquire into what has passed before you on this earth, and in the family of man.

The history of the Romans and Greeks will first of all concern you; and you will find that the classical knowledge you have got will be extremely applicable to elucidate that. There you have two of the most remarkable races of men in the world set before you, calculated to open innumerable reflections and considerations; a mighty advantage, if you can achieve it,—to say nothing of what their two languages will yield you, which your professors can better explain; model languages, which are universally admitted to be the most perfect forms of speech we have yet found to exist among men. And you will find, if you read well, a pair of extremely remarkable nations, shining in the records left by themselves, as a kind of beacon, or solitary mass of illumination, to light up some noble forms of human life for us, in the otherwise utter darkness of the past ages; and it will be well worth your while if you can get into the understanding of what these people were, and what they did. You will find a great deal of hearsay, of empty rumor and tradition, which does not touch on the matter; but perhaps some of you will get to see the old Roman and the old Greek face to face; you will know in some measure how they contrived to exist, and to perform their feats in the world.

I believe, also, you will find one important thing not much

noted, That there was a very great deal of deep religion in both nations. This is pointed out by the wiser kind of historians, and particularly by Ferguson, who is very well worth reading on Roman history,—and who, I believe, was an alumnus of our own university. His book is a very creditable work. He points out the profoundly religious nature of the Roman people, notwithstanding their ruggedly positive, defiant, and fierce ways. They believed that Jupiter Optimus Maximus was lord of the universe, and that he had appointed the Romans to become the chief of nations, provided they followed his commands,—to brave all danger, all difficulty, and stand up with an invincible front, and be ready to do and die; and also to have the same sacred regard to truth of promise, to thorough veracity, thorough integrity, and all the virtues that accompany that noblest quality of man, valor,—to which latter the Romans gave the name of "virtue" proper (*virtus*, manhood), as the crown and summary of all that is ennobling for a man. In the literary ages of Rome this religious feeling had very much decayed away; but it still retained its place among the lower classes of the Roman people. Of the deeply religious nature of the Greeks, along with their beautiful and sunny effulgences of art, you have striking proof, if you look for it. In the tragedies of Sophocles there is a most deep-toned recognition of the eternal justice of Heaven, and the unfailing punishment of crime against the laws of God. I believe you will find in all histories of nations, that this has been at the origin and foundation of them all; and that no nation which did not contemplate this wonderful universe with an awestricken and reverential belief that there was a great unknown, omnipotent, and all-wise and all-just Being, superintending all men in it, and all interests

in it,—no nation ever came to very much, nor did any man either, who forgot that. If a man did forget that, he forgot the most important part of his mission in this world.

Our own history of England, which you will naturally take a great deal of pains to make yourselves acquainted with, you will find beyond all others worthy of your study. For indeed I believe that the British nation,—including in that the Scottish nation,—produced a finer set of men than any you will find it possible to get anywhere else in the world. I don't know, in any history of Greece or Rome, where you will get so fine a man as Oliver Cromwell, for example. And we too have had men worthy of memory, in our little corner of the island here, as well as others; and our history has had its heroic features all along; and did become great at last in being connected with world-history:—for if you examine well, you will find that John Knox was the author, as it were, of Oliver Cromwell; that the Puritan revolution never would have taken place in England at all, had it not been for that Scotchman. That is an authentic fact, and is not prompted by national vanity on my part, but will stand examining.

In fact, if you look at the struggle that was then going on in England, as I have had to do in my time, you will see that people were overawed by the immense impediments lying in the way. A small minority of God-fearing men in that country were flying away, with any ship they could get, to New England, rather than take the lion by the beard. They durst not confront the powers with their most just complaints, and demands to be delivered from idolatry. They wanted to make the nation altogether conformable to the Hebrew Bible, which they, and all men, understood to be the exact transcript of the will of God; and could there be, for man, a more legitimate aim? Nevertheless, it would have been impossible in

their circumstances, and not to be attempted at all, had not Knox succeeded in it here, some fifty years before, by the firmness and nobleness of his mind. For he also is of the select of the earth to me,—John Knox. What he has suffered from the ungrateful generations that have followed him should really make us humble ourselves to the dust, to think that the most excellent man our country has produced, to whom we owe everything that distinguishes us among the nations, should have been so sneered at, misknown, and abused. Knox was heard by Scotland; the people heard him, believed him to the marrow of their bones; they took up his doctrine, and they defied principalities and powers to move them from it. "We must have it," they said; "we will and must!" It was in this state of things that the Puritan struggle arose in England; and you know well how the Scottish earls and nobility, with their tenantry, marched away to Dunse Hill in 1639, and sat down there: just at the crisis of that struggle, when it was either to be suppressed or brought into greater vitality, they encamped on Dunse Hill,—thirty thousand armed men, drawn out for that occasion, each regiment round its landlord, its earl, or whatever he might be called, and zealous all of them "For Christ's Crown and Covenant." That was the signal for all England's rising up into unappeasable determination to have the Gospel there also; and you know it went on, and came to be a contest whether the Parliament or the king should rule; whether it should be old formalities and use-and-wont, or something that had been of new conceived in the souls of men, namely, a divine determination to walk according to the laws of God here, as the sum of all prosperity; which of these should have the mastery: and after a long, long agony of struggle, it was decided—the way we know.

I should say also of that protectorate of Oliver Cromwell's, notwithstanding the censures it has encountered, and the denial of everybody that it could continue in the world, and so on, it appears to me to have been, on the whole, the most salutary thing in the modern history of England. If Oliver Cromwell had continued it out, I don't know what it would have come to. It would have got corrupted probably in other hands, and could not have gone on; but it was pure and true, to the last fibre, in his mind; there was perfect truth in it while he ruled over it.

Machiavelli has remarked, in speaking of the Romans, that democracy cannot long exist anywhere in the world; that as a mode of government, of national management or administration, it involves an impossibility, and after a little while must end in wreck. And he goes on proving that, in his own way. I do not ask you all to follow him in that conviction—but it is to him a clear truth; he considers it a solecism and impossibility that the universal mass of men should ever govern themselves. He has to admit of the Romans, that they continued a long time; but believes it was purely in virtue of this item in their constitution, namely, of their all having the conviction in their minds that it was solemnly necessary, at times, to appoint a dictator; a man who had the power of life and death over everything, who degraded men out of their places, ordered them to execution, and did whatever seemed to him good in the name of God above him. He was commanded to take care that the republic suffer no detriment. And Machiavelli calculates that this was the thing which purified the social system from time to time, and enabled it to continue as it did. Probable enough, if you consider it. And an extremely proper function surely, this of a dictator, if the republic was composed

of little other than bad and tumultuous men, triumphing in general over the better, and all going the bad road, in fact. Well, Oliver Cromwell's protectorate, or dictatorate if you will let me name it so, lasted for about ten years, and you will find that nothing which was contrary to the laws of Heaven was allowed to live by Oliver.

For example, it was found by his Parliament of notables, what they call the "Barebones Parliament,"—the most zealous of all Parliaments probably,—that the court of chancery in England was in a state which was really capable of no apology; no man could get up and say that that was a right court. There were, I think, fifteen thousand, or fifteen hundred,—I really don't remember which, but we will call it by the latter number to be safe; there were fifteen hundred cases lying in it undecided; and one of them, I remember, for a large amount of money, was eighty-three years old, and it was going on still; wigs were wagging over it, and lawyers were taking their fees, and there was no end of it. Upon view of all which, the Barebones people, after deliberation about it, thought it was expedient, and commanded by the Author of Man and Fountain of Justice, and in the name of what was true and right, to abolish said court. Really, I don't know who could have dissented from that opinion. At the same time, it was thought by those who were wiser in their generation, and had more experience of the world, that this was a very dangerous thing, and wouldn't suit at all. The lawyers began to make an immense noise about it. All the public, the great mass of solid and well-disposed people who had got no deep insight into such matters, were very adverse to it: and the Speaker of the Parliament, old Sir Francis Rous,—who translated the Psalms for us, those that we sing here every Sunday in the church yet; a very good man, and

a wise and learned, Provost of Eton College afterwards,—he got a great number of the Parliament to go to Oliver the Dictator, and lay down their functions altogether, and declare officially, with their signature, on Monday morning, that the Parliament was dissolved. The act of abolition had been passed on Saturday night; and on Monday morning Rous came and said, "We cannot carry on the affair any longer, and we remit it into the hands of your Highness." Oliver in that way became Protector, virtually in some sort a Dictator, for the first time.

And I give you this as an instance that Oliver did faithfully set to doing a dictator's function, and of his prudence in it as well. Oliver felt that the Parliament, now dismissed, had been perfectly right with regard to chancery, and that there was no doubt of the propriety of abolishing chancery, or else reforming it in some kind of way. He considered the matter, and this is what he did. He assembled fifty or sixty of the wisest lawyers to be found in England. Happily, there were men great in the law; men who valued the laws of England as much as anybody ever did; and who knew withal that there was something still more sacred than any of these. Oliver said to them, "Go and examine this thing, and in the name of God inform me what is necessary to be done with it. You will see how we may clean out the foul things in that chancery court, which render it poison to everybody." Well, they sat down accordingly, and in the course of six weeks,—(there was no public speaking then, no reporting of speeches, and no babble of any kind, there was just the business in hand),—they got some sixty propositions fixed in their minds as the summary of the things that required to be done. And upon these sixty propositions chancery was reconstituted and remodelled; and so it got a new lease of life and has lasted

to our time. It had become a nuisance and could not have continued much longer. That is an instance of the manner of things that were done when a dictatorship prevailed in the country, and that was how the dictator did them. I reckon, all England, Parliamentary England, got a new lease of life from that dictatorship of Oliver's; and, on the whole, that the good fruits of it will never die while England exists as a nation.

In general, I hardly think that out of common history books you will ever get into the real history of this country, or ascertain anything which can specially illuminate it for you, and which it would most of all behove you to know. You may read very ingenious and very clever books, by men whom it would be the height of insolence in me to do other than express my respect for. But their position is essentially sceptical. God and the Godlike, as our fathers would have said, has fallen asleep for them; and plays no part in their histories. A most sad and fatal condition of matters; who shall say how fatal to us all! A man unhappily in that condition will make but a temporary explanation of anything; in short, you will not be able, I believe, by aid of these men, to understand how this island came to be what it is. You will not find it recorded in books. You will find recorded in books a jumble of tumults, disastrous ineptitudes, and all that kind of thing. But to get what you want, you will have to look into side sources, and inquire in all directions.

I remember getting Collins's "Peerage" to read,—a very poor performance as a work of genius, but an excellent book for diligence and fidelity. I was writing on Oliver Cromwell at the time. I could get no biographical dictionary available; and I thought the peerage book, since most of my men were peers or sons of peers, would help me, at least would tell me

whether people were old or young, where they lived, and the like particulars, better than absolute nescience and darkness. And accordingly I found amply all I had expected in poor Collins, and got a great deal of help out of him. He was a diligent dull London bookseller, of about a hundred years ago, who compiled out of all kinds of parchments, charter-chests, archives, books that were authentic, and gathered far and wide, wherever he could get it, the information wanted. He was a very meritorious man.

I not only found the solution of everything I had expected there, but I began gradually to perceive this immense fact, which I really advise every one of you who read history to look out for, if you have not already found it. It was that the kings of England, all the way from the Norman Conquest down to the times of Charles I, had actually, in a good degree, so far as they knew, been in the habit of appointing as peers those who deserved to be appointed. In general, I perceived, those peers of theirs were all royal men of a sort, with minds full of justice, valor, and humanity, and all kinds of qualities that men ought to have who rule over others. And then their genealogy, the kind of sons and descendants they had, this also was remarkable; for there is a great deal more in genealogy than is generally believed at present. I never heard tell of any clever man that came of entirely stupid people. If you look around among the families of your acquaintance you will see such cases in all directions; I know that my own experience is steadily that way; I can trace the father, and the son, and the grandson, and the family stamp is quite distinctly legible upon each of them. So that it goes for a great deal, the hereditary principle,—in government as in other things; and it must be again recognized so soon as there is any fixity in things. You will remark, too, in your

Collins, that if at any time the genealogy of a peerage goes awry, if the man that actually holds the peerage is a fool,—in those earnest practical times, the man soon gets into mischief, gets into treason probably,—soon gets himself and his peerage extinguished altogether, in short.

From those old documents of Collins you learn and ascertain that a peer conducts himself in a pious, high-minded, grave, dignified, and manly kind of way in his course through life; and when he takes leave of life his last will is often a remarkable piece which one lingers over. And then you perceive that there was kindness in him as well as rigor, pity for the poor; that he has fine hospitalities, generosities,—in fine, that he is throughout much of a noble, good, and valiant man. And that in general the king, with a beautiful approximation to accuracy, had nominated this kind of man; saying, "Come you to me, sir. Come out of the common level of the people, where you are liable to be trampled upon, jostled about, and can do in a manner nothing with your fine gift; come here and take a district of country, and make it into your own image more or less; be a king under me, and understand that that is your function." I say this is the most divine thing that a human being can do to other human beings, and no kind of thing whatever has so much of the character of God Almighty's divine government as that thing, which, we see, went on all over England for about six hundred years. That is the grand soul of England's history. It is historically true that, down to the time of James, or even Charles I, it was not understood that any man was made a peer without having merit in him to constitute him a proper subject for a peerage. In Charles I's time it grew to be known or said that if a man was born a gentleman, and cared to lay out £10,000 judiciously up and down among courtiers,

he could be made a peer. Under Charles II it went on still faster, and has been going on with ever-increasing velocity, until we see the perfectly breakneck pace at which they are going now, so that now a peerage is a paltry kind of thing to what it was in those old times. I could go into a great many more details about things of that sort, but I must turn to another branch of the subject.

First, however, one remark more about your reading. I do not know whether it has been sufficiently brought home to you that there are two kinds of books. When a man is reading on any kind of subject, in most departments of books,—in all books, if you take it in a wide sense,—he will find that there is a division into good books and bad books. Everywhere a good kind of book and a bad kind of book. I am not to assume that you are unacquainted, or ill acquainted, with this plain fact; but I may remind you that it is becoming a very important consideration in our day. And we have to cast aside altogether the idea people have, that if they are reading any book, that if an ignorant man is reading any book, he is doing rather better than nothing at all. I must entirely call that in question; I even venture to deny that. It would be much safer and better for many a reader, that he had no concern with books at all. There is a number, a frightfully increasing number, of books that are decidedly, to the readers of them, not useful. But an ingenuous reader will learn, also, that a certain number of books were written by a supremely noble kind of people,—not a very great number of books, but still a number fit to occupy all your reading industry do adhere more or less to that side of things. In short, as I have written it down somewhere else, I conceive that books are like men's souls; divided into sheep and goats. Some few are going up, and carrying us up, heavenward:

calculated, I mean, to be of priceless advantage in teaching,—in forwarding the teaching of all generations. Others, a frightful multitude, are going down, down; doing ever the more and the wider and the wilder mischief. Keep a strict eye on that latter class of books, my young friends!

And for the rest, in regard to all your studies and readings here, and to whatever you may learn, you are to remember that the object is not particular knowledges,—not that of getting higher and higher in technical perfections, and all that sort of thing. There is a higher aim lying at the rear of all that, especially among those who are intended for literary or speaking pursuits, or the sacred profession. You are ever to bear in mind that there lies behind that the acquisition of what may be called wisdom; namely, sound appreciation and just decision as to all the objects that come round you, and the habit of behaving with justice, candor, clear insight, and loyal adherence to fact. Great is wisdom; infinite is the value of wisdom. It cannot be exaggerated; it is the highest achievement of man: "Blessed is he that getteth understanding." And that, I believe, on occasion, may be missed very easily; never more easily than now, I sometimes think. If that is a failure, all is failure! However, I will not touch further upon that matter.

But I should have said, in regard to book-reading, if it be so very important, how very useful would an excellent library be in every university! I hope that will not be neglected by the gentlemen who have charge of you; and, indeed, I am happy to hear that your library is very much improved since the time I knew it, and I hope it will go on improving more and more. Nay, I have sometimes thought, why should not there be a library in every county town, for benefit of those that could read well, and might if permitted? True, you re-

quire money to accomplish that; and withal, what perhaps is still less attainable at present, you require judgment in the selectors of books; real insight into what is for the advantage of human souls, the exclusion of all kinds of clap-trap books which merely excite the astonishment of foolish people, and the choice of wise books, as much as possible of good books. Let us hope the future will be kind to us in this respect.

In this university, as I learn from many sides, there is considerable stir about endowments; an assiduous and praiseworthy industry for getting new funds collected to encourage the ingenuous youth of universities, especially of this our chief university. Well, I entirely participate in everybody's approval of the movement. It is very desirable. It should be responded to, and one surely expects it will. At least, if it is not, it will be shameful to the country of Scotland, which never was so rich in money as at the present moment, and never stood so much in need of getting noble universities and institutions to counteract many influences that are springing up alongside of money. It should not be slack in coming forward in the way of endowments; at any rate, to the extent of rivalling our rude old barbarous ancestors, as we have been pleased to call them. Such munificence as theirs is beyond all praise; and to them, I am sorry to say, we are not yet by any manner of means equal, or approaching equality. There is an abundance and over-abundance of money. Sometimes I cannot help thinking that probably never has there been, at any other time, in Scotland, the hundredth part of the money that now is, or even the thousandth part. For wherever I go, there is that same gold nuggeting,—that "unexampled prosperity," and men counting their balances by the million sterling. Money was never so abundant, and nothing that is good to be done with it. No man knows—or very

few men know—what benefit to get out of his money. In fact, it too often is secretly a curse to him. Much better for him never to have had any. But I do not expect that generally to be believed. Nevertheless, I should think it would be a beneficent relief to many a rich man who has an honest purpose struggling in him, to bequeath some house of refuge, so to speak, for the gifted poor man who may hereafter be born into the world, to enable him to get on his way a little. To do, in fact, as those old Norman kings whom I have been describing; to raise some noble poor man out of the dirt and mud, where he is getting trampled on unworthily by the unworthy, into some kind of position where he might acquire the power to do a little good in his generation! I hope that as much as possible will be achieved in this direction; and that efforts will not be relaxed till the thing is in a satisfactory state. In regard to the classical department, above all, it surely is to be desired by us that it were properly supported, —that we could allow the fit people to have their scholarships and subventions, and devote more leisure to the cultivation of particular departments. We might have more of this from Scotch universities than we have; and I hope we shall.

I am bound, however, to say that it does not appear as if, of late times, endowment were the real soul of the matter. The English, for example, are the richest people in the world for endowments in their universities; and it is an evident fact that, since the time of Bentley, you cannot name anybody that has gained a European name in scholarship, or constituted a point of revolution in the pursuits of men in that way. The man who does so is a man worthy of being remembered; and he is poor, and not an Englishman. One man that actually did constitute a revolution was the son of a poor weaver in Saxony; who edited his Tibullus, in Dresden, in a

poor comrade's garret, with the floor for his bed, and two folios for pillow; and who, while editing his Tibullus, had to gather peasecods on the streets and boil them for his dinner. That was his endowment. But he was recognized soon to have done a great thing. His name was Heyne. I can remember, it was quite a revolution in my mind when I got hold of that man's edition of Virgil. I found that, for the first time, I understood Virgil; that Heyne had introduced me, for the first time, into an insight of Roman life and ways of thought; had pointed out the circumstances in which these works were written, and given me their interpretation. And the process has gone on in all manner of developments, and has spread out into other countries.

On the whole, there is one reason why endowments are not given now as they were in old days, when men founded abbeys, colleges, and all kinds of things of that description, with such success as we know. All that has now changed; a vast decay of zeal in that direction. And truly the reason may in part be, that people have become doubtful whether colleges are now the real sources of what I called wisdom; whether they are anything more, anything much more, than a cultivating of man in the specific arts. In fact, there has been in the world a suspicion of that kind for a long time. There goes a proverb of old date, "An ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of clergy." There is a suspicion that a man is perhaps not nearly so wise as he looks, or because he has poured out speech so copiously. When "the seven free arts," which the old universities were based on, came to be modified a little, in order to be convenient for the wants of modern society,—though perhaps some of them are obsolete enough even yet for some of us,—there arose a feeling that mere vocality, mere culture of speech, if that is what comes

out of a man, is not the synonym of wisdom by any means! That a man may be a "great speaker," as eloquent as you like, and but little real substance in him,—especially, if that is what was required and aimed at by the man himself, and by the community that set him upon becoming a learned man. Maid-servants, I hear people complaining, are getting instructed in the "ologies," and are apparently becoming more and more ignorant of brewing, boiling, and baking; and above all, are not taught what is necessary to be known, from the highest of us to the lowest,—faithful obedience, modesty, humility, and correct moral conduct.

Oh, it is a dismal chapter all that, if one went into it,—what has been done by rushing after fine speech! I have written down some very fierce things about that, perhaps considerably more emphatic than I could now wish them to be; but they were and are deeply my conviction. There is very great necessity indeed of getting a little more silent than we are. It seems to me as if the finest nations of the world,—the English and the American, in chief,—were going all off into wind and tongue. But it will appear sufficiently tragical by and by, long after I am away out of it. There is a time to speak, and a time to be silent. Silence withal is the eternal duty of a man. He won't get to any real understanding of what is complex, and what is more than aught else pertinent to his interests, without keeping silence too. "Watch the tongue," is a very old precept, and a most true one.

I don't want to discourage any of you from your Demosthenes, and your studies of the niceties of language, and all that. Believe me, I value that as much as any one of you. I consider it a very graceful thing, and a most proper, for every human creature to know what the implement which he uses in communicating his thoughts is, and how to make the

very utmost of it. I want you to study Demosthenes, and to know all his excellences. At the same time, I must say that speech, in the case even of Demosthenes, does not seem, on the whole, to have turned to almost any good account. He advised next to nothing that proved practicable; much of the reverse. Why tell me that a man is a fine speaker, if it is not the truth that he is speaking? Phocion, who mostly did not speak at all, was a great deal nearer hitting the mark than Demosthenes. He used to tell the Athenians, "You can't fight Philip. Better if you don't provoke him, as Demosthenes is always urging you to do. You have not the slightest chance with Philip. He is a man who holds his tongue; he has great disciplined armies; a full treasury; can bribe anybody you like in your cities here; he is going on steadily with an unvarying aim toward his object; while you, with your idle clamorings, with your Cleon the Tanner spouting to you what you take for wisdom! Philip will infallibly beat any set of men such as you, going on raging from shore to shore with all that rampant nonsense." Demosthenes said to him once, "Phocion, you will drive the Athenians mad some day, and they will kill you." "Yes," Phocion answered, "me, when they go mad; and as soon as they get sane again, you!"

It is also told of him how he went once to Messene, on some deputation which the Athenians wanted him to head, on some kind of matter of an intricate and contentious nature: Phocion went accordingly; and had, as usual, a clear story to have told for himself and his case. He was a man of few words, but all of them true and to the point. And so he had gone on telling his story for a while, when there arose some interruption. One man, interrupting with something, he tried to answer; then another, the like; till finally, too

many went in, and all began arguing and bawling in endless debate. Whereupon Phocion struck down his staff; drew back altogether, and would speak no other word to any man. It appears to me there is a kind of eloquence in that rap of Phocion's staff which is equal to anything Demosthenes ever said: "Take your own way, then; I go out of it altogether."

Such considerations, and manifold more connected with them,—innumerable considerations, resulting from observation of the world at this epoch,—have led various people to doubt of the salutary effect of vocal education altogether. I do not mean to say it should be entirely excluded; but I look to something that will take hold of the matter much more closely, and not allow it to slip out of our fingers and remain worse than it was. For, if a "good speaker," never so eloquent, does not see into the fact, and is not speaking the truth of that, but the untruth and the mistake of that, is there a more horrid kind of object in creation? Of such speech I hear all manner of people say, "How excellent!" Well, really it is not the speech, but the thing spoken, that I am anxious about! I really care very little how the man said it provided I understand him and it be true. Excellent speaker? But what if he is telling me things that are contrary to the fact; what if he has formed a wrong judgment about the fact; if he has in his mind (like Phocion's friend, Cleon the Tanner) no power to form a right judgment in regard to the matter? An excellent speaker of that kind is, as it were, saying, "Ho, every one that wants to be persuaded of the thing that is not true; here is the man for you!" I recommend you to be very chary of that kind of excellent speech.

Well, all that sad stuff being the too-well-known product of our method of vocal education,—the teacher merely

operating on the tongue of the pupil, and teaching him to wag it in a particular way,—it has made various thinking men entertain a distrust of this not very salutary way of procedure; and they have longed for some less theoretic, and more practical and concrete way of working out the problem of education,—in effect, for an education not vocal at all, but mute except where speaking was strictly needful. There would be room for a great deal of description about this if I went into it; but I must content myself with saying that the most remarkable piece of writing on it is in a book of Goethe's,—the whole of which you may be recommended to take up and try if you can study it with understanding. It is one of his last books; written when he was an old man above seventy years of age: I think, one of the most beautiful he ever wrote; full of meek wisdom, of intellect and piety; which is found to be strangely illuminative and very touching by those who have eyes to discern and hearts to feel it. This about education is one of the pieces in "Wilhelm Meister's Travels;" or rather, in a fitful way, it forms the whole gist of the book. I first read it many years ago, and, of course, I had to read into the very heart of it while I was translating it; and it has ever since dwelt in my mind as perhaps the most remarkable bit of writing which I have known to be executed in these late centuries. I have often said that there are some ten pages of that, which, if ambition had been my only rule, I would rather have written, been able to write, than have written all the books that have appeared since I came into the world. Deep, deep is the meaning of what is said there. Those pages turn on the Christian religion, and the religious phenomena of the modern and the ancient world: altogether sketched out in the most aerial, graceful, delicately wise kind of way, so as to keep himself out of the common controversies

of the street and of the forum, yet to indicate what was the result of things he had been long meditating upon.

Among others, he introduces in an airy, sketchy kind of way, with here and there a touch,—the sum total of which grows into a beautiful picture,—a scheme of entirely mute education, at least with no more speech than is absolutely necessary for what the pupils have to do. Three of the wisest men discoverable in the world have been got together to consider, to manage and supervise the function which transcends all others in importance,—that of building up the young generation so as to keep it free from that perilous stuff that has been weighing us down, and clogging every step,—which function, indeed, is the only thing we can hope to go on with, if we would leave the world a little better, and not the worse, of our having been in it, for those who are to follow. The Chief, who is the Eldest of the three, says to Wilhelm: "Healthy, well-formed children bring into the world with them many precious gifts; and very frequently these are best of all developed by Nature herself, with but slight assistance, where assistance is seen to be wise and profitable, and with forbearance very often on the part of the overseer of the process. But there is one thing which no child brings into the world with him, and without which all other things are of no use." Wilhelm, who is there beside him, asks, "And what is that?" "All want it," says the Eldest; "perhaps you yourself." Wilhelm says, "Well, but tell me what it is?" "It is," answers the other, "Reverence (*Ehrfurcht*); Reverence!" Honor done to those who are greater and better than ourselves; honor distinct from fear. *Ehrfurcht;* the soul of all religion that has ever been among men, or ever will be.

And then he goes into details about the religions of the modern and the ancient world. He practically distinguishes

the kinds of religion that are, or have been, in the world; and says that for men there are three reverences. The boys are all trained to go through certain gesticulations; to lay their hands on their breast and look up to heaven in sign of the first reverence; other forms for the other two: so they give their three reverences. The first and simplest is that of reverence for what is above us. It is the soul of all the Pagan religions; there is nothing better in the antique man than that. Then there is reverence for what is around us,—reverence for our equals, to which he attributes an immense power in the culture of man. The third is reverence for what is beneath us; to learn to recognize in pain, in sorrow and contradiction, even in those things odious to flesh and blood, what divine meanings are in them; to learn that there lies in these also, and more than in any of the preceding, a priceless blessing. And he defines that as being the soul of the Christian religion,—the highest of all religions; "a height," as Goethe says (and that is very true, even to the letter, as I consider), "a height to which mankind was fated and enabled to attain; and from which, having once attained it, they can never retrograde." Man cannot quite lose that (Goethe thinks), or permanently descend below it again; but always, even in the most degraded, sunken, and unbelieving times he calculates there will be found some few souls who will recognize what this highest of the religions meant; and that, the world having once received it, there is no fear of its ever wholly disappearing.

The Eldest then goes on to explain by what methods they seek to educate and train their boys,—in the trades, in the arts, in the sciences, in whatever pursuit the boy is found best fitted for. Beyond all, they are anxious to discover the boy's aptitudes; and they try him and watch him continually,

in many wise ways, till by degrees they can discover this. Wilhelm had left his own boy there, perhaps expecting they would make him a Master of Arts, or something of the kind; and on coming back for him, he sees a thundercloud of dust rushing over the plain, of which he can make nothing. It turns out to be a tempest of wild horses managed by young lads who had a turn for horsemanship, for hunting, and being grooms. His own son is among them; and he finds that the breaking of colts has been the thing he was most suited for.

The highest outcome and most precious of all the fruits that are to spring from this ideal mode of educating is what Goethe calls Art; of which I could at present give no definition that would make it clear to you, unless it were clearer already than is likely. Goethe calls it music, painting, poetry; but it is in quite a higher sense than the common one; and a sense in which, I am afraid, most of our painters, poets and music men would not pass muster. He considers this as the highest pitch to which human culture can go,—infinitely valuable and ennobling,—and he watches with great industry how it is to be brought about in the men who have a turn for it. Very wise and beautiful his notion of the matter is. It gives one an idea that something far better and higher, something as high as ever, and indubitably true too, is still possible for man in this world. And that is all I can say to you of Goethe's fine theorem of mute education.

I confess it seems to me there is in it a shadow of what will one day be,—will and must, unless the world is to come to a conclusion that is altogether frightful,—some kind of scheme of education analogous to that; presided over by the wisest and most sacred men that can be got in the world, and watching from a distance: a training in practicality at every turn;

no speech in it except speech that is to be followed by action, for that ought to be the rule as nearly as possible among men. Not very often or much, rarely rather, should a man speak at all, unless it is for the sake of something that is to be done; this spoken, let him go and do his part in it, and say no more about it.

I will only add that it is possible,—all this fine theorem of Goethe's, or something similar! Consider what we have already; and what "difficulties" we have overcome. I should say there is nothing in the world you can conceive so difficult, *prima facie*, as that of getting a set of men gathered together as soldiers. Rough, rude, ignorant, disobedient people; you gather them together, promise them a shilling a day; rank them up, give them very severe and sharp drill; and by bullying and drilling and compelling (the word drilling, if you go to the original, means "beating," "steadily tormenting" to the due pitch), they do learn what it is necessary to learn; and there is your man in red coat, a trained soldier; piece of an animated machine incomparably the most potent in this world; a wonder of wonders to look at. He will go where bidden; obeys one man, will walk into the cannon's mouth for him; does punctually whatever is commanded by his general officer. And, I believe, all manner of things of this kind could be accomplished, if there were the same attention bestowed. Very many things could be regimented, organized into this mute system; and perhaps in some of the mechanical, commercial, and manufacturing departments some faint incipiences may be attempted before very long. For the saving of human labor, and the avoidance of human misery, the effects would be incalculable were it set about and begun even in part.

Alas, it is painful to think how very far away it all is,—

any real fulfilment of such things! For I need not hide from you, young gentlemen,—and it is one of the last things I am going to tell you,—that you have got into a very troublous epoch of the world; and I don't think you will find your path in it to be smoother than ours has been, though you have many advantages which we had not. You have careers open to you, by public examinations and so on, which is a thing much to be approved of and which we hope to see perfected more and more. All that was entirely unknown in my time, and you have many things to recognize as advantages. But you will find the ways of the world, I think, more anarchical than ever. Look where one will, revolution has come upon us. We have got into the age of revolutions. All kinds of things are coming to be subjected to fire, as it were, —hotter and hotter blows the element round everything. Curious to see how, in Oxford and other places that used to seem as lying at anchor in the stream of time, regardless of all changes, they are getting into the highest humor of mutation, and all sorts of new ideas are afloat. It is evident that whatever is not inconsumable, made of asbestos, will have to be burnt in this world. Nothing other will stand the heat it is getting exposed to.

And in saying that, I am but saying in other words that we are in an epoch of anarchy. Anarchy plus a constable! There is nobody that picks one's pocket without some policeman being ready to take him up. But in every other point man is becoming more and more the son, not of cosmos, but of chaos. He is a disobedient, discontented, reckless, and altogether waste kind of object (the commonplace man is, in these epochs); and the wiser kind of man,—the select few, of whom I hope you will be part,—has more and more to see to this, to look vigilantly forward; and will require to

move with double wisdom. Will find, in short, that the crooked things he has got to pull straight in his own life all round him, wherever he may go, are manifold and will task all his strength, however great it be.

But why should I complain of that either? For that is the thing a man is born to in all epochs. He is born to expend every particle of strength that God Almighty has given him, in doing the work he finds he is fit for; to stand up to it to the last breath of life and do his best. We are called upon to do that; and the reward we all get,—which we are perfectly sure of, if we have merited it,—is that we have got the work done, or at least that we have tried to do the work. For that is a great blessing in itself; and I should say there is not very much more reward than that going in this world. If the man gets meat and clothes, what matters it whether he buy those necessaries with seven thousand a year, or with seven million, could that be, or with seventy pounds a year? He can get meat and clothes for that; and he will find intrinsically, if he is a wise man, wonderfully little real difference.

On the whole, avoid what is called ambition; that is not a fine principle to go upon,—and it has in it all degrees of vulgarity, if that is a consideration. "Seekest thou great things, seek them not:" I warmly second that advice of the wisest of men. Don't be ambitious; don't too much need success; be loyal and modest. Cut down the proud towering thoughts that get into you, or see that they be pure as well as high. There is a nobler ambition than the gaining of all California would be, or the getting of all the suffrages that are on the planet just now.

Finally, gentlemen, I have one advice to give you, which is practically of very great importance, though a very humble

one. In the midst of your zeal and ardor,—for such, I foresee, will rise high enough, in spite of all the counsels to moderate it that I can give you,—remember the care of health. I have no doubt you have among you young souls ardently bent to consider life cheap, for the purpose of getting forward in what they are aiming at of high; but you are to consider throughout, much more than is done at present, and what it would have been a very great thing for me if I had been able to consider, that health is a thing to be attended to continually; that you are to regard that as the very highest of all temporal things for you. There is no kind of achievement you could make in the world that is equal to perfect health. What to it are nuggets and millions? The French financier said, "Why, is there no sleep to be sold!" Sleep was not in the market at any quotation.

It is a curious thing which I remarked long ago, and have often turned in my head, that the old word for "holy" in the Teutonic languages, *heilig* also means "healthy." Thus *Heilbronn* means indifferently "holy well" or "health well." We have in the Scotch, too, "hale," and its derivatives; and, I suppose, our English word "whole" (with a "w"), all of one piece, without any hole in it, is the same word. I find that you could not get any better definition of what "holy" really is than "healthy." Completely healthy; *mens sana in corpore sano*—a man all lucid and in equilibrium. His intellect a clear mirror geometrically plane, brilliantly sensitive to all objects and impressions made on it, and imaging all things in their correct proportions; not twisted up into convex or concave, and distorting everything, so that he cannot see the truth of the matter without endless groping and manipulation; healthy, clear, and free, and discerning truly all round him. We never can attain that at all. In fact,

the operations we have got into are destructive of it. You cannot, if you are going to do any decisive intellectual operation that will last a long while; if, for instance, you are going to write a book,—you cannot manage it (at least, I never could) without getting decidedly made ill by it: and really one nevertheless must; if it is your business, you are obliged to follow out what you are at, and to do it, if even at the expense of health. Only remember at all times to get back as fast as possible out of it into health; and regard that as the real equilibrium and centre of things. You should always look at the *heilig*, which means "holy" as well as "healthy."

And that old etymology,—what a lesson it is against certain gloomy, austere, ascetic people, who have gone about as if this world were all a dismal prison house! It has indeed got all the ugly things in it which I have been alluding to; but there is an eternal sky over it; and the blessed sunshine, the green of prophetic spring, and rich harvests coming,—all this is in it too. Piety does not mean that a man should make a sour face about things, and refuse to enjoy wisely what his Maker has given. Neither do you find it to have been so with the best sort,—with old Knox, in particular. No, if you look into Knox, you will find a beautiful Scotch humor in him, as well as the grimmest and sternest truth when necessary, and a great deal of laughter. We find really some of the sunniest glimpses of things come out of Knox that I have seen in any man; for instance, in his "History of the Reformation,"—which is a book I hope every one of you will read, a glorious old book.

On the whole, I would bid you stand up to your work, whatever it may be, and not be afraid of it; not in sorrows or contradictions to yield, but to push on toward the goal.

And don't suppose that people are hostile to you or have you at ill will, in the world. In general, you will rarely find anybody designedly doing you ill. You may feel often as if the whole world were obstructing you, setting itself against you; but you will find that to mean only that the world is travelling in a different way from you, and, rushing on in its own path, heedlessly treads on you. That is mostly all: to you no specific ill will; only each has an extremely good will to himself, which he has a right to have, and is rushing on toward his object. Keep out of literature, I should say also, as a general rule,—though that is by the bye. If you find many people who are hard and indifferent to you, in a world which you consider to be inhospitable and cruel, as often indeed happens to a tender-hearted, striving young creature, you will also find there are noble hearts who will look kindly on you; and their help will be precious to you beyond price. You will get good and evil as you go on, and have the success that has been appointed you.

I will wind up with a small bit of verse, which is from Goethe also, and has often gone through my mind. To me it has something of a modern psalm in it, in some measure. It is deep as the foundations, deep and high, and it is true and clear; no clearer man, or nobler and grander intellect has lived in the world, I believe, since Shakespeare left it. This is what the poet sings; a kind of road-melody or marching-music of mankind:

"The Future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow;
We press still thorow,
Naught that abides in it
Daunting us,— onward.

And solemn before us,
Veiled, the dark Portal;
Goal of all mortal:—
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent!

While earnest thou gazest,
Comes boding of terror,
Comes phantasm and error;
Perplexes the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the Voices,
Heard are the Sages,
The Worlds and the Ages:
'Choose well; your choice is
Brief, and yet endless.

Here eyes do regard you,
In Eternity's stillness;
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you;
Work, and despair not!'"

Work, and despair not: *Wir heissen euch hoffen*, "We bid you be of hope!"—let that be my last word. Gentlemen, I thank you for your great patience in hearing me; and, with many most kind wishes, say adieu for this time.

HORACE MANN

HORACE MANN, LL. D., a notable American educator and philanthropist, was born at Franklin, Mass., May 4, 1796, and died at Yellow Springs, O., Aug. 2, 1859. His father was a farmer in humble circumstances, and the son had to rely on his own exertions to procure an education. As a child he earned his school-books by braiding straw, and from the age of ten years to twenty he never had more than six weeks of schooling during any year. He, however, was able to graduate at Brown University, in 1819, and acted as tutor there in Latin and Greek until he entered the law school at Litchfield, Conn. In 1823, he was admitted to the Bar, and began the practice of law at Dedham, Mass. He was elected to the legislature in 1827, and while in that body was active in the interests of education, public charities, and in the suppression of vice. Mr. Mann established the State lunatic asylum at Worcester through his own personal exertions, and in 1833 was chairman of its board of trustees. In 1833, he was elected to the State senate from Boston, was its president in 1836–37, and for about a year was secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education. In the latter post, he gave much aid to the cause of education, established normal schools, and brought about reform in the school system of the State. In 1848, he was returned to Congress as a Whig, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of John Quincy Adams, and while in that body zealously advocated the cause of anti-slavery. In September, 1852, he was nominated for Governor of Massachusetts by the Free-Soil party, but failed in his election, though on the same day he was chosen president of Antioch College, O. Accepting the presidency of the college he retained it until his death, hastened by his assiduous efforts in behalf of the institution. Among his writings are his "Lectures on Education" and a collection of papers, entitled, "Slavery, Letters, and Speeches." His life was written by Mary Peabody, his widow.

ON THE THREATENED DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION

FROM SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, FEBRUARY 15, 1850

SIR, if a civil war should ensue between the North and the South (which may God, in his mercy, avert) in consequence of an attempt to dissolve this Union, and the certain resistance which would be made to such an attempt, it would be difficult to exaggerate the immediate evils which would befall the interests of New England and some other parts of the North. Our manufactures and our commerce

would suffer at least a temporary derangement. But we have boundless resources in our enterprise and our intelligence. Knowledge and industry are recuperative energies that can never long be balked in their quest of prosperity.

The people that bore the embargo of 1807, and the war of 1812, when all their capital was embarked in commerce, can survive any change that does not stop the revolution of the seasons or suspend the great laws of nature. And, when the day of peace again returns, business will return to its old channels. The South, notwithstanding any personal hostility, will be as ready to take Northern gold as though it had come from the English mint; and they will employ those first who will do their manufacturing or their commercial labor cheapest and best.

Gold is a great pacificator between nations; and, in this money-loving age, mutual interests will in the end subdue mutual hostilities. Our share, therefore, of the calamities of a civil war will be mainly of a pecuniary nature. They will not be intolerable. They will invade none of the securities of home; they will not associate poison with our daily food nor murder and conflagration with our nightly repose, nor black violation with the sanctities of our daughters and our wives.

Even in a pecuniary point of view a dissolution of our political ties would cause less immediate and intense suffering at the North than at the South. Our laws and institutions are all framed so as to encourage the poor man, and, by education, to elevate his children above the condition of their parents; but their laws and institutions all tend to aggrandize the rich and to perpetuate power in their hands. Were it not for the visions of horror and of bloodshed which Southern threats have so intimately associated with this controversy, one remarkable feature, which has hitherto been eclipsed, would have been

most conspicuous. With every philanthropic Northern man a collateral motive for keeping the new Territories free is that they may be a land of hope and of promise to the poor man, to whichever of all our States he may belong, where he may go and find a home and a homestead and abundance.

But the South, in attempting to open these Territories to slaveholders would give them to the rich alone—would give them to less than three hundred thousand persons out of a population of six millions. The interests of the poorer classes at the South all demand free territory, where they can go and rise at once to an equality with their fellow citizens, which they never can do at home. They are natural abolitionists, and unless blinded by ignorance or overawed by their social superiors, they will so declare themselves.

Every intelligent and virtue-loving wife or mother at the South, when she thinks of her husband and her sons, is forced to be an abolitionist. The attempt, therefore, to subject the new Territories to the law of slavery is not made in the name of one half of the people of the United States; it is not made for the six millions, more or less, who inhabit the slave States; but it is made for less than three hundred thousand slaveholders among more than twenty millions of people.

There is one other "hazard," sir, which the South invokes and defies, which, to her high-minded and honor-loving sons should be more formidable than all the rest. She is defying the Spirit of the Age. She is not only defying the judgment of contemporaries, but invoking upon herself the execrations of posterity. Mark the progress in the public sentiment of Christendom within the last few centuries on the subject of slavery and the rights of man. After the discovery of this continent by Columbus, the ecclesiastics of Spain held councils to discuss the question whether the aborigines of this country

had or had not souls to be saved. They left this question undecided; but they said, as it was possible that the nations of the New World might have an immortal spirit, they would send them the Gospel so as to be on the safe side; and the mission of Las Casas was the result.

In the time of Lord Coke, only a little more than two centuries ago, the doctrine was openly avowed and held, in Westminster Hall, that the heathen had no rights; and therefore that it was lawful for Christians to drive them out of their inheritance, and to despoil them, as the Jews despoiled the Egyptians and drove out the Canaanites. During the seventeenth century all the commercial nations of Europe engaged in the African slave trade without compunction or reproach. In the last, or eighteenth century, the horrors of that trade were aggravated by such demoniacal atrocities as, were it not for some redeeming attributes among men, would have made the human race immortally hateful.

Even when our own constitution was formed, in 1787, this dreadful traffic was not only sanctioned, but a solemn compact was entered into by which all prohibition of it was prohibited for twenty years. Yet in the year 1820, after the lapse of only thirty-three years, this very trade was declared to be piracy—the highest offence known to the law—and the felon's death was denounced against all principals and abettors.

We are often reminded by gentlemen of the South that, at the time of the adoption of that constitution, slavery existed in almost every State in the Union; and that some Northern merchants, by a devilish alchemy, transmuted gold from its tears and blood. But can they read no lesson as to the progress of the age from the fact that all those States have since abjured slavery of their own free will; and that, at the present day it would be more tolerable for any Northern merchant,

rather than to be reasonably suspected of the guilt of this traffic, to be cast into the fiery furnace of Nebuchadnezzar seven times heated. In Europe the tide of liberty, though meeting with obstructions from firm-seated dynasties and time-strengthened prerogative, still rises and sweeps onward with unebbing flow. In France revolutions follow each other in quicker and quicker succession. These revolutions are only gigantic struggles of the popular will to escape from oppression; and at each struggle the giant snaps a chain.

Great Britain, which in former times sent more vessels to the coast of Africa to kidnap and transport its natives than all the other nations of the earth together, now maintains a fleet upon that same coast to suppress the trade she so lately encouraged. Three times during the present century has that government escaped civil commotion by making large concessions to popular rights. Since the year 1814 written constitutions have been extorted by the people from more than three fourths of all the sovereigns of Europe. What a tempest now beats upon Austria from all points of the compass because, during the last season, she attempted only to half-enslave the Hungarians,—because she attempted to do what, during the last century, she might have done without a remonstrance. The rights of individuals, not less than the rights of communities, have emerged from oblivion into recognition and have become law. Penal codes have been ameliorated and barbarous customs abolished. There are now but two places on the globe where a woman can be publicly whipped,—in Hungary and in the southern States! And the universal scorn and hissing with which the rules of the former country have been visited for their women-whipping and their execution of those whose sole crime was their love of freedom only foretokens that fiercer scorn and louder hissing with which, from all sides

of the civilized world, the latter will soon be visited. Let the high-toned and chivalrous sons of the South,—those "who feel a stain upon their honor like a wound,"—think of all this, as one in the long catalogue of "hazards" upon which they are rushing.

Sir, the leading minds in a community are mainly responsible for the fortunes of that community. Under God, the men of education, of talent, and of attainment, turn the tides of human affairs. Where great social distinctions exist, the intelligence and the wealth of a few stimulate or suppress the volition of the masses. They are the sensorium of the body politic, and their social inferiors are the mighty limbs which, for good or for evil, they wield. Such is the relation which the three hundred thousand, or less than three hundred thousand, slave-owners of the South hold to their fellow citizens. They can light the torch of civil war or they can quench it. But if civil war once blazes forth it is not given to mortal wisdom to extinguish or control it. It comes under other and mightier laws, under other and mightier agencies. Human passions feed the combustion; and the flame which the breath of a man has kindled, the passions of the multitude—stronger than the breath of the hurricane—will spread. Among these passions, one of the strongest and boldest is the love of liberty which dwells in every bosom. In the educated and civilized this love of liberty is a regulated but paramount desire; in the ignorant and debased it is a wild, vehement instinct. It is an indestructible part of the nature of man; weakened it may be, but it cannot be destroyed. It is a thread of asbestos in the web of the soul which all the fires of oppression cannot consume.

With the creation of every human being God creates this love of liberty anew. The slave shares it with his master, and

it has descended into his bosom from the same high source Whether dormant or wakeful, it only awaits an opportunity to become the mastering impulse of the soul. Civil war is that opportunity. Under oppression it bides its time. Civil war is the fulness of time. It is literal truth that the South fosters within its homes three millions of latent rebellions.

Imbedded in a material spontaneously combustible it laughs at fire. Has it any barriers to keep the spirit of liberty which has electrified the old world from crossing its own borders and quickening its bondsmen into mutinous life?—not all of them; but one in ten thousand, one in a hundred thousand of them. If there is no Sparticus among them, with his lofty heroism and his masterly skill for attack and defence, is the race of Nat Turners extinct, who, in their religious musings, and their dumb melancholy, take the impulses of their own passions for the inspiration of God and, after prayer and the Eucharist, proceed to massacre and conflagration?

In ignorant and imbruted minds a thousand motives work which we cannot divine. A thousand excitements madden them which we cannot control. It may be a text of Scripture, it may be the contents of a wine-vault; but the result will be the same—havoc wherever there is wealth, murder wherever there is life, violation wherever there is chastity. Let but this wildfire of a servile insurrection break out in but one place in a State; nay, in but ten places, or five places, in all the fifteen States; and then, in all their length and breadth there will be no more quiet sleep. Not Macbeth, but the Angel of Retribution, will "murder sleep." The mother will clasp her infant to her breast, and, while she clasps it, die a double death. But where will the slaves find arms? "*Furor arma ministrat.*" Rage will supply their weapons.

Read the history of those slaves who have escaped from

bondage; mark their endurance and their contrivance, and let incredulity cease forever. They have hid themselves under coverts, dug holes and burrowed in the earth for concealment, sunk themselves in ponds and sustained life by breathing through a reed until their pursuers had passed by; crushed themselves into boxes but of half a coffin's dimensions, to be nailed up and transported hundreds of miles as merchandise, and in this horrible condition have endured hunger and thirst and standing upon the head without a groan or a sigh; have wandered abroad, almost fasting for forty days and forty nights, like Christ in the wilderness; and will men who devise such things and endure such things be balked in their purposes of hope and of revenge when the angel of destruction, in the form of the angel of liberty, descends into their breasts?

The state of slavery is always a state of war. In its deepest tranquillity it is but a truce. Active hostilities are liable at any hour to be resumed. Civil war between the North and the South,—anything that brings the quickening idea of freedom home to the mind of the slave, that supplies him with facilities of escape or immunities for revenge,—will unleash the bloodhounds of insurrection. Can you muster armies in secret, and march them in secret, so that the slave shall not know that they are mustered and marched to perpetuate his bondage and to extend the bondage of his race? Was not Major Dade's whole command supposed to be massacred through the treachery of a slave?

A foray within your borders places you in such a relation to the slave that you are helpless without him and in danger of assassination with him. He that defends slavery by war, wars against the eternal laws of God and rushes upon the thick bosses of Jehovah's buckler.

Such are some of the " hazards " which the leaders of pub-

lic opinion at the South, the legislators and guides of men in this dark and perilous hour, are invoking upon themselves and their fellows; not for the interests of the whole, but for the fancied interests of the slaveholders alone, and against the real interests of a vast majority of the people. May God give that wisdom to the followers which he seems not yet to have imparted to the leaders.

Sir, in these remarks I have studiously abstained from everything that seemed to me like retaliation or unkindness. I certainly have suffered no purposed word of recrimination to pass my lips. If I have uttered severe truths I have not sought for severe language in which to clothe them. What I have said, I have said as to a brother sleeping on the brink of a precipice, where one motion of his troubled sleeping or of his bewildered awaking might plunge him into remediless ruin.

In conclusion, I have only to add that such is my solemn and abiding conviction of the character of slavery; that, under a full sense of my responsibility to my country and my God, I deliberately say, better disunion,—better a civil or a servile war,—better anything that God in his providence shall send, that an extension of the bounds of slavery.

THE INSTITUTION OF SLAVERY

DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, AUGUST 17, 1852

WHEN before, since the "Mayflower" crossed the ocean with her precious burden, has any one minister of the Puritan stock ever dared or ever desired to put on priestly robes and enter the house of God to defend slavery or to palliate it?

Sir, such things were never known before. It is a new

spectacle for men and angels. It must give a new joy in the world of darkness.

Another collateral effect which slavery has produced, is the promulgation from the halls of Congress, and also from—what in such cases, is not the sacred, but the profane desk—that there is no "higher law" than the constitution, or than any interpretation which any corrupt Congress may put upon it. Such a doctrine is nothing less than palpable and flagrant atheism.

If I am bound to obey any human law or constitution as my paramount rule of duty, thenceforth that rule becomes my supreme arbiter, judge, and god; and I am compelled, by logical necessity, to abjure, renounce, and depose all others. There cannot be two supreme rules of right. If I acknowledge myself bound by the divine law, and that comes in conflict with the human law, then I must disobey the latter.

But if the human law be the higher law, and if it conflicts with God's law, then I am bound to disobey the law of God. If the constitution be the "higher law," then we, on taking our seats in this House, and all magistrates and legislators, when entering upon the duties of their respective offices, ought not to take an oath before God to support the constitution, but ought to swear by the constitution to support that first, and God afterward, provided it is convenient.

I say, then, that this doctrine—which is one of the offshoots of slavery—that there is no higher law than the law of the State, is palpable and practical atheism. And yet it is perfectly well known to all who hear me, and to all who frequent the purlieus of Congress, that there is no butt of ridicule so common here, nothing which so readily and so frequently raises the "loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind," as a fling or jeer at the "higher law."

Sir, it is of fearful omen when the laws of men are made, even in theory, to take precedence of and override the laws of God. And the last aggravation is added to this iniquity when the politician disguises himself beneath the garb of a priest and cloaks his wickedness under the show of religion.

No person feels a profounder reverence, or would pay a sincerer homage to a godly, sin-avoiding, sin-exposing priesthood than myself. But I have no adequate words to express my abhorrence for the clerical hypocrite, with whom religion is neither a sanctification of the soul nor a purification of the body, but only a kind of policy of insurance against the retribution in another world for sins committed in this, accompanied all the while by knavish tricks on the part of the insured to cheat the divine insurer out of his premium.

[Here Mr. Mann was interrupted by Mr. Sutherland, who charged him with getting up an issue upon an immaterial question of morality, which simply tends to excite men without any practical benefit. Mr. Mann continued:]

I hope the gentleman will not interrupt me further. His argument would have answered just as well in the time of Herod, the Tetrarch, when he issued the order for the murder of all the children under two years of age. The murderers doubtless got ten-dollar commission fees for the deed. So those who massacred thirty-six thousand Protestants on St. Bartholomew's Day at the ringing of a signal-bell went by the "higher law" of the pope, or of his vicegerent, the king; and had not they their "Union" to save by it? And our Pilgrim Fathers were driven into exile by the "higher law" of a hierarchical Parliament. And so if you admit this doctrine, there is no enormity, actual or conceivable, which may not be perpetrated and justified under it?

The gentleman says I am discussing "immaterial abstractions," and raising issues that have no practical bearing. Is the fugitive slave law an "immaterial abstraction?"—a law which violates both the divine law and the constitution of the country. Ask the free man, Gibson, who was sent into bondage under it when as much entitled to his liberty as you or I, whether that law has not some bearing on a practical question. Are not the Baltimore edicts before the country? And have they no practical bearing, when their very purpose is to suppress free speech; and when that purpose has been executed again and again?—and the attempt has been made here, within the last half hour, upon me, to enforce it?

Now, sir, I do not believe in preaching against theoretical and distant sins, and letting real and present ones escape. I do not believe in denouncing Hindoo suttees, because they are on the other side of the globe, and defending the extension of slavery in our own land. That sin has the beguiling defence of office and profits not less than ours. But that sin destroys only the body; ours the soul.

The modern clergymen of the "lower law" school can select some monster of the Old Testament—Darius, Nebuchadnezzar, or Jeroboam—and hold them up for execration, while they suffer the greater moral monsters of their own parishes to escape with impunity. They have no mercy for Jeroboam, old hunker though he was, because he "drove Israel from following the Lord,"—more especially as there was no chance for the presidency, nor any tariff nor sale of dry goods to the South to tempt him. But they forget that each and all of the worst sinners whose names blacken the page of history had their accompanying temptations and their casuistry for self-defence just as much as the offenders of our day.

They forget that when posterity looks backward upon great crimes, as they stand out in historic relief, they are seen in their foul nakedness and deformity, and without any of the palliations or pretexts by which their wickedness was softened to the tempted eye of the perpetrator. They forget that it will be as true of the crimes of our day as of ancient ones, when the evanescent circumstances of the seduction have passed by—that then they too will stand out in the foreground of the historic canvas in their full proportions and in their native deformity, hideous, unmitigated, and execrable.

Had not Ananias and Sapphira a temptation every whit as strong to keep back from the apostles a part of the price of their possessions as though they had been offered a sinecure chaplaincy in the navy for defending the fugitive slave law?

We have historic proof that Benedict Arnold attempted to justify his treason on the ground that he was seeking the best good of the colonies, just as his followers in our times seek to justify themselves by the far less plausible plea of saving the Union.

I know it is said that if the doctrine of the "higher law" is admitted all laws will be set at naught, and civil government be overthrown. All history refutes this; for, of all the men who have ever lived, those who contend for the higher law of God have universally been the most faithful and obedient when human laws were coincident with the divine. That identical principle in our nature which makes us true to the will of God makes us also true to all the just commands of men. . . .

And now, having shown what a mighty wrong slavery is, in and of itself; having shown what collateral debasement,

cruelty, and practical atheism it generates and diffuses, let me ask if the political Free-Soil party do not go to the uttermost verge that patriot, moralist, or Christian can go when it consents to let slavery remain where it is? There is an endeavor to make up a false issue for the country and for the tribunal of history on this subject. Free-soilers are charged with interfering with slavery within the jurisdiction of the States where it is.

This allegation is wholly unfounded. Our whole effort has been simply to keep it within the jurisdiction of the States where it is. We would not have it profane free territory. We would not allow it to double its present domain; we would not see it blast with nameless and innumerable woes two thirds of our territorial area on the Pacific coast, as it already has two thirds on the Atlantic. This is all we have done.

And to the argument that, with only about three slaves to a square mile over all your territory, you, gentlemen of the slave States, must have more space, because you are becoming suffocated by so close crowding, we simply reply that we cannot admit that argument, because it devotes the whole world to inevitable slavery. For, if you already need a greater expanse of territory for comfortable room, that, too, will soon be crowded with three slaves to a square mile, and the argument for further conquest and expansion will come back upon us. Yielding again, the argument will speedily recur again. It will be a never-ending, still-beginning pretext for extension, until the whole world shall become a vast realm of slavery—even the free States being engulfed with the rest, so that the dove of freedom will have no spot on the surface of the globe where she can set her foot.

And now, notwithstanding the infinite evil and wrong of slavery, intrinsic in it, and inseparable from it; notwithstand-

ing the virus with which it poisons all our free institutions—its exclusion of independent communities from the brotherhood of the Union; its hardening the nation's heart against all people struggling for liberty; its atheist-making; its attempt to transfer the whole false English code of high treason into our law, and all its debasement of the republican sentiment, and the moral sentiment of this country; notwithstanding all this, the Baltimore conventions decree that the subject of slavery shall be agitated among us no more forever.

Look at the comprehensiveness of this interdict. It embraces all subjects. It forbids the political economist from discussing the relative productiveness of free and slave labor. It forbids the educationist from demonstrating that a slave-holding people must always, from the necessity of the case, be an ignorant people—a people divided not only into castes of wealth, but into castes of intelligence.

It forbids genius from presenting truth in the glowing similitudes of fiction; and that divine-hearted woman, the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is under the Baltimore ban.

It forbids the poet, whose lips from olden days have been touched as with live coals from off the heavenly altar, from ever again kindling the hearts of mankind with a divine enthusiasm for liberty.

It strikes out all the leading chapters from the book of the moralist. It puts its seal upon the lips of the minister of Christ when he would declare the whole counsel of God, and forbids him ever again to preach from the text, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." All—worldly prosperity, education, genius, morality, religion, truth—are struck out by these Baltimore conventions in their maniacal partisanship.

The noblest men whom God has ever sent into the world—patriots, reformers, philanthropists, apostles, and Jesus Christ himself—are on the side of freedom. Tyrants, usurpers, traitors, men-stealers, the wholesale murderers and robbers of nations, are on the side of slavery. The Baltimore conventions enlist under the banners of the latter. They affiliate with the house of Hapsburg, and with Nicholas, with the King of Naples, and with the "Prince-President" of France. One might almost suppose they had plagiarized their resolves from the Paris "Moniteur," where that ape who mimics the imperial grandeur he cannot comprehend records his tyrannical decrees against freedom of speech. Louis Napoleon decreed free discussion out of existence in France. Six hundred men at Baltimore decreed the same thing for this country. The ape succeeded; they fail.

And how are these resolves to be construed, provided new questions respecting slavery arise, or questions already started are precipitated upon us? Should an attempt to annex Cuba, in order still further to aggrandize the slave power, be made—and if General Pierce should be elected, such attempt doubtless will be made—or should a new State with a slave constitution from California apply for admission; or should Mexico be again dismembered to form new slave territory and new slave States; in the occurrence of these events, or of either of them, how are these Baltimore resolutions to be then construed?

We know perfectly well what claim will be set up. It will be said that the new events come within the terms of the prohibition—the *casus fœderis*—and bind the nation to silence. It will be claimed that the resolutions cover not only all subjects, but all time; and enslave our children as well as ourselves. . . .

And what was the fate of the senator from Illinois, whom some sagacious and over-reaching Whig called the Young Giant—a nickname which his own friends were silly enough to adopt. I say silly, for everybody knows that the common notion which the common people have of a "young giant" is that of unnatural and precocious animal development. The very name conjures up images of rowdyish passion and appetite, of nocturnal revels, of a sort of wild, obscene force, unchastened by the lessons of experience, and untempered by Nestorian wisdom. What was his reward for his implied or understood offer of the annexation of Cuba? From the four States of Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, he never at any one time received more than sixteen votes, and in four fifths of the ballotings he received but five or six. In winning the South he forgot the North.

> "Vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself
> And falls on t'other side!"

Or, as a graver poet has expressed it, these worshippers at the Southern shrine, while they renounce Northern constituencies, were

> ——"like idiots gazing in a brook,
> Who leap at stars and fasten in the mud."

I cannot stop to enumerate the victims in detail. The slain Hectors may have a monument and be remembered; but it is the felicity of the vulgar herd in an ungodly contest that they rot in a forgotten grave.

Long before the Baltimore convention met we had supposed that the Northern Democratic aspirants for the presidency had done their worst; that they had drunk the last dregs of the cup of humiliation. But Southern genius seems exhaustless in resources for Northern debasement. Some unknown political upstart in Rich-

mond, Va., obtruded himself into notice by shouting out the two words "Presidency," "Pro-slavery" to all the candidates, and instantly thirteen of them were at his feet. He put to them some "more last questions" in the catechism of infamy—"whether, if they could be elected, they would veto any bill repealing the fugitive slave law," and so forth. All answered as his questions indicated they must. Forgetful of the nature of the oath they longed to take, forgetful that it is a violation of the whole spirit of our government for the executive to interfere with Congress by telling them beforehand what acts of theirs he will not approve, they all hastened to give the desired response. He did not send them a pro-slavery creed, with a blank left for their signatures, but he compelled them to write out their own shame with their own hands. He did not send the collar and chains all ready for them to put on; but he said, forge them and rivet them on yourselves; and, submissive, they forged them and riveted them on and expressed gratitude for the favor.

And now, where are those thirteen Democratic candidates? And where, too, are those two Whig candidates who, within the last two years, have done every conceivable thing, and a thousand things before inconceivable, to propitiate the slave power? Gone, sir; all gone with those who perished at Tyburn! They rebelled against humanity and against God, and verily they have their reward. They mounted a platform where they hoped to be crowned amid the huzzas of the people, but an avenging Nemesis stood there, and in the twinkling of an eye changed it into the "drop platform" of the executioner. Sir, when a single malefactor receives at the hands of justice his well-merited doom, the moralist seizes the example to give warning to others who may be tempted in like cases to offend. He points to the ignominious body of his victim, and, as the

herald of God, he proclaims the eternal law, that crime never can compensate the criminal. He declares that, until finite man can overpower or circumvent the infinite Creator the retributions of sin shall pursue the sinner. If the preacher does this when he has but a single victim for a text, what an accumulation of energy and emphasis is given to his admonitions when there are fifteen victims before him! . . .

In regard to Mr. Webster, there are three points which I propose to elucidate—his position of special and marked hostility to slavery in 1848, what he did for the cause of slavery in 1850, and how the South requited him in 1852. His case is peculiarly impressive. Instructive warnings as all the others are, yet "the secretary stands alone." I am about to speak of his downfall in no spirit of personal exultation, though he has done me the greatest wrong. Because, when sitting on the top of his political Olympus, he hurled his shafts at me, I scorn to retaliate when he lies deserted and despairing at its base. The man does not live (unless now it be himself) who felt a more poignant grief at his ruin than was felt in this heart of mine. But it was not on the 21st of June last, and at Baltimore, that he fell; but on the 7th of March, 1850, in the Senate of the United States. It was then that he sunk his beaming forehead in the dust, never again, I fear, to be lifted up. It was then that he tore from his brow the glorious diadem of fame, and cast its clustered stars away—a diadem richer than ever blazed upon the brow of royalty, for its gems were not gathered from rock or mine, but from the more precious treasures of wisdom and eloquence. Then thousands of hearts were wrung with anguish as, cold, relentless, and blaspheming, those apostate doctrines fell from his lips. I say no bosom, save now perhaps his own, was ever more deeply saddened at the spectacle of that moral ruin than mine. As

I think of him now, ever-recurring and dirge-like do the elegiac strains written for the occasion by the great Poet of Humanity wake their mournful echoes in my breast:

"So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore!

Revile him not — the Tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall!

Oh! dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded down the endless dark
From hope and Heaven!

Let not the land, once proud of him,
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame, his dim,
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
Save power remains —
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone: from those great eyes
The soul has fled;
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide his shame!"

Still I should leave this part of my subject maimed and incomplete should I forbear to draw the moral which the fate of this eminent man so impressively teaches. In the history of this world it is inexpressively sad that offences should come.

It would be still more sad if we could not use them to warn others from offending. Besides, the drama, in one of whose scenes we were brought together upon the stage and enacted a part, has now been played out, and I am now able to establish by history all the positions I then maintained by argument.

The grandeur of Mr. Webster's intellect—the first point always made in his defence—I readily admit. On this point I give his friends *carte blanche* of concession and agreement —the whole argument their own way. . . .

So certain has been the fate of Mr. Webster for the last eighteen months that I, and all those with whom I am politically associated, have foreseen it and predicted it with as much confidence as an astronomer foretells an eclipse. Let us trust that the fate of such victims will not be lost for the future upon Northern men.

Sir, out of this fugitive slave law has arisen an ill-sounding, half-barbarous word to express the wholly barbarous idea that the law is never to be repealed or modified. It is the word "finality." This word has already got into somewhat common use in regard to its objects. It is destined to get into universal use in regard to its authors. I think General Cass and Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Fillmore and Mr. Webster, with many others, have by this time an interior and realizing sense of what the word "finality" means. Though too late for them to profit by it, I hope it will be blessed to the use of others.

And what palliation, what pretext, what subterfuge even, had these men for such betrayal of human rights? Nothing, literally nothing, but that fraudulent idea of "danger to the Union;" that cry of "wolf," which the South always raises when she has an object to accomplish; and which she will always continue to raise, on pretences more and more

shadowy and evanescent, the more we have the folly to heed it. The same threat is now, at this instant time, made if the North does not give them their choice in the two candidates for the presidency. . . .

Now, as slavery is error and wickedness combined, it must incur the penalties ordained of God against both. As it corrupts domestic virtue, contravenes the natural laws of a nation's prosperity and growth, excludes and drives away those who are instinct with the love of freedom from settling within its borders, makes general education impossible, and eviscerates from the Gospel of Jesus Christ the highest and purest of its principles and precepts, it follows by a law of adamantine necessity that the body politic which suffers it is vulnerable in every part, and that physical and moral death besieges every gate of its citadel. Slavery assails all the laws of God broadside; and it must, therefore, receive his retributions broadside.

These are but specimens of the weakness which is always inflicted by error, and of the fatuity that ensues from moral wrong. They are specimens of those "higher laws" of God which fulfil their destiny, whether men heed them or defy. They crush the resistant while resisting, and silence the blasphemer in mid-volley.

If the northern States of this Union, therefore, will cherish liberty, while the southern foster slavery, the predominance of the former in political power, as well as in all other things desirable, will soon be overwhelming. Foreign annexations by the latter cannot redress the balance. They but palliate the symptoms of a distemper which is organic—as the newly erected wing of a lazar-house for a time dilutes the infection, which it soon sends back to aggravate the general virulence. I appeal to the friends of liberty, then, wherever they may

be found, to stand fast in their integrity; for, to adopt the sentiment of Mr. Jefferson, in such a contest there is not an attribute of the Almighty but must take part with us.

Sir, I have endeavored now to speak upon the real and true state of the Union. I have desired to ascertain toward what point of the moral compass this great vehicle which we call government, freighted as it is with so much of human welfare and with the fondest hopes of the oppressed, is now moving. I have sought to determine that direction, not by the meteoric lights which are exhaled from human passion and selfishness, but by taking observation of the unchangeable luminaries of truth and duty, which shine down upon us forever from their fixed places in the skies. I have spoken no word in the spirit of a partisan or a politician; but have sought to embrace within my vision the horizon of the future as well as of the present.

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS, a distinguished French statesman and historian, was born at Marseilles, April 15, 1797, and died at St. Germain-en-Laye, near Paris, Sept. 3, 1877. He was carefully educated, and, after obtaining the degree of B. A., he was admitted to the Bar and sought to practice his profession at Paris. Finding it impossible to gain a living by the law, he began to write for the "Constitutionnel," and afterward for his own journal, "The National," meanwhile prosecuting his historical researches, the outcome of which was his "History of the Revolution." His more voluminous and to English readers better-known work, the "History of the Consulate and Empire," was not published until 1845, after he had been for a time Prime Minister. In his capacity of journalist he aided, in 1829, to bring on the revolution which made Louis Philippe King of the French. Under the July monarchy, Thiers filled various posts in successive Cabinets until in 1840, when he became president of the Council. Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* of Dec. 2, 1851, led to his banishment, but having been suffered to return to France, he was elected to the Corps Législatif, and during the latter years of the Second Empire was in that body by far the most effective and prominent member of the Opposition. By the National Assembly, which in 1871 was convoked at Bordeaux, but which subsequently was transferred to Versailles, he was made President of the Republic, and held the office for a little more than a year, being succeeded, in May, 1873, by Marshal Macmahon.

SPEECH AT ARCACHON

DELIVERED OCTOBER 17, 1875

GENTLEMEN,—I thank you most sincerely for your attitude toward me upon this occasion. It was in your midst that I passed those four frightful months of our misfortunes. You saw me each day dismayed, distressed, as were you all, at the news of our disasters which succeeded each other without interruption, and I asked myself in despair when the end would come. Suddenly, in this situation of affairs, which seemed without remedy, I found

myself borne down by the weight of an authority which certainly was not enviable, but which I could not refuse; and you have seen with your own eyes my efforts to make head against the reverses of France. You then are my witnesses before her, my witnesses before history, and I thank you for coming this day to bring me your sincere and loyal testimony.

You have seen everything, gentlemen: no army, and if I had possessed one, no resources with which to pay it; 200,000 of the enemies before Paris, as many in Champagne and in Burgundy, 150,000 at Tours menacing Bordeaux, 150,000 at Bourges threatening Lyons; all parties aroused and ready to come to blows; the cities of the south united for the republic; Paris given over to the Commune, and for the information of a government that should surmount these difficulties; the universal defiance of those spirits ready to refuse their aid to any government that should not conform to their prejudices.

In this situation, the memory of which when I recall it moves me profoundly, did I hesitate? No! I did not ask myself if I should succeed. I thought only of my duty which was not to succeed but to dedicate myself. I thought no more of the monarchy than of the republic. I accepted the trust under the form in which it was given, and such as events had made it, resolved to return it as it had been confided to me. To conclude a peace, to make it on the easiest terms, to re-establish order, finance, the army, and, if I could, in paying the ransom of the country deliver it from the presence of the invader, such was the task to be accomplished, the only one with which I occupied myself, and which I announced to the country. With the aid of France herself, which has never ceased, with the aid of God, who has been merciful toward us, the early difficulties have been sur-

mounted; we have seen order somewhat re-established and found ourselves at the gates of Paris.

I was able to gather together, from the remnant left from our losses, a military force of 150,000 men, and if it were sufficient to endeavor to wrench Paris from the grasp of the Commune, it was not sufficient to embrace all the large cities of France profoundly anxious for the maintenance of the republic, and coming to demand of us, with irritation and with defiance if it were for the monarchy that we contended. No, no, I said to them, it is for order, for order only, and acting in the full glare of day, I transmitted to the Tribune the response I had made; no one controverted me; every one voted the measure that I asked. Paris was plucked from the Commune, the assassins of hostages were punished as they deserved, in the name of the law and by the law alone, and France has breathed again.

On that day it was said to me at Tours at various times, You could accomplish everything. Alas, no! The half of my task only had been fulfilled; the enemy occupied the forts of Paris and ravaged our country from the Seine to the Meuse; deplorable conflicts might at any time break out and rekindle the war; and, finally, to withdraw, one by one, our provinces from the hands of our conquerors millions were necessary, and to have millions it was indispensable that credit should be re-established. Well, then, this credit I sought through the policy of pacification. Do you think that, if, audaciously contradicting myself on the morrow of the day when I declared that we contended for order and not for the monarchy, I had endeavored to reinstate it I should have secured the tranquillization of those spirits without which every financial operation was impossible? No, assuredly, no; on the contrary, by remaining faithful to the word given be-

fore the National Assembly, order-loving men being reassured by the destruction of the Commune, the Republicans becoming confident because they had not been deceived, a calm, unexpected, and which astonished Europe, supervened; I had need of six millions and I was offered more than forty, and I was able in two years to gain possession one by one of those occupied districts, to free the country, and to bring back the country to France.

There you have the facts, gentlemen, and if I have recalled them to you it is not to set forth the part I was able to take; no, the country itself is always pleased to bring them to my mind without my invoking its generous recollection.

These facts I recall that we may draw from them that instruction of which we have need, and which should decide the course we have to take for our assured safety.

Very well, gentlemen, the republic is voted; what must be done? I respond without hesitation; one single thing—for each and all to apply themselves frankly and loyally to secure its success. Whatever the future may have in store, there is no other duty than that.

I see many persons impatient to penetrate the future, who, forgetting the fable, imitate the ancient Greeks who went to consult the Sphinx. You all know it; how the treacherous animal listened to them without response, and when they had not solved the enigma, devoured them. Let us not seek an unproven future, and let us consider only duty clear, present, and undeniable. The republic is voted, and, under penalty of being considered the most inconsequent of men, it must, I repeat, be made to succeed.

To make the republic successful, I am told, is most difficult. Yes, I know it; but the monarchy, fallen three times in forty years, is that, then, easier? Without doubt it de-

pends upon the Monarchist party to augment this difficulty by their resistance, by their opposition open, or concealed, but by that would they render possible a monarchy? No: the same causes exist and will exist for a long time. Suppose that by an odious provision the house of Bourbon had but a single representative; there would remain the Napoleons whom we see on certain occasions voting with the Bourbons, but whom we shall never see reigning together. Now two dynasties are quite sufficient for civil war without a third being necessary. The white rose and the red suffice; there is no need to imagine a third.

In creating difficulties for the republic, I repeat, a monarchy is not made easier; chaos only is made possible, and calamities, this time, irreparable.

What is the real situation to-day? The republic is no longer a question of principle but one of application, and it is there that not only do the duties of all of us begin, but those of the government itself.

However, gentlemen, the elections are approaching, and it belongs to France to impress upon the government that unity of which it has absolute need; that, guarding itself from all illiberality—for illiberal governments are sterile—France, acting with discretion, may welcome all men who have taken a decided stand, protecting herself against those who, Republicans the day of the ballot, hasten on the morrow to explain their profession of fealty by the article of our constitutional law which stipulates for revision.

When approaching the ballot-boxes let France not forget that she has her financial system to complete, her military laws to revise,—because those already made are not all good, —her commercial treaties to renew in 1876, her educational system to develop along the lines of modern usage, and, if

to all these difficulties of system, so wearisome, come to be joined the perplexities arising from the division of parties which have rendered everything so difficult in the National Assembly, let France not fail to remember that she will end in that chaos of which I have spoken, and will have accomplished nothing save the loss of time in the eyes of Europe, where it is never lost, for to-day there is not a nation that is not occupying itself in making itself stronger and better governed. At that word Europe I hear more than one voice saying to me: Very well, when you have done all that, even though you have succeeded, you will always remain alone, for the republic will never in the world find allies! Permit me yet a few words more upon this subject which will, perhaps, not be out of place from my lips. The various parties represent Europe each in its own image, and, I sincerely beg their pardon, in thus representing her they often deceive themselves.

Europe to-day is perfectly rational because she is thoroughly enlightened, and in order to be in accord with her do you know what is necessary? A government as rational as she. Without doubt Europe has not always been what she is at present, but rest assured she is no longer the Europe of 1815 nor that of 1830. At that time upon all the thrones, in all the cabinets, there were princes and ministers who had, for forty years, warred against the French Revolution, and when suddenly in 1830 they saw it come forth from that tomb in which they believed it forever buried they were profoundly agitated and dismayed. I saw those times and they will never escape from my memory. To the imaginative it appeared that the honorable Robespierre, that the great and terrible Napoleon would shortly reappear and overturn all thrones. These vain terrors were quickly dissipated; but the

defiance and the bitterness remained. Europe kept herself armed and united against France even after having evacuated her territory through the action effective and patriotic of the Duc de Richelieu; she did not cease assembling in congress almost every year to maintain watch over events, and, at need, would have marched upon France to stifle the revolution which it was reported menaced all governments and all societies.

I ask you if there be anything similar to-day? Without doubt when anything of grave importance happens here with us, we are observed, for France has not ceased to be an object of great attention; but the unanimous opinion of all the governments is that the independence of France should be scrupulously respected, and that to her alone should be left the care of her own affairs.

In short, look about on all the thrones of Europe and you will see that there is not a prince who is not occupied in reforming his dominions, in their social, administrative, and political relations. All are consecrating themselves to this meritorious work with the exception of England, yes, England, who, having a long time ago given to herself liberty, has secured for herself forever the germ of all reforms possible and imaginable.

Such is the Europe of 1875 so different from that of 1815, and even of 1830. She has for forty years united against all reform, and at present has herself become a reformer. I beg those who believe that they draw near to her in resisting the spirit of the age to understand that instead of approaching they are withdrawing from her, and attracting, in place of her sympathy, perchance her censure.

It is insisted, and it is said to me: Yes, despite all that you may assert, these wise princes may be reformers but they will

never be republicans. I hasten to acknowledge it, and I never should pretend that there would be republicans upon the thrones of Russia, of Germany, of Austria, of Italy, and even of England. But do you believe that those sovereigns have their eyes closed when you think your own open? You do not like the republic and yet certain of you have voted for it from principle, from patriotism. Very well, do you think that Europe is not aware of all that you know, and that the reasons that have influenced you are not clear to her? No, no, there was nothing else possible, and she approves that which you have done. She smiles when such and such preferences are ascribed to her. She has neither love nor hate; she cares only for peace; she is bound to it by interest, by humanity, by largeness of views; and there is a certain change that you suppose ought to be agreeable, that she sees with great disquietude, because she believes it neither sensible nor desirable.

As to France, Europe respects her, interests herself in her, and desires her re-establishment because she feels that France is indispensable to European equilibrium. Do you desire a proof of this? This spring, from some unknown cause, certain persons became much agitated, fear of war took possession of their imaginations, and then did Europe show herself hostile or indifferent to France? Far from it! A cry for peace went out from all governments, and peace has been maintained by the weight of universal opinion. An alliance is talked of: is not that the real alliance, the stable alliance, and the only one possible in the present state of things? Without doubt if by an alliance is understood the concert of two or three Powers united for the attainment of a certain end, especial, interested, oh, without doubt France is not of it! and do you wish me to tell you that I know of none similar in Europe to-day. Under this designation no one is allied

to any other, but the whole world is united for the peace of the nations; and this truly holy alliance embraces and protects all interests, and for yet a long time will be the only one desirable, the only one possible.

I resume, gentlemen, these reflections, too extended, perhaps, but which your presence and the memories thereby invoked have caused to flow forth from my mind and from my heart, and I declare to you: Destiny, that is to say, a long chain of circumstances (wherein enter mistakes no longer to be remembered), destiny has decided! No one for five years has been able to re-establish the monarchy, and the National Assembly, although monarchical, has voted the republic. Let us be consistent and seek to make of this republic a government orderly, wise, fruitful, and to that end let us demand of France by future elections, that she impress upon the government that unity of views of which she has such vital need.

Let us pray above all, of this dear and noble France, that she allow neither depreciation nor insult of the immortal revolution of '89 against which so many efforts are to-day directed, and which is our purest and greatest glory among nations, for it is that which for three quarters of a century has caused the entrance of justice into the legislation of all peoples.

When, in short, the whites were enfranchised in Europe by the hand of a wise and generous prince, when in America the blacks beheld their shackles broken by the hand of a great nation, it was because the spirit of '89 breathed upon those regions so far away.

Certain it is that we had attained the height of our military glory, and this glory, for a moment in eclipse, will never perish; but, if military glory is a sun that at times veils itself

in clouds, the glory of civilization is a sun that never ceases the splendor of its shining. It is that, and I have been able to distinguish it among foreign nations, it is that which, always resplendent, even at the moment of our greatest reverses, aroused in our favor the sympathy of all nations, even of those the least well-disposed toward us. Let us then unite in preserving this noble past of the national patrimony, and, in so far as it concerns me, it will always have in its defence the efforts of a life drawing to its close, but which until its latest day will remain faithful to all the noble interests of reason and of humanity.

[Special translation by Mary Emerson Adams.]

JOHN BELL

JOHN BELL, a noted American politician, was born near Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 15, 1797, and died at Cumberland Iron Works, Tenn., Sept. 10, 1869. Educated at the University of Nashville, he became prominent in the politics of his State, and was sent in 1827 as representative to Congress, continuing in the House until 1841, and was speaker in 1834. During this period he was conspicuous as a protectionist. He was elected to the Senate in 1847, and again in 1853, and there actively opposed the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the Kansas-Lecompton Constitution. In 1860, as one of the four candidates for the Presidency, he received thirty-nine electoral votes. At the opening of the Civil War he strongly opposed Secession, but objected to the principle of coercion, and with other Tennesseeans issued an address urging that their State should preserve an armed neutrality. Many speeches of his have been printed singly, but no collection, we believe, has as yet been made.

SPEECH ON NON-INTERVENTION

DELIVERED IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE, APRIL 13, 1852

I HAVE said that the great American question of the day is, How is this country to be affected by the present condition of Europe?

What, then, is the position of Europe, at present, in relation to the great principles and questions connected with the organic forms of government? Sir, I propose briefly to sketch the recent changes and what I consider to be the present condition of Europe in these important aspects.

You may remember, sir, that general tranquillity and confidence in the established order of things had reigned in Europe for a considerable period when the sudden and unexpected overthrow of Louis Philippe, followed in rapid succession by popular and insurrectionary movements in Italy and the German states, in Austria and Hungary, roused the world from its supineness. The simultaneous movement of the Liberals in

so many states, and their partial successes, inspired the lovers of freedom everywhere with hopes of the most beneficent results and led to the greatest excitement; but the public mind, with the receding tide of republican successes, regained its composure without its confidence. The unsettled condition of affairs and the power of the contending factions in one great country still held the public mind in suspense, and all awaited the solution of French politics, perceiving that upon that would depend in no small degree the future quiet of the Continent. That solution came like a clap of thunder to unexpecting ears, on the *coup d'état* of the 2d of December. The excitement was now intense and expectation continued on tiptoe until the question would be solved—which had no clue in the knowledge or conjecture of this country—whether the French people, appealed to as they were with every external show of freedom of choice, would condemn or approve the daring usurpation of Louis Napoleon.

While in this suspense, lo! tidings came that seven of the eight millions of the adult male population of France had approved and sanctioned the decree which abolished the republic and confided to the arbitrary will of one man the power of reconstructing their government. Thirty-six millions of freemen thus voluntarily surrendered their liberty and gave their powerful sanction to the creed that popular sovereignty was not a safe element in the organic form of a government!

If the event of the 2d of December was startling, these last tidings were absolutely astounding; and men's minds were set to work to account for the strange and unexpected result, scarcely yet doubting that the next arrival of a steamer from abroad would bring accounts of a spontaneous and successful uprising of the partisans of freedom in France which had hurled the daring usurper from power.

But astonishing as were the events I have just recounted, the fact—the most amazing to me, at the time, of all that have transpired since the expulsion of Louis Philippe from his throne—remains yet to be stated.

Contemporaneously with the first report of the event of the 2d of December which reached this country, came vague, and at the time little credited, assurances that the movement of Louis Napoleon would not only be successful, but that the peace of France and of Europe would be rather consolidated than disturbed by its success! And now, after four months, after more than a hundred days have passed, fresh assurances reach us from so many reliable sources to the same effect that it would seem a species of madness any longer to resist absolute conviction on that point—assurances the more incredible from the first, when we consider that they were accompanied by advices that the King of Prussia, following the lead of France and Austria, was proceeding as fast as he durst to remodel the constitution of his government upon a basis which excluded every vestige of republicanism.

What, then, sir, is now the recognized and well-understood position of the nations of Europe—the cradle and still the great nursery of modern civilization—in regard to popular rights and free government? Let facts speak the answer. If what we hear be true of Prussia, then the four great Powers of the Continent are modelling their governments upon the basis of absolutism—upon the theory that popular sovereignty or popular control to any extent in the affairs of government, directly or by representative assemblies, is incompatible with peace and order, and utterly subversive of the securities and blessings of civil society. Sir, a new order of things has arisen which decrees the abolition of the very symbols of liberty. Every monument of the transient existence of for-

mer republics—every inscription, every memento of former freedom, is to be razed to its foundations, effaced and obliterated, so that no trace shall remain, no tradition be allowed to go down to posterity of the time when republican forms had found a foothold in Europe.

Thus, sir, the great and imposing fact stares us in the face, that the continent of Europe has reverted to the old ideas of monarchy and absolutism; and liberty lies prostrate, discarded and dishonored.

And what, I repeat, as still more surprising, is that the opinion prevails, founded upon the most reliable sources of information—the entire mercantile class, the stock market, the great capitalists upon the London Exchange and the Paris Bourse, the money kings, who have their argus eyes fixed upon every part of the Continent, and their secret agents in every cabinet—not only that republicanism is down, but that there will be no further commotion, no war, and that this state of things is permanent in Europe!

Can this be true, Mr. President? Can it be true that the spirit of liberty is extinct in Europe; or, if existing at all, so feeble, so exhausted, so dead, as to give no signs of future awakening; no promise of an early resurrection! and this, too, in the middle of the nineteenth century and among the most civilized people of the earth; this, too, in the full and meridian blaze of science, moral and physical—in an age which has been emphatically and universally proclaimed and recognized as the age of progress, to distinguish it from all antecedent ages and generations of the world!

Sir, at such a time as this, in such an age as this, among a people so civilized, to affirm that a new order and condition of things has arisen which rejects and repudiates the idea of popular rights or sovereignty as incompatible with the ends

of society, and that this state of things is permanent! or affirm that republicanism is effete—fast becoming an obsolete idea; that its merits have been weighed in the balance and found wanting; that the handwriting has appeared upon the wall announcing confiscation and banishment to the partisans of freedom! Why, I wonder that some gentlemen do not start from their seats in this chamber upon the announcement of so stupendous a fact upon any credible authority—and yet the authority is the highest known in the range of human testimony.

And this is the advancing spirit of the age; this the denouement, the final result of sixty years of revolution, of agony and of blood, in the cause of liberty in Europe! . . .

The great curse of Europe of the present day is that the theories and doctrines of the champions and advocates of liberty and republicanism have, all along, proceeded upon the same error which rendered all the philosophy of the schools of antiquity abortive, and, for the most part, utterly useless to mankind. They all proceed upon abstractions.

All their theories of society and government, all their ideas of liberty and equality, and the forms they would institute to secure them, are founded upon some preconceived notion of what they conceive ought to be right and proper, without the slightest reference to any practical test—to anything that has been proved to be sound and practicable in the past history of the world.

Sir, to get right, and to be able to construct true and practical systems of government, they must first reconstruct their system of philosophizing; they must reconstruct their own theories and adapt them to human nature as they have seen it developed in the past, as they see it displayed at the present day. They must adapt them to the races of men as they per-

ceive them to exist in all their varieties and differences of capacities and propensities, without troubling themselves about the question of original unity or equality. They must found their theories upon experience and not upon fancy.

They must come to understand that the competency of man for self-government is not a simple or universal truth, but that it is a complex and conditional proposition, which may be true of one and the same people at one stage of their progress and not at another; and as to races, they must come to learn that every race has a civilization peculiar to itself, and physical and mental faculties of various grades of capacity for improvement and development, as all history testifies.

In short, they must adopt the method of reasoning and theorizing pointed out by the great founder of modern progress, Bacon. When they shall have done this they will have taken the first step toward a true progress in the science of government. Discarding all unmeaning cant and catch terms about liberty and equality, they must come to know that there is a liberty, that there is an equality which is agreeable to nature, a liberty and an equality resting on a basis that will stand, and that all else is spurious, delusive and mischievous.

I trust, sir, I may now be allowed, without taking my final leave of Europe, to pay a short visit to America—America, always open and exposed to every disease or contagion, moral and physical, which originates in a foreign atmosphere. We see it proclaimed through the columns of a thousand presses in this country that the spirit of democracy is necessarily progressive. I ask pardon—for I intended to divest myself as far as possible of every partisan view and feeling in delivering my sentiments on this great subject; but I am unable to proceed in my argument without allusions and the use of terms which may seem to have a partisan cast.

We are told that reform in this free country is a laggard—that it lingers far in the rear of the advancing spirit of the age. Sir, it is proclaimed through the same channels to the people of this country that too much of the old anti-democratic leaven still lurks in our constitutional forms and in our legislation.

By a more circumscribed party, but still widely diffused over the country and of no insignificant influence, our institutions are denounced as being oppressive and unjust to the natural rights of mankind, alien to liberty, upholding social forms which admit of no equality of position or of happiness; that there is no true fraternity; no freedom, such as the spirit of the age and the progress of civilization demand.

Whence this type of democracy in this country? No man can mistake the paternity. It is European born. It is the same type of democracy which has undone the cause of liberty in Europe; and its mission in this country can never be accomplished but by the ruin of liberty in America. Does not everyone know that the most popular and leading champions of the cause of republicanism and democracy in Europe regard with positive contempt—nay, that they turn away with disgust—at the very mention of American republicanism. They scorn to receive our American, home-bred ideas of liberty.

Why, say they, you have no philosophy; you have no true and lofty conceptions of the destiny of man and of human society; you are far in the rear of European enlightenment upon all these subjects! Such are the arrogant pretensions of the European champions of liberty. Some of the more reckless among them have the hardihood to declare that our whole system is false, and that if it cannot be reformed they are prepared to destroy it; that it is a model which misleads the friends of freedom abroad, and that it had better be pulled down than upheld in error! . . .

But should that war of opinion, so long predicted, that war of principle, that great conflict between the free and the despotic forms of government—should such a war as that arise in Europe, do you think, Mr. President, as a sound, practical statesman, and with your experience and observation of this country, and its present population—do you suppose that if such a conflict should arise in Europe—a conflict involving the settlement of principles which may have universal ascendency for centuries—that we should be so unimpressible, so indifferent, that we could not be drawn into it, despite all calculations of policy or of interest?

Do you conceive, sir, with your knowledge of the heart of this country at this day, that a cold and sordid calculation of mercantile profit, that the devotion to mammon, or any more laudable service, would be so faithful and intense as to restrain even those reckless passions and emotions which belong to our nature, to say nothing of freezing up all generous and noble impulses, tempting us to enlist on the side of freedom in such a strife? No; the time has never been when, in any one country in Christendom, mind meets mind in fierce conflict upon principles which touch nearly the social feelings and interests of men, the mental strife would not become contagious and move the sympathies of every other.

But let the clash of arms add to the excitement, and the blood will be stirred and fired in its inmost recesses. Let the tidings of such a conflict, such a war of opinion, but reach our shores, and, my word for it, whatever may be the conclusions of mere policy, Young and Old America alike will be swayed to and fro by the passions natural to the occasion, like the trees of a forest swept by a strong wind.

Little time, I ween, would be allowed for weighing the counsels of the illustrious and immortal sages of fifty years

ago. Nor are the feelings and calculations which sway the twenty millions of freemen of this day the same which controlled the two or three millions of fifty years ago. All change is not progress; but the law of change, under changing circumstances and conditions, is inexorable. We have our destined career to run. Nations cannot stand still until the point of maturity and manhood is passed; as yet we go forward; and we will go forward; whether for good is another question. Our discretion may not, however, be put to the test of a war of opinion in Europe at this juncture.

But if a war should spring up in Europe of the old-fashioned kind—a war of aggression on one side, and defence on the other—a war of ambition and conquest, with the feelings of jealousy and of resentment which may exist on the part of the nations of Europe against the United States at this time, do you suppose that such a war can rage in Europe for one year, especially if any of the great maritime powers be parties to it, without compromising the peace of this country? Our commerce and navigation are too extensive and widely diffused; the general competition for the trade of the world is become too fierce to allow any escape from a collision with the belligerents of Europe.

Have you not seen, sir, in the last few years, how difficult it is, even in times of peace, to digest the insults which the war vessels of Great Britain, presuming upon their superior naval power, occasionally offer to our flag? But let there once be war and you will soon perceive the difference in the calculations and feelings which control the people of this country and of this generation and those which controlled them forty or fifty years ago. Since that period we have grown six or seven fold greater in population and resources; and, true to the characteristic traits of our lineage, we have grown in conceit of our

puissance still more. Neither our temper nor our prudence improves with the changing circumstances of our condition and resources. Let there be a war in Europe, and the first open violation of our neutral rights, the first breach of the accustomed courtesies to our flag, will be instantly retaliated, and thus the war would be begun, all unprepared as we may be.

And let me say to the people of this country that, with the feelings which exist probably at this moment in Europe, any of the maritime powers of that continent would be nothing loth to accept the issue of war thus presented. The weak points in our condition, our six thousand miles of inadequately protected seacoast, to say nothing of other causes which may paralyze our energies, are as well understood abroad as at home.

And let me say further that, under existing circumstances, it will be rare good fortune if, in any European war in which we shall be engaged, we shall not have the sympathies of every other power of that continent enlisted against us, except only such as may be strengthened by our interposition. . . .

The last great practical conclusion to which I have intended to direct my remarks is, that in view of the present posture of European affairs; in view of the prospect of a war, at no distant day, in which the United States may be eventually involved; in view of the obligations and responsibilities we have already incurred; in view of the honor, dignity, and duty which attach to our position in the family of nations; in view of the wisdom, prudence, and forecast which should distinguish a great model republic in providing against the contingencies of the future; in view of our own safety; in view of the best method of preserving the blessings of peace; in view of the

policy of reviving and cementing a truly national spirit and sentiment throughout the land, we should lose no time in making every essential preparation to put forth the energies and resources of the country in any emergency which may arise, in such manner as to successfully fulfil and discharge all our obligations, all our duties; and which, if we omit to do, we may justly incur the reproaches and, it may be, the curses of the present and of future generations.

What are those preparations? What I propose is:

First, to look well and narrowly into the operation of our financial system; to provide the proper securities for an ample revenue against the contingency of war, and the consequent interruptions of foreign trade; to give every encouragement within the competency of the national government to the improvement and extension of internal commerce; and especially to establish a direct overland communication, by the construction of a railway between the valley of the Mississippi and the Pacific coast.

Secondly, to give to the spirit and resources of the country their full efficiency and development it becomes our duty to guard with increased vigilance against all causes of sectional irritation and to eradicate, as far as possible, from the national councils and policy the seeds of sectional strife, as we would the deadly nightshade from our grounds; not by proscription and denunciation, but by cultivating a spirit of mutual forbearance and conciliation.

Thirdly, to strengthen our national defences; to place them upon a footing which may not leave the country exposed, in the event of war, to shameful and mortifying disasters; and especially to add largely to our military marine, a measure demanded by our extended foreign trade, and the manifest inadequacy of the present naval establishment to give to it

that protection and security which is necessary even in time of peace.

From a statement, the most authentic and reliable I have been able to procure, of the present naval armaments of the states of Europe, it appears that Great Britain can put afloat a fleet of 678 effective war vessels of all classes—150 of which are propelled by steam—with an aggregate complement of 18,000 guns. The French navy consists of 328 effective war vessels, with an aggregate of 8,000 guns. Russia has a fleet of 175 effective war vessels, with an aggregate complement of 6,000 guns. The proportion of war steamers in the navies of France and Russia I am not able to state upon any reliable authority; but from statements I have seen and which I attach some credit to, the war steamers of the French navy may be set down at 100. That was the number authorized by the government of France in 1845.

I will not extend these remarks by any notice of the naval establishments of the inferior maritime powers of Europe; but I am sure the Senate will take an interest in the statement I am able to make of the navy of the United States, which consists of 76 effective vessels of all classes, with an aggregate complement of 2,250 guns; and of these vessels six are propelled by steam!

Such is the naval force that we must rely upon for the protection of the honor of our flag, our commerce, which penetrates every sea accessible to American enterprise, and an ocean frontier of 6,000 miles in extent!

Such is the beggarly and miserable preparation of the means of maritime warfare, either offensive or defensive, with which we proceed to provoke and insult the great powers of continental Europe! Why, sir, one single fact ought to be sufficient to awaken in the minds of the people of this coun-

try a lively apprehension of the perils of the condition in which we may be placed. Our communication at this moment with California and Oregon, for all purposes of effective supply and defence, is by sea, requiring an average voyage of four thousand miles by the Isthmus route, and of sixteen thousand miles, and not less than six months' time, if the passage be made around Cape Horn or through the Straits of Magellan.

It will thus be seen at a glance that either of the maritime powers of Europe, whose navies I have alluded to, could, in one or two months' time, so effectually block up our only reliable communication with California and Oregon as to defy all the resources of this country short of a year or two's preparation to re-open it.

But that is not the most lamentable and mortifying aspect of the condition of affairs in this country. At a period of time when all the eastern world may be regarded as trembling upon the verge of convulsion and change; when principles most vital and momentous to mankind threaten to become the subject of universal conflict; at a period when we may be exposed to a hostile combination of all the great powers of continental Europe; at such a period as this, under such circumstances as these, what are the prevalent ideas and passions and cares which occupy American politicians and statesmen? The passion for place and position, the idea of power!

These are the ideas and passions which control every great interest in this country; every branch of public policy, internal and external, foreign and domestic commerce, the extension and improvement of internal communications, the public defences; all, all are become but secondary considerations, neglected or molded into shapes and forms subservient to the purposes or adapted to the exigencies of the great, the eternal conflict which goes on as to whose hand, or what clique, or

faction, or party, shall be made the depositary, from time to time, of the power and patronage of the government.

Even the slave question could not escape the predominant and controlling passion of the times; originally stimulated into being and wrought up to its present complexion by the same interests, it is indebted for all its present disturbing vitality to the necessities and exigencies of these factions or parties, if you please to dignify them by the name, including, if you choose, the party to which I belong.

I would not do so great an act of discourtesy or injustice to the honorable members who grace this chamber by their presence and enlighten it by their counsels, nor to the politicians and statesmen of the country generally, as to deny that there are many individual exceptions to the general averment I have made as to the passions and influences which control public affairs. But, with this explanation I repeat that all political calculations and speculations verge to one end. One idea reigns triumphant throughout the land—the idea of power! And this, too, at such a period in the affairs of the world; this, too, in the American republic! Well may we invoke the spirit and the counsels of Washington to inspire us with wisdom and kindle once more in our bosoms the flame of revolutionary patriotism.

JOHN ADAMS DIX

JOHN ADAMS DIX, American statesman and general, was born at Boscawen, N. H., July 24, 1798, and died at New York, April 21, 1879. Entering the army at the age of fourteen, he saw some brief service but, after becoming a captain in 1825, he resigned his commission and began the study of law. In 1828, he removed to Cooperstown, N. Y., to begin the practice of his profession, where he became prominent as a Democratic politician. He was successively state adjutant-general, state superintendent of common schools, and secretary of state of New York. In 1845, he was appointed to the United States Senate, and in 1848 was the unsuccessful candidate of the Free-Soil Democrats for Governor of New York. He was Secretary of the United States Treasury in 1861, and it was at this period that he telegraphed to a naval officer at New Orleans the since famous order, "If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." In May of the latter year he was appointed major-general of volunteers, and in the following year was placed in command at Fortress Monroe. During the draft riots in New York city, in July, 1863, General Dix was in command of the district and acted promptly in restoring order. He was Minister to France, 1866–69, and in 1872 was elected by the Republicans Governor of New York. He retired to private life at the expiration of his term of office, and died at New York city, in his eighty-first year. His published writings include "Resources of the City of New York" (1827); "A Winter in Madeira, and a Summer in Spain and Florence" (1835); "Speeches and Occasional Addresses" (1864); and privately printed translations of the "Dies Iræ" (1863), and the "Stabat Mater" (1868). His eldest son is the well-known New York clergyman, Morgan Dix

ON AFRICAN COLONIZATION

FROM SPEECH DELIVERED AT ALBANY, NEW YORK, APRIL 2, 1830

THE subject of African colonization is full of powerful appeals to sympathy; but it is not my intention to advert to any topics of this description. Considered as a mere measure of political economy it has as strong a claim upon us in its tendency to hasten the extinction of slavery as any measure which can be devised for the promotion of the productive industry of the United States. It is an opinion

as ancient as slavery itself that the labor of bondmen is gradually destructive of the soil to which it is applied; it is only where the cultivator has an actual interest in the soil that the care and attention necessary to perpetuate its productiveness will be bestowed upon it. There is an account by Columella of the condition of Roman agriculture when it had passed from the hands of the citizens into those of slaves which is applicable to every country in which slave labor has been employed for a length of time. Pliny refers the decline of the agriculture of Rome to the same cause,—to its transfer from freemen to slaves, wearing upon their very countenances the badges of servitude,—"*Vincti pedes, damnatæ manus, inscripti vultus exercent.*"[1] And Tacitus, in referring to the same causes, says that Italy could not be subsisted but for the supplies derived from the provinces. "*Nisi provinciarum copiæ et dominis, et servitiis et agris subvenerint.*"[2]

Yet the territories of Rome were remarkable for their fertility and productiveness as long as they were cultivated by her own citizens. When agriculture had become degraded from an honorable pursuit to a mere menial occupation; when the implements of husbandry had passed from the hands of Cato and Cincinnatus into those of the captives of Phrygia and Thrace; and when, to translate the words of a Roman author, the fields of Italy resounded with the clattering of innumerable chains, Rome became dependent for the sustenance of her own citizens upon the productions of distant provinces; and, in the language of Tacitus, the daily subsistence of the Roman people was at the mercy of winds and waves.

[1] "Their shackled feet, their fettered hands, their servile faces employ them."

[2] "Unless the stores of the provinces assisted both masters and slaves and fields."

The authority of antiquity is confirmed by the opinion of our own times. With a single exception, every modern writer upon political economy asserts the superior productiveness of free labor and the tendency of slave labor to waste and consume the fertility of the soil to which it is applied. It has been shown conclusively that wherever free labor can be found it is most profitable to employ it.

And it would be contrary to all the deductions of reason if it were not so. The industry which is not protected in the enjoyment of a portion of its own proceeds cannot be so productive as that which is recompensed in proportion to its exertions. In the agricultural operations of the slave, nature is the principal laborer, and her power soon becomes exhausted without the renovating care and providence of man. Whether industrious or indolent the slave must be clothed and subsisted; let him produce as much as you will, and he is entitled to nothing more at the hands of his master.

His impulses are all derived from physical causes and these of the weakest class; he is not even stimulated by physical necessity or suffering, for these it is the interest and care of the master to relieve. So much has the mind to do with the operations of human industry that even in countries where by oppressive taxation all the proceeds of man's labor, excepting a bare subsistence, are absorbed by his government, the labor of the freeman is far more productive than that of the slave. His condition may be no better; his supplies of clothing and subsistence may not be more abundant; he may be equally restricted in his comforts: but he ministers to his own wants; he does not receive his daily subsistence at the hands of a taskmaster; his little surplus, whatever it be, is his own; and he is not controlled in the application of it to his own uses.

The results of our own experience on this subject concur

with the united testimony of ancient and modern times. It is impossible to pass from a State in which slavery exists to one in which it is prohibited without perceiving a marked difference in the condition of the soil and in the structures which human art has reared upon its surface. But it is not by ocular observation alone that the fact of the difference is attested. In contiguous sections lands of the same quality bear a different price, and the disparity is constantly increasing with the duration of the cause. It seems to be a law of slavery that it gradually consumes and dissipates the resources of those to whom it is tributary. There are exceptions to the observations, but not in sufficient number to affect its accuracy as a general principle.

If the place of every slave in the United States could be supplied by a free laborer the augmentation of our productive industry would be immense, and it would totally renovate the face of the country in which the exchange should take place. At the lowest calculation there is a difference of one third in the productiveness of free and slave labor in favor of the former, independently of the gradual destruction of the powers of the soil by the latter.

Free and slave labor move in opposite directions from the same point of departure; and while one is regularly diminishing the capacity of the earth for production, the other is constantly nourishing and invigorating its powers. It is one of the consequences of this tendency of slave labor to deteriorate the properties of the earth, that it cannot reclaim what it has once exhausted. There are lands in the Northern and Middle States now exceedingly productive which were formerly exhausted by slave labor; and so they would have continued to this day if they had not been reclaimed by free labor.

Some of the most beautiful sections of Virginia, under the

operation of injudicious systems of husbandry by slaves, wear the aspect of wastes and barrens; and so they will remain until they shall be renovated by the hands of freemen. That this result is not a distant one may readily be shown. The influence of great moral causes which are working far more momentous changes than this would alone be sufficient to produce it. But it is destined to attend upon particular causes now in operation within our own limits,—causes peculiar to the condition of the country and the state of society. Slave labor, from its inferior productiveness, cannot compete with free labor; wherever the latter appears the former must give place to it.

This principle is visible throughout the North in the abolition of slavery: the progress of emancipation has been regular toward the South; peculiarities of soil and climate have retarded its progress, but it is retarded only. In several sections of Maryland and Virginia emigration from the Middle States has introduced a laboring class of whites; and wherever they have appeared slaves have given place to them. The masters find it more profitable to sell their slaves and hire free laborers. It is in this manner that freedom is constantly encroaching upon the dominion of servitude.

But there are other and mightier causes in operation which are rapidly approaching this result. Recent examinations have shown that, with the exception of the States of Missouri and Louisiana, we have only sufficient territory beyond the Mississippi river for four more States of the dimensions of Missouri. Farther on lies a barren waste extending to the base of the Rocky Mountains, without wood, water, or stone, and therefore unfit for the habitation of an agricultural people. This fact is not, perhaps, understood, but it has been satisfactorily ascertained by philosophical observers.

The region referred to is as distinctive in its character as the desert of Siberia, to the descriptions of which it is said to bear a general resemblance; and it is probably destined at a future day to constitute a boundary between us and our dependencies, or between us and another people as flourishing and powerful as ourselves.

At our past rate of increase settlement will soon press upon these limits: the vacant places within them will be filled up; and the current of emigration which has so long been flowing across the Alleghanies will be poured back upon the region in which it has its source. The surplus population of the Northern and Middle States will find its way to the vacant spots in Virginia which slavery has exhausted and abandoned; it will penetrate to the very seat of its strength, and it will gradually uproot and destroy it.

In every contest the inferior must yield to the superior power; and who can doubt the issue, sir, when the contest shall be between brute force and the moral force of opinion—between a class whose impulses are all derived from physical causes and another class whose incentives to exertion are derived from the mind itself? Slavery will cease to be profitable; and when this shall happen slaves will cease to be cherished by their possessors. They may be emancipated; but emancipation cannot elevate their condition or augment their capacity for self-preservation. Want and suffering will gradually diminish their numbers and they will disappear, as the inferior has always disappeared before the superior race.

The fate of the African is as certain as that of the original possessors of the soil upon which we stand; but there will be no heroism or dignity in his fall; his struggles will be with the arts, not the arms, of his oppressors; he will leave nothing behind him but the history of his sufferings and his degrada-

tion to challenge the remembrance or the sympathy of after-times.

Colonization is the only expedient by which these evils can even be mitigated. We may prevent the increase of the African race within our limits; we may provide for them a refuge to which they may flee when their presence shall be useless to us and their condition here intolerable to themselves; we may substitute removal for extinction; and by our own providence we may enable many, perhaps the mass, to escape what would otherwise be their inevitable fate.

But it is not merely because slavery is an impediment to the development of our national resources that its presence among us is to be deplored. It is an impediment also to an assertion of the rank which we claim to hold among the advocates of the rights of man.

It may not put at hazard the success of the great experiment which we are carrying on of the competency of mankind to self-government; for it is not inconsistent with its success that he who is fitted for freedom should hold in bondage his fellow man. But it involves, unquestionably, a denial of the fundamental doctrine of our political institutions, that life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are natural and inalienable rights.

It is a degradation of the tenure of freedom from a principle above all human law to the principle of brute force—the principle from which despotism itself derives its title. It may not impair the stability of our free institutions; but it impairs our influence in promoting the diffusion of their principles. For who shall be bound to attend to the assertion of rights by us which we refuse to recognize in others? With what effect can we pronounce the eulogium of free institutions when our utterance is mingled and confounded with the accents of oppression

and servitude? We have, unquestionably, a justification in the fact that slavery was imposed upon us against our wishes during our dependence upon a foreign state; but this circumstance will cease to be a justification the moment we falter in our exertions to redress the injury.

In speaking these sentiments I say nothing to which the sentiments of every liberal gentleman in the South will not respond. Nor do I fear, sir, that their utterance here will be misapprehended. I believe the universal feeling of this assembly will bear me out in saying that the slaveholding States themselves would not be more ready than we to resist any attempt to exterminate the unquestionable evil of slavery by measures not warranted by the constitution under which we live. That it has been abolished with us is the happiness of our accidental position; that it still exists in other sections of the Union is the misfortune of theirs. When and in what manner it shall be abolished within the limits of individual States must be left to their own voluntary deliberations.

The federal government has no control over this subject: it concerns rights of property secured by the federal compact, upon which our civil liberties mainly depend; it is a part of the same collection of political rights, and any invasion of it would impair the tenure by which every other is held. For this reason alone, if for no other, we would discountenance and oppose any attempt to control it by unconstitutional interference. We can only hope, in advocating the plan of colonization, that the theatre of its operations may be extended at a future day in subordination to the wishes and arrangements of the slaveholding States.

There is a higher object in the contemplation, and I trust within the compass of this institution,—the civilization of the African continent by means of our colonial establishments

along the coast. With the exception of a few points along the Mediterranean, hardly extending into the interior sufficiently to indent it, this continent has been buried throughout all the changes of human society in perpetual darkness. Whatever civilization may have done for other portions of the earth, it has done nothing for Africa. Ignorance and barbarism, opposing an impenetrable cloud to the lights of religion and science, which have at different eras risen upon the world, have spread a vast, unbroken shadow over the whole face of that continent.

Civilization has indeed visited Africa—not to elevate and enlighten, but to corrupt and debase—to convert simplicity into error and darkness into depravity. Sir, we are accustomed to shrink with horror and indignation from a recital of the cruelties inflicted upon modern Greece by her barbarous oppressors.

But all the miseries which that classical region has endured during century after century of Ottoman domination would not fill up the measure of suffering which Africa is every year sustaining through the seductions of her Christian spoilers. The massacre of Scio may present a sublimity of suffering, an acuteness of distress, a fulness of desolation, which carry their appeals to the sympathies with greater boldness and intensity, like that which a single slave-ship presents in the history of its miserable tenants, if we follow them out from the forcible separation to the prolonged, the boundless career of servitude which opens on them at the hour of their captivity.

Civilization alone can heal the wounds and assuage the sufferings of western Africa. Wherever her influence is felt, the slave-trade has ceased; and it is in the most benighted regions of that continent that she can most effectually plant those beacons of intelligence from which her lights are to be re-

flected to the interior. Egypt and Barbary are shut out from the approaches of civilization in the direction of the European continent by an intervening sea: they lie over against portions of Europe in which knowledge and truth have made the least progress; and these barriers between the two continents are rendered almost insurmountable by false systems of religion and government which hold in bondage the African states. Colonization, on the other hand, has fixed her very seat in the empire of ignorance; she is surrounded on all sides by a surface of extended, unbroken, unmitigated darkness.

The mind of western and central Africa is a vast blank, upon which no inscription of falsehood or bigotry has ever been traced: civilization, in asserting her dominion over it, has no error to eradicate or prejudice to subdue; there is no obstacle to stay the progress of knowledge; Nigritia, Ethiopia and Abyssinia are all open to its approaches; and the time may not be far distant when the lights of civilization, issuing from the beacons of Montserrado, shall be diffused over the whole face of the African continent—to change it, as they have changed every region which their influence has overspread.

These anticipations may seem sanguine, and they are, doubtless, to be contemplated rather in a spirit of distant hope than of present expectation. They look however to changes inferior, if possible, to those which the same causes have wrought upon this continent. If any one had ventured a century ago to extend his view to the present moment and had foretold what this age has accomplished, he would have incurred the reproach of visionary speculation.

Nay, sir, what credit would he have obtained who had ventured to foretell, twenty years ago, the changes that have been wrought within our own limits?—who had predicted that in this short period the western wilderness would be

penetrated and subdued; that the boundaries of the republic would be borne onward to extremities which were not even explored; and that a line of civilization would be extended around us which can never be broken by a hostile force?

Sir, the opinion of mankind has always followed the march of improvement; and it is rarely even that individual opinion has preceded it. The civilization of Africa may be frustrated by unforeseen contingencies; but a moral power is in operation there which no obstacle has ever yet been able to resist. The stores of knowledge, unlike all others, can neither be wasted not consumed; no further deluge of vandalism can overwhelm the places of her dominion to destroy her treasures or extinguish her lights. The physical annihilation of three quarters of the globe would be necessary to blot out the evidences of her moral conquests and arrest their extension to the other.

Since the invention of the press, the movement of society has been uniformly a forward movement, and there is not an instance of retrogression with any people to whom the influence of knowledge has extended. Her empire is fixed in Africa, and it will soon be beyond the reach of human force. Our anticipations may not all be realized; our hopes may not all be fulfilled; but if we err, we shall err with the spirit of the age, not in opposition to it. If the objects in view of the plan of colonization were to be attempted by a public sacrifice, we should not perhaps be justifiable in seeking to accomplish them. But every step we take is in coincidence with the public interest and the public reputation. Every liberated African who is withdrawn from us diminishes the general mass of ignorance, vice, and degradation by which our social operations are embarrassed and oppressed. We are fulfilling also a duty which we owe to the unfortunate race for whose benefit

this institution was originally designed. Whatever we have done, whatever we may do, to ameliorate their condition among us, they are destined to be forever proscribed and debased by our prejudices.

Emancipation cannot liberate us from the responsibility which rests upon us. The free black, whom prejudice consigns to a moral debasement in the North, is as deeply injured as the slave who in the South is held by physical bondage. We cannot insist on the plea of necessity to mitigate the odium which attaches to us as the authors of his degradation until we shall have employed every expedient to relieve him from it. The hopelessness in which his crimes and his depravation have their origin is in its turn a fruit of our prejudices; and we shall not have done what is incumbent on us unless our cooperation is lent to remove him from the theatre of their influence. We are bound by every principle of justice and humanity to provide the means of removal for all who ask a removal at our hands.

We are bound by every motive of patriotism to promote the emigration of a caste whose presence among us is an impediment to the development of our national resources, to the progress of our social improvements, and to the fulfilment of our destinies as a great people. And we are bound by our devotion to the cause of liberal government to unite in the execution of a plan of which the most distant result may be the extinction of an institution which stands alone and isolated among the other institutions of society—a solitary monument of a barbarous age.

MARQUIS D'AZEGLIO

Giuseppe Massimo Taparelli, Marquis D'Azeglio, a distinguished Italian patriot, statesman, and author, was born of a noble family at Turin, Piedmont, Oct. 24, 1798, and died there Jan. 15, 1866. Early in life a visit to Rome inspired him with a love for art, which he later studied there from 1821–29, and became noted as a landscape-painter. In 1830, he removed to Milan, where he married the daughter of the Italian novelist, Manzoni, and became engrossed in politics and literature, pursuing the latter with the definite hope of being able thereby to further the cause he had dear at heart, that of Italian unity. His historical novel, "Ettore Fieramosca" (1833), obtained considerable popularity, as did also its successor, "Niccoló de' Lapi" (1841). Politically, Azeglio was a constitutional monarchist and disapproved of the plots and conspiracies by which Mazzini and others attempted the freeing of Italy, but which resulted only in increasing the stress of the situation and making more complex the troubles of the time. In 1846, he published "Degli ultimi casi di Romagna" (Of the Last Events in the Romagna), a political treatise in which the papal rule of Gregory XVI was submitted to a scathing criticism and the republican insurrections denounced. After the death of Pope Gregory he was instrumental in persuading Pius IX to adopt a liberal policy. At the battle of Vicenza against the Austrians, in 1848, Azeglio commanded a legion and was severely wounded. In the same year he published "The Austrian Assassinations in Lombardy." During the first Sardinian Parliament he sat as a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and from 1849 to October, 1852, when he was succeeded by Cavour, Azeglio was Prime Minister of Sardinia. At the close of the Austrian War, in 1859, he was appointed general and commissioner-extraordinary for the Roman states. Azeglio was a statesman of the highest type, thoroughly devoted to the best interests of his country, and of undoubted private and public integrity. His writings, in addition to those above mentioned, include "The Court of Rome and the Gospels"; "Political Correspondence" (1866); "My Recollections" (1867), an autobiography; "Letters to My Wife, Luisa Blondel" (1870); "Letters to Giuseppe Torelli" (1870), and sundry other correspondence.

ON PRESENTING THE ESTIMATES FOR THE MINISTRY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS

DELIVERED IN THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, TURIN, FEBRUARY 12, 1851

THE commencement of the general debate on the estimates for foreign affairs appears to me to be not only fitting but an advantageous opportunity for me to explain some notions and principles bearing on general politics

and upon diplomacy especially. They will not be either new or abstruse principles, for it would not be an easy task to say anything new on such a subject; but I will do my best to propound principles that shall be just and true.

In the times in which we live, I believe it to be sound policy, especially for a government, to establish the true principles on which human society and politics are based. Many persons think—I do not say that there are any such in this house—that political science is very abstruse and very complicated; to me it seems, on the contrary, that it is a very simple art and science, requiring much good faith, much good sense, and even some portion of shrewdness.

Political government founded on justice and good faith has always been the best, and in the long run the most useful. There was a time when much was said of statecraft. All those who have studied history, more especially Italian history and Italian politics, from the sixteenth century downward, will remember how often they have heard State policy talked of as a destiny, a necessity to which everything must yield, even morality.

I do not believe that there are two codes of morality, one for the governors and one for the governed. I do not hold that State policy requires a dispensation from common morality. There was however a time when a tortuous policy, a crafty policy could, at least for the moment, produce some good, and that was when public affairs were settled between a prince and a few ministers; often by a favorite or a mistress. But then the press was weak, the communications few, public opinion was unrepresented.

Yet even then a deceitful policy produced in the long run the very worst consequences. Revolutions, violent changes, evils of all kinds, to which mankind has been exposed, are

found to have mostly originated in bad faith—ancient injustice—iniquities which had too long enjoyed impunity. In our days the press, the various means of communication, the general spirit of inquiry, the liberty of speech, have rendered concealment and statecraft alike impossible.

In our days public opinion has a recognized form, not only in each country, but in the whole of Europe. If I touch public opinion at Turin it vibrates at Edinburgh and Moscow with the rapidity of an electric telegraph; and as concealment is thus out of the question a deceitful policy is equally impossible. However unjust, false, and treacherous individuals may be, they nevertheless trust only to the just and the straightforward; without trust man may tyrannize but not govern.

There is an obscure, I ought to say, terrible problem, which has undoubtedly forced itself on the attention of us all, and which we all have endeavored to solve. This problem is, What will be the future destiny of society? I do not consider myself more capable than others to solve it.

Yet I see but one solution of it. I know not what the future destiny of society may be, but I think that we may venture to affirm that society will find no rest except in an honest government, be its form what it may.

Looking at the primary causes of the decline and fall of empires we always find them, as I have observed a few moments ago, to be some injustice or iniquity of long standing. In modern times the stage is shorter and punishment falls on the head of the guilty with the velocity of steam. I am well aware that the theory of good faith in politics is laughed at by many as a folly. It is not so in this House: but as what I say will not be confined to these walls, there may be persons whom my enforcing the necessity of politi-

cal good faith may remind of the pastoral simplicity of a bucolic.

It does not require great talents or a rare genius for a man or a government, when harassed by truth, by justice, by equity, to avoid the inconvenience by having recourse to a falsehood, to violence, to illegality. No, no! it does not require great talent to act thus: I think, on the contrary, that the test of great ability is to teach us to know how much better it is to sacrifice an immediate advantage in order that we may enjoy the great future advantages which result from an honest and spotless name.

Ancient as well as modern history has hitherto taught us which of the two policies is the best, and this lesson we shall continue to learn as long as we live. Fully convinced of these truths the government has made them the rule of its policy both at home and abroad.

As to home politics, I beg to remind the House that when the present administration was formed, the country, struck by the magnitude of a recent misfortune, uncertain as to the future, agitated by parties, mistrusting them all, could only be settled by confidence and unanimity. The government has endeavored to win the former and to prepare the public mind for the latter. If the ministers have succeeded in this noble aim it is owing to Providence first, next to the good faith of the sovereign, to the prudence of Parliament, to the noble character of the whole nation; Piedmont is traditionally a land of probity and honor and by such virtues kingdoms are always saved.

Let us look about us and we shall find that the vigor and existence of a State has always been in a direct ratio with its morality. An immoral individual may exist—an immoral nation dies. Having established confidence and unanimity,

it was the duty of the government to seek for such improvements as were consistent with the letter and spirit of our constitution—it was its duty to solve the difficult problem of stability united to progress.

It was therefore bound to avoid and restrain extreme opinions. In this arduous undertaking the ministers were guided by justice and impartiality, and thus they hope to have fulfilled one of the highest if not the very highest of duties—that of setting a good example. To explain my meaning I beg to observe that in modern times we have heard a great deal about the rights of the people (something ought perhaps to have been said respecting the people's duties—but this is not the time to speak upon that subject); I have however never heard mentioned one of the rights of the people which seems to me second to none.

I will be the first to proclaim it: it is that a country has a right to a good example on the part of its government. This the ministry have endeavored to set as far as in them lay. All the disorders which befall society are generally the effect of illegalities under some form of injustice, of acts of bad faith. If a government will not be satisfied with what governments generally possess—physical force—but wishes to have the moral force requisite to overcome such disorders, its first care must be to set a good example.

I shall now say a few words on foreign affairs—a topic on which the House will at once perceive how requisite it is that I should exercise some reserve. I can and shall fearlessly say that the government has based its foreign, like its home policy, on justice and good faith.

Paramount to all others is independence, then come national honor and national dignity; and I can assure the House that in all his acts the minister for foreign affairs kept jus-

tice constantly in view. Our good faith we showed in keeping our word, and we shall ever continue to show it thus; for I cannot admit that a nation, any more than an individual, can ever be compelled to take an oath—death ought to be preferred to swearing that which is unjust or which it is felt cannot be observed; but an oath once taken must be kept.

By our following this course, Europe which (it cannot be denied) was prejudiced against us, has become satisfied that we were not a nation of anarchists, but that we desired and knew how to live free and independent. Confidence took the place of mistrust, contempt was changed into respect, and we now perceive that we enjoy throughout Europe the reputation of being an honest nation, entirely adverse to infringing the rights of others, but fully resolved to guard our own even to death.

Our foreign policy is founded on that which is adopted at home; the latter is the firmest support of the former, for there is no firmer support of a foreign policy than the reputation which a country enjoys.

I will now proceed to speak of our diplomacy. Whilst assuring the House that I did all in my power to cause our diplomatic body to follow the principles which I have just laid down, I must hasten to add that its members are too high-minded to be guided by any others. I shall here notice an attack often repeated out of doors, but of which I am not aware whether it will be re-echoed in this House. In party times suspicions are rife: we all know that many of our diplomatists were accused of aversion to the new institutions and to the present policy of the State.

I for one contend that a man of honor can acquiesce in a change of system legally introduced, although it may not be

entirely in accordance with his former opinions. The government endeavors, as it is bound, to heal dissensions. The process of elimination has at all times been a most delicate one.

I may here be allowed to quote the saying of an Italian historian who lived more than five hundred years ago, "Italy has too long been the land of factions and suspicions,"—I mean Dino Compagni. The House need not be reminded that at the beginning of the fourteenth century, when the Bianchi were expelled from Florence, the successful party were seized with the mania which always seizes a triumphant faction,—the mania for elimination; to a certain extent weeding out is absolutely necessary, but this ought not be indulged in to such an extent as to become what I now designate a mania. There were among Dino's party, the Neri, men who were always discovering that some of their own friends—persons in office—were not pure Neri, and wherever they looked they found only persons of the other faction—pure Bianchi. The single-minded historian in his naïve style says, "These persons are unceasingly seeking for Bianchi, as if there were not abundance of them."

A placeman who opposes the government which employs him ought, in my opinion, to be removed; but before removing him, before coming to such extremities, a minister must carefully avoid listening to a party spirit only, instead of following what ought to be his only guide, truth and justice. Let me observe however that the government is responsible for its agents, and I fully and boldly answer for those whom I have the honor to direct. I shall add moreover that when the case has happened that I have felt myself called upon to dismiss a person from office, I have done it; as I shall always do whenever I may think it necessary

for the good of the country, but without being moved by partisanship.

And again, with respect to diplomacy, it is to be observed that for a small State it is much more important to employ distinguished agents than it is for a great power. A great power gives importance to its agent. A diplomatist supported by twenty, thirty, or forty millions of men, be his title ever so low or his person insignificant, is sure of being deferentially listened to, whilst the representative of a small power, to be well received and listened to, must command a certain degree of respect for his person, by his talents, his intellect, his knowledge, and even his means and social position. For this reason the government has especially endeavored to render our diplomacy respected by making a good selection of agents, and we flatter ourselves we have succeeded.

We endeavored to preserve for our diplomacy the distinguished position which it occupied a century ago when Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son: "Wherever you go, inquire after Piedmontese diplomats: they are always persons of distinguished merit."

The government will continue to make efforts in that direction. The instructions given to our agents when they enter upon their missions are to regard first the interests and dignity of their country, and next to support, as far as by the law of nations their duties and powers permit, the government to which they are accredited; to abstain from interfering with, still more from censuring it, or favoring intrigues against it; for there is no action more base and more mean than under the protection of the sacred character of foreign ministers to intrigue against those who receive you: but our diplomacy is, thank God, free from such stain.

ALFRED IVERSON

ALFRED IVERSON, an American politician and Southern secessionist, was born in Burke Co., Ga., Dec. 3, 1798, and died at Macon, Ga., March 4, 1873. Graduating in 1820 at Princeton College, he studied law and subsequently practiced his profession at Columbus in his native State. He sat several times in the Georgia legislature, and for seven years was a judge of the superior court for the Columbus circuit. In 1847, he was returned to Congress as a Democratic representative, and in 1855 passed from the House to the Senate, where for a number of years he was chairman of the committee on claims. Iverson was a leader of the Secession movement, declaring in Congress on one occasion that the South would never tolerate any compromise in the matter of its institutions that did not fully recognize, not only the existence of slavery in its present form, but also the right of the Southern people to emigrate to the common Territories with their slave property, and their right to Congressional protection while the Territorial existence lasted. With his colleague, Toombs, he withdrew from Congress after the passage of the Secession ordinance by Georgia in January, 1861. At the outbreak of the Civil War, Iverson entered the Confederate army as colonel of a regiment raised by him, and in 1862 was commissioned brigadier-general.

SPEECH ON SECESSION

DELIVERED IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE, DECEMBER 5, 1860

I DO not rise, Mr. President, for the purpose of entering at any length into this discussion or to defend the President's message, which has been attacked by the senator from New Hampshire. I am not the mouthpiece of the President. While I do not agree with some portions of the message, and some of the positions that have been taken by the President, I do not perceive all the inconsistencies in that document which the senator from New Hampshire has thought proper to present.

It is true that the President denies the constitutional right of a State to secede from the Union; while, at the same time, he also states that this federal government has no constitu-

tional right to enforce or to coerce a State back into the Union which may take upon itself the responsibility of secession. I do not see any inconsistency in that. The President may be right when he asserts the fact that no State has a constitutional right to secede from the Union. I do not myself place the right of a State to secede from the Union upon constitutional grounds. I admit that the constitution has not granted that power to a State. It is exceedingly doubtful even whether the right has been reserved. Certainly it has not been reserved in express terms. I therefore do not place the expected action of any of the southern States, in the present contingency, upon the constitutional right of secession; and I am not prepared to dispute, therefore, the position which the President has taken upon that point.

I rather agree with the President that the secession of a State is an act of revolution taken through that particular means or by that particular measure. It withdraws from the federal compact, disclaims any further allegiance to it, and sets itself up as a separate government, an independent State. The State does it at its peril, of course, because it may or may not be the cause of war by the remaining States composing the federal government. If they think proper to consider it such an act of disobedience, or if they consider that the policy of the federal government be such that it cannot submit to this dismemberment, why then they may or may not make war if they choose upon the seceding State. It will be a question of course for the federal government or the remaining States to decide for themselves, whether they will permit a State to go out of the Union, and remain as a separate and independent State, or whether they will attempt to force her back at the point of the bayonet. That is a question, I presume, of policy and expediency, which will be con-

sidered by the remaining States composing the federal government, through their organ, the federal government, whenever the contingency arises.

But, sir, while a State has no power under the constitution conferred upon it to secede from the federal government or from the Union, each State has the right of revolution, which all admit. Whenever the burdens of the government under which it acts become so onerous that it cannot bear them, or if anticipated evil shall be so great that the State believes it would be better off—even risking the perils of secession—out of the Union than in it, then that State, in my opinion, like all people upon earth has the right to exercise the great fundamental principle of self-preservation and go out of the Union —though, of course, at its own peril—and bear the risk of the consequences. And while no State may have the constitutional right to secede from the Union, the President may not be wrong when he says the federal government has no power under the constitution to compel the State to come back into the Union. It may be a *casus omissus* in the constitution; but I should like to know where the power exists in the constitution of the United States to authorize the federal government to coerce a sovereign State. It does not exist in terms, at any rate, in the constitution. I do not think there is any inconsistency therefore between the two positions of the President in the message upon these particular points.

The only fault I have to find with the message of the President is the inconsistency of another portion. He declares that, as the States have no power to secede, the federal government is in fact a consolidated government; that it is not a voluntary association of States. I deny it. It was a voluntary association of States. No State was ever forced

to come into the federal Union. Every State came voluntarily into it. It was an association, a voluntary association of States; and the President's position that it is not a voluntary association is, in my opinion, altogether wrong.

But whether that be so or not, the President declares and assumes that this government is a consolidated government to this extent: that all the laws of the federal government are to operate directly upon each individual of the States, if not upon the States themselves, and must be enforced; and yet at the same time he says that the State which secedes is not to be coerced. He says that the laws of the United States must be enforced against every individual of a State.

Of course, the State is composed of individuals within its limits, and if you enforce the laws and obligations of the federal government against each and every individual of the State you enforce them against a State. While, therefore, he says that a State is not to be coerced, he declares, in the same breath, his determination to enforce the laws of the Union, and therefore to coerce the State if a State goes out. There is the inconsistency, according to my idea, which I do not see how the President or anybody else can reconcile. That the federal government is to enforce its laws over the seceding State, and yet not coerce her into obedience, is to me incomprehensible.

But I did not rise, Mr. President, to discuss these questions in relation to the message; I rose in behalf of the State that I represent, as well as other southern States that are engaged in this movement, to accept the issue which the senator from New Hampshire has seen fit to tender—that is, of war. Sir, the southern States now moving in this matter are not doing it without due consideration. We have looked over the whole field. We believe that the only security for the insti-

tution to which we attach so much importance is secession and a southern confederacy. We are satisfied, notwithstanding the disclaimers upon the part of the Black Republicans to the contrary, that they intend to use the federal power when they get possession of it to put down and extinguish the institution of slavery in the southern States. I do not intend to enter upon the discussion of that point. That, however, is my opinion. It is the opinion of a large majority of those with whom I associate at home and I believe of the Southern people. Believing that this is the intention and object, the ultimate aim and design, of the Republican party, the Abolitionists of the North, we do not intend to stay in this Union until we shall become so weak that we shall not be able to resist when the time comes for resistance. Our true policy is the one which we have made up our minds to follow. Our true policy is to go out of this Union now, while we have strength to resist any attempt on the part of the federal government to coerce us.

I can tell the senator from New Hampshire, as well as all of his friends, when they talk about South Carolina going out, that she is not the only State that is going out. Her destiny is beyond doubt fixed. She is determined, in the graphic language of her distinguished senator, not here today [Mr. Hammond], to go out high, dry, and forever; and there are other States that intend to follow her example. So far as my own State is concerned, she is the last one in the series of those who have ordered conventions to act upon the subject; but although she is the last one of the five States whose decision will be made I have the confidence to assert here upon this floor that she will not be behind her sisters in the boldness, decision, and firmness of her action.

I am satisfied that South Carolina will resolve herself into

a separate, sovereign, and independent State before the Ides of January; that Florida and Mississippi, whose conventions are soon to meet, will follow the example of South Carolina; and that Alabama,—proud daughter of my own State,—actuated by a patriotism and pride, will follow this noble example which South Carolina will set to her sisters and will go out of the Union on the 7th of January. Then the Georgia convention follows on the 16th of that month; and if these other surrounding sisters shall take the step, Georgia will not be behind; and, sir, before the 4th of March—before you inaugurate your President—there will be certainly five States, if not eight of them, that will be out of the Union and have formed a constitution and frame of government for themselves.

As the senator from New Hampshire very properly remarked, it is time to look this thing in the face. The time is rolling rapidly to the consummation of these great objects; and in my opinion there is nothing this side of heaven that can prevent their consummation. You talk about concessions. You talk about repealing the personal liberty bills as a concession to the South. Repeal them all to-morrow, sir, and it would not stop the progress of this revolution. It is not your personal liberty bills that we dread. Those personal liberty bills are obnoxious to us, not on account of their practical operation, not because they prevent us from reclaiming our fugitive slaves, but as an evidence of that deep-seated, widespread hostility to our institutions, which must sooner or later end, in this Union, in their extinction. That is the reason we object to your personal liberty bills. It is not because that in their practical operation they ever do any harm. But, sir, if all the liberty bills were repealed to-day the South would no more gain her fugitive slaves than if they were

in existence. It is not the personal liberty laws; it is mob laws that we fear. It is the existence and action of the public sentiment of the northern States that are opposed to this institution of slavery and are determined to break it down—to use all the power of the federal government as well as every other power in their hands to bring about its ultimate and speedy extinction. That is what we apprehend and what in part moves us to look for security and protection in secession and a southern confederacy.

Nor do we suppose that there will be any overt acts upon the part of Mr. Lincoln. For one, I do not dread these overt acts. I do not propose to wait for them. Why, sir, the power of this federal government could be so exercised against the institution of slavery in the southern States that, without an overt act, the institution would not last ten years. We know that, sir; and seeing the storm which is approaching, although it may be seemingly in the distance, we are determined to seek our own safety and security before it shall burst upon us and overwhelm us with its fury when we are not in a situation to defend ourselves.

Now, sir, we intend to go out of this Union. I speak what I believe upon this floor, that, before the 4th of March, five of the southern States at least will have declared their independence; and I am satisfied that three others of the cotton States will follow as soon as the action of the people can be had. Arkansas, whose legislature is now in session, will in all probability call a convention at an early day. Louisiana will follow. Her legislature is to meet; and although there is a clog in the way of the Lone-Star State of Texas in the person of her governor, who will not consent to call her legislature together and give the people of that State an opportunity to act, yet the public sentiment in that State is so

decided in favor of this movement that even the governor will be overridden; and if he does not yield to public sentiment some Texan Brutus will arise to rid his country of the hoary-headed incubus that stands between the people and their sovereign will.

We intend, Mr. President, to go out peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must; but I do not believe, with the senator from New Hampshire, that there is going to be any war. If five or eight States go out they will necessarily draw all the other southern States after them. That is a consequence that nothing can prevent. If five or eight States go out of this Union I should like to see the man that would propose a declaration of war against them, or attempt to force them into obedience to the federal government at the point of the bayonet or the sword.

Sir, there has been a good deal of vaporing on this subject. A great many threats have been thrown out. I have heard them on this floor, and upon the floor of the other House of Congress; but I have also perceived this: they come from those who would be the very last men to attempt to put their threats into execution. Men talk sometimes about their eighteen million who are to whip us; and yet we have heard of cases in which just such men had suffered themselves to be switched in the face and trembled like sheep-stealing dogs, expecting to be shot every minute. These threats generally come from men who would be the last to execute them. Some of these northern editors talk about whipping the Southern States like spaniels. Brave words; but I venture to assert none of those men would ever volunteer to command an army to be sent down south to coerce us into obedience to federal power.

But, sir, there is to be no war. The northern States are controlled by sagacious men like the distinguished senator

from New York [Mr. Seward]. Where public opinion and action are thus controlled by men of common sense, who know well that they cannot succeed in a war against the southern States, no such attempt of coercion will be made. If one State alone was to go out, unsustained by her surrounding sister States, possibly war might ensue, and there might be an attempt made to coerce her, and that would give rise to civil war; but, sir, South Carolina is not to go out alone. In my opinion she will be sustained by all her southern sisters. They may not all go out immediately; but they will in the end join South Carolina in this important movement; and we shall, in the next twelve months, have a confederacy of the southern States, and a government inaugurated, and in successful operation, which in my opinion will be a government of the greatest prosperity and power that the world has ever seen. There will be no war in my opinion. Such an effort would be fruitless and men of sense know it.

There are but two instances in modern history in which a nation has been overcome by a foreign power. Hungary, with only eight million, was conquered by Austria, but it required the aid of the colossal power of Russia. Even then she would not have been conquered but for the treachery of one of her own sons. Mexico was conquered by the United States; but Mexico is a feeble nation, and her councils were distracted and her energies weakened by divisions among her people.

But, sir, the fifteen slave States, or even the five of them now moving, banded together in one government and united as they are soon to be, would defy the world in arms, much less the northern States of this confederacy. Fighting on our own soil, in defence of our own sacred rights and honor, we could not be conquered even by the combined forces of

all the other States; and sagacious, sensible men in the northern States would understand that too well to make the effort.

Besides, what would they gain if they conquered us? Would it be a union worth preserving which is maintained by force? No, sir. Like the President of the United States, no sensible man, no patriot, no one who is guided by proper counsels, will ever urge the policy of making war to bring back the seceding States at the point of the bayonet into the Union. I do not apprehend any war. But if the northern States or the federal government controlled by the counsels of the northern States shall attempt to coerce us, then war will come; and like the senator from New Hampshire, if he wants war, I say here to-day we are ready for it. We intend to prepare for war. We do not believe that war will ensue, but we are determined to prepare for it. A wise man will always prepare for any danger or contingency that may arise; and we are preparing for it. We will be prepared when the time comes. We will fight for our liberties, our rights, and our honor; and we are not a feeble race of Mexicans, either. I do not believe we shall have any treachery as Hungary had in her war with Austria and Russia. I believe we shall have a united people. United, as we shall be, in interest and in all that we hold dear, we do not dread war, except so far as the terrible consequences which always follow armed collisions. We know how much distress it brings.

But, sir, I apprehend that when we go out and form our confederacy—as I think and hope we shall do very shortly—the northern States or the federal government will see its true policy to be to let us go in peace and make treaties of commerce and amity with us, from which they will derive more advantages than from any attempt to coerce us. They cannot succeed in coercing us. If they allow us to form our

government without difficulty we shall be very willing to look upon them as a favored nation and give them all the advantages of commercial and amicable treaties. I have no doubt that both of us—certainly the southern States—would live better, more happily, more prosperously, and with greater friendship than we live now in this Union.

Sir, disguise the fact as you will, there is an enmity between the Northern and Southern people that is deep and enduring, and you never can eradicate it—never! Look at the spectacle exhibited on this floor. How is it? There are the Republican Northern senators upon that side. Here are the Southern senators on this side. How much social intercourse is there between us? You sit upon your side, silent and gloomy; we sit upon ours with knit brows and portentous scowls. Yesterday I observed that there was not a solitary man on that side of the chamber came over here even to extend the civilities and courtesies of life; nor did any of us go over there. Here are two hostile bodies on this floor; and it is but a type of the feeling that exists between the two sections. We are enemies as much as if we were hostile States. I believe that the Northern people hate the South worse than ever the English people hated France; and I can tell my brethren over there that there is no love lost upon the part of the South.

In this state of feeling, divided as we are by interest, by a geographical feeling, by everything that makes two people separate and distinct, I ask why we should remain in the same Union together? We have not lived in peace; we are not now living in peace. It is not expected or hoped that we shall ever live in peace. My doctrine is that whenever even man and wife find that they must quarrel and cannot live in peace they ought to separate; and these two sections—the North and South—manifesting, as they have done and do

now and probably will ever manifest, feelings of hostility, separated as they are in interests and objects, my own opinion is they can never live in peace; and the sooner they separate the better.

Sir, these sentiments I have thrown out crudely I confess, and upon the spur of the occasion. I should not have opened my mouth but that the senator from New Hampshire seemed to show a spirit of bravado, as if he intended to alarm and scare the southern States into a retreat from their movements. He says that war is to come and you had better take care, therefore. That is the purport of his language; of course those are not his words; but I understand him very well and everybody else, I apprehend, understands him that war is threatened and therefore the South had better look out. Sir, I do not believe that there will be any war; but if war is to come, let it come. We will meet the senator from New Hampshire and all the myrmidons of abolitionism and black republicanism everywhere, upon our own soil; and in the language of a distinguished member from Ohio in relation to the Mexican war, we will "welcome you with bloody hands to hospitable graves."

RUFUS CHOATE

RUFUS CHOATE, celebrated American statesman, lawyer, and orator, was born at Essex, Mass., Oct. 1, 1799, and died at Halifax, Nova Scotia, July 13, 1859. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1819, was admitted to the Bar in 1823, and, next to Daniel Webster, reached the highest place in the profession attained by any contemporary lawyer in New England. He was sent to Congress as a representative of Massachusetts in 1830, and reëlected two years later. When Daniel Webster became Secretary of State in Harrison's Cabinet, Choate took Webster's place in the Senate, and retained it until 1845. He died in his sixtieth year.

EULOGY ON WEBSTER[1]

WEBSTER possessed the element of an impressive character, inspiring regard, trust, and admiration, not unmingled with love. It had, I think, intrinsically a charm such as belongs only to a good, noble, and beautiful nature. In its combination with so much fame, so much force of will, and so much intellect, it filled and fascinated the imagination and heart. It was affectionate in childhood and youth, and it was more than ever so in the few last months of his long life. It is the universal testimony that he gave to his parents, in largest measure, honor, love, obedience; that he eagerly appropriated the first means which he could command to relieve the father from the debts contracted to educate his brother and himself; that he selected his first place of professional practice that he might soothe the coming on of his old age. . . .

Equally beautiful was his love of all his kindred and of all

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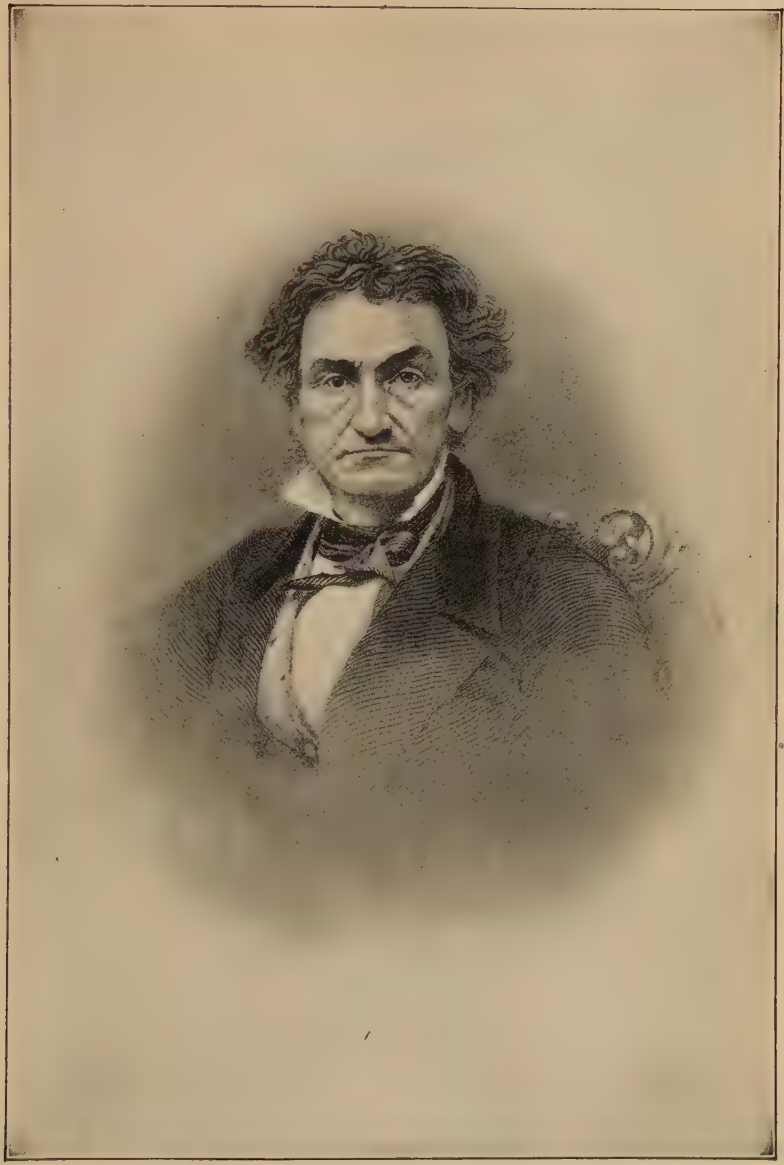

RUFUS CHOATE

his friends. When I hear him accused of selfishness, and a cold, bad nature, I recall him lying sleepless all night, not without tears of boyhood, conferring with Ezekiel how the darling desire of both hearts should be compassed, and he, too, admitted to the precious privileges of education; courageously pleading the cause of both brothers in the morning; prevailing by the wise and discerning affection of the mother; suspending his studies of the law, and registering deeds and teaching school to earn the means, for both, of availing themselves of the opportunity which the parental self-sacrifice had placed within their reach; loving him through life, mourning him when dead, with a love and a sorrow very wonderful, passing the sorrow of woman; I recall the husband, the father of the living and of the early departed, the friend, the counsellor of many years, and my heart grows too full and liquid for the refutation of words.

His affectionate nature, craving ever friendship, as well as the presence of kindred blood, diffused itself through all his private life, gave sincerity to all his hospitalities, kindness to his eye, warmth to the pressure of his hand; made his greatness and genius unbend themselves to the playfulness of childhood, flowed out in graceful memories indulged of the past or the dead, of incidents when life was young and promised to be happy,—gave generous sketches of his rivals, —the high contention now hidden by the handful of earth,— hours passed fifty years ago with great authors, recalled for the vernal emotions which then they made to live and revel in the soul. And from these conversations of friendship, no man—no man, old or young—went away to remember one word of profaneness, one allusion of indelicacy, one impure thought, one unbelieving suggestion, one doubt cast on the reality of virtue, of patriotism, of enthusiasm, of the progress

of man,—one doubt cast on righteousness, or temperance, or judgment to come.

Every one of his tastes and recreations announced the same type of character. His love of agriculture, of sports in the open air, of the outward world in starlight and storms, and sea and boundless wilderness,—partly a result of the influences of the first fourteen years of his life, perpetuated like its other affections and its other lessons of a mother's love,—the Psalms, the Bible, the stories of the wars,—partly the return of an unsophisticated and healthful nature, tiring, for a space, of the idle business of political life, its distinctions, its artificialities, to employments, to sensations which interest without agitating the universal race alike, as God has framed it, in which one feels himself only a man, fashioned from the earth, set to till it, appointed to return to it, yet made in the image of his Maker, and with a spirit that shall not die,—all displayed a man whom the most various intercourse with the world, the longest career of strife and honors, the consciousness of intellectual supremacy, the coming in of a wide fame, constantly enlarging, left, as he was at first, natural, simple, manly, genial, kind.

You will all concur, I think, with a learned friend who thus calls my attention to the resemblance of his character, in some of these particulars, to that of Walter Scott:—

"Nature endowed both with athletic frames, and a noble presence; both passionately loved rural life, its labors and sports; possessed a manly simplicity, free from all affectation, genial and social tastes, full minds, and happy elocution; both stamped themselves with indelible marks upon the age in which they lived; both were laborious, and always with high and virtuous aims, ardent in patriotism, overflowing with love of 'kindred blood,' and, above all, frank and unostentatious Christians."

I have learned by evidence the most direct and satisfactory, that in the last months of his life, the whole affectionateness of his nature; his consideration of others; his gentleness; his desire to make them happy and to see them happy, seemed to come out in more and more beautiful and habitual expression than ever before. The long day's public tasks were felt to be done; the cares, the uncertainties, the mental conflicts of high place, were ended; and he came home to recover himself for the few years which he might still expect would be his before he should go hence to be here no more. And there, I am assured and fully believe, no unbecoming regrets pursued him; no discontent, as for injustice suffered or expectations unfulfilled; no self-reproach for anything done or anything omitted by himself; no irritation, no peevishness unworthy of his noble nature; but instead, love and hope for his country, when she became the subject of conversation; and for all around him, the dearest and most indifferent, for all breathing things about him, the overflow of the kindest heart growing in gentleness and benevolence; paternal, patriarchal affections, seeming to become more natural, warm, and communicative every hour. Softer and yet brighter grew the tints on the sky of parting day; and the last lingering rays, more even than the glories of noon, announced how divine was the source from which they proceeded; how incapable to be quenched; how certain to rise on a morning which no night should follow.

Such a character was made to be loved. It was loved. Those who knew and saw it in its hour of calm—those who could repose on that soft green—loved him. His plain neighbors loved him; and one said, when he was laid in his grave, "How lonesome the world seems!" Educated young men loved him. The ministers of the gospel, the general in-

telligence of the country, the masses afar off, loved him. True, they had not found in his speeches, read by millions, so much adulation of the people; so much of the music which robs the public reason of itself; so many phrases of humanity and philanthropy; and some had told them he was lofty and cold,—solitary in his greatness; but every year they came nearer and nearer to him, and as they came nearer, they loved him better; they heard how tender the son had been, the husband, the brother, the father, the friend, and neighbor; that he was plain, simple, natural, generous, hospitable,—the heart larger than the brain; that he loved little children and reverenced God, the Scriptures, the Sabbath-day, the constitution, and the law,—and their hearts clave unto him. More truly of him than even of the great naval darling of England might it be said that "his presence would set the church-bells ringing, and give school-boys a holiday,—would bring children from school and old men from the chimney-corner, to gaze on him ere he died." The great and unavailing lamentation first revealed the deep place he had in the hearts of his countrymen.

You are now to add to this his extraordinary power of influencing the convictions of others by speech, and you have completed the survey of the means of his greatness. And here, again, I begin, by admiring an aggregate made up of excellences and triumphs, ordinarily deemed incompatible. He spoke with consummate ability to the bench, and yet exactly as, according to every sound canon of taste and ethics, the bench ought to be addressed. He spoke with consummate ability to the jury, and yet exactly as, according to every sound canon, that totally different tribunal ought to be addressed. In the halls of Congress, before the people assembled for political discussion in masses, before audiences

smaller and more select, assembled for some solemn commemoration of the past or of the dead,—in each of these, again, his speech, of the first form of ability, was exactly adapted, also, to the critical proprieties of the place; each achieved, when delivered, the most instant and specific success of eloquence,—some of them in a splendid and remarkable degree; and yet, stranger still, when reduced to writing, as they fell from his lips, they compose a body of reading,—in many volumes,—solid, clear, rich, and full of harmony,—a classical and permanent political literature.

And yet all these modes of his eloquence, exactly adapted each to its stage and its end, were stamped with his image and superscription, identified by characteristics incapable to be counterfeited and impossible to be mistaken. The same high power of reason, intent in every one to explore and display some truth; some truth of judicial, or historical, or biographical fact; some truth of law, deduced by construction, perhaps, or by illation; some truth of policy, for want whereof a nation, generations, may be the worse,—reason seeking and unfolding truth; the same tone, in all, of deep earnestness, expressive of strong desire that that which he felt to be important should be accepted as true, and spring up to action; the same transparent, plain, forcible, and direct speech, conveying his exact thought to the mind,—not something less or more; the same sovereignty of form, of brow, and eye, and tone, and manner,—everywhere the intellectual king of men, standing before you,—that same marvellousness of qualities and results, residing, I know not where, in words, in pictures, in the ordering of ideas, in felicities indescribable, by means whereof, coming from his tongue, all things seemed mended, —truth seemed more true, probability more plausible, greatness more grand, goodness more awful, every affection more

tender than when coming from other tongues,—these are, in all, his eloquence. But sometimes it became individualized and discriminated even from itself; sometimes place and circumstances, great interests at stake, a stage, an audience fitted for the highest historic action, a crisis, personal or national, upon him, stirred the depths of that emotional nature, as the anger of the goddess stirs the sea on which the great epic is beginning; strong passions, themselves kindled to intensity, quickened every faculty to a new life; the stimulated associations of ideas brought all treasures of thought and knowledge within command, the spell, which often held his imagination fast, dissolved, and she arose and gave him to choose of her urn of gold; earnestness became vehemence, the simple, perspicuous, measured, and direct language became a headlong, full, and burning tide of speech; the discourse of reason, wisdom, gravity, and beauty, changed to that Δεινότης, that rarest consummate eloquence,—grand, rapid, pathetic, terrible; the *aliquid immensum infinitumque* that Cicero might have recognized; the master triumph of man in the rarest opportunity of his noblest power.

Such elevation above himself, in congressional debate, was most uncommon. Some such there were in the great discussions of executive power following the removal of the deposits, which they who heard them will never forget, and some which rest in the tradition of hearers only. But there were other fields of oratory on which, under the influence of more uncommon springs of inspiration, he exemplified, in still other forms, an eloquence in which I do not know that he has had a superior among men. Addressing masses by tens of thousands in the open air, on the urgent political questions of the day, or designated to lead the meditations of an hour devoted to the remembrance of some national era, or of

some incident marking the progress of the nation, and lifting him up to a view of what is, and what is past, and some indistinct revelation of the glory that lies in the future, or of some great historical name, just borne by the nation to his tomb—we have learned that then and there, at the base of Bunker Hill, before the corner-stone was laid, and again when from the finished column the centuries looked on him; in Faneuil Hall, mourning for those with whose spoken or written eloquence of freedom its arches had so often resounded; on the Rock of Plymouth; before the Capitol, of which there shall not be one stone left on another before his memory shall have ceased to live—in such scenes, unfettered by the laws of forensic or parliamentary debate; multitudes uncounted lifting up their eyes to him; some great historical scenes of America around; all symbols of her glory and art and power and fortune there; voices of the past, not unheard; shapes beckoning from the future, not unseen—sometimes that mighty intellect, borne upwards to a height and kindled to an illumination which we shall see no more, wrought out, as it were, in an instant a picture of vision, warning, prediction; the progress of the nation; the contrasts of its eras; the heroic deaths; the motives to patriotism; the maxims and arts imperial by which the glory has been gathered and may be heightened—wrought out, in an instant, a picture to fade only when all record of our mind shall die.

In looking over the public remains of his oratory, it is striking to remark how, even in that most sober and massive understanding and nature, you see gathered and expressed the characteristic sentiments and the passing time of our America. It is the strong old oak which ascends before you; yet our soil, our heaven, are attested in it as perfectly as if it were a flower that could grow in no other climate and in

no other hour of the year or day. Let me instance in one thing only. It is a peculiarity of some schools of eloquence that they embody and utter, not merely the individual genius and character of the speaker, but a national consciousness—a national era, a mood, a hope, a dread, a despair—in which you listen to the spoken history of the time. There is an eloquence of an expiring nation, such as seems to sadden the glorious speech of Demosthenes; such as breathes grand and gloomy from the visions of the prophets of the last days of Israel and Judah; such as gave a spell to the expression of Grattan and of Kossuth—the sweetest, most mournful, most awful of the words which man may utter, or which man may hear—the eloquence of a perishing nation. There is another eloquence, in which the national consciousness of a young or renewed and vast strength, of trust in a dazzling, certain, and limitless future, an inward glorying in victories yet to be won, sounds out as by voice of clarion, challenging to contest for the highest prize of earth; such as that in which the leader of Israel in its first days holds up to the new nation the Land of Promise; such as that which in the well-imagined speeches scattered by Livy over the history of the "majestic series of victories" speaks the Roman consciousness of growing aggrandizement which should subject the world; such as that through which, at the tribunes of her revolution, in the bulletins of her rising soldier, France told to the world her dream of glory. And of this kind somewhat is ours; cheerful, hopeful, trusting, as befits youth and spring; the eloquence of a State beginning to ascend to the first class of power, eminence, and consideration, and conscious of itself. It is to no purpose that they tell you it is in bad taste; that it partakes of arrogance and vanity; that a true national good breeding would not know, or seem to know, whether the

nation is old or young; whether the tides of being are in their flow or ebb; whether these coursers of the sun are sinking slowly to rest, wearied with a journey of a thousand years, or just bounding from the Orient unbreathed. Higher laws than those of taste determine the consciousness of nations. Higher laws than those of taste determine the general forms of the expression of that consciousness. Let the downward age of America find its orators and poets and artists to erect its spirit, or grace and soothe its dying; be it ours to go up with Webster to the Rock, the Monument, the Capitol, and bid "the distant generations hail!"

In this connection remark, somewhat more generally, to how extraordinary an extent he had by his acts, words, thoughts, or the events of his life, associated himself forever in the memory of all of us, with every historical incident, or at least with every historical epoch; with every policy; with every glory; with every great name and fundamental institution, and grand or beautiful image, which are peculiarly and properly American. Look backwards to the planting of Plymouth and Jamestown; to the various scenes of colonial life in peace and war; to the opening and march and close of the revolutionary drama—to the age of the constitution; to Washington and Franklin and Adams and Jefferson; to the whole train of causes from the Reformation downwards, which prepared us to be Republicans; to that other train of causes which led us to be Unionists—look round on field, workshop, and deck, and hear the music of labor rewarded, fed, and protected—look on the bright sisterhood of the States, each singing as a seraph in her motion, yet blending in a common beam and swelling a common harmony—and there is nothing which does not bring him by some tie to the memory of America.

We seem to see his form and hear his deep grave speech everywhere. By some felicity of his personal life; by some wise, deep, or beautiful word spoken or written; by some service of his own, or some commemoration of the services of others, it has come to pass that "our granite hills, our inland seas and prairies, and fresh, unbounded, magnificent wilderness;" our encircling ocean; the resting-place of the Pilgrims; our new-born sister of the Pacific; our popular assemblies; our free schools; all our cherished doctrines of education, and of the influence of religion, and material policy and law, and the constitution, give us back his name. What American landscape will you look on; what subject of American interest will you study; what source of hope or of anxiety, as an American, will you acknowledge that it does not recall him?

I have reserved, until I could treat it as a separate and final topic, the consideration of the morality of Mr. Webster's public character and life. To his true fame—to the kind and degree of influence which that large series of great actions and those embodied thoughts of great intellect are to exert on the future—this is the all-important consideration. In the last speech which he made in the Senate—the last of those which he made, as he said, for the constitution and the Union, and which he might have commended, as Bacon his name and memory, "to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and the next ages"—yet with a better hope he asserted, "The ends I aim at shall be those of my country, my God, and truth." Is that praise his?

Until the seventh day of March, 1850, I think it would have been accorded to him by an almost universal acclaim, as general and as expressive of profound and intelligent conviction, and of enthusiasm, love, and trust, as ever saluted

conspicuous statesmanship, tried by many crises of affairs in a great nation, agitated ever by parties, and wholly free.

That he had admitted into his heart a desire to win, by deserving them, the highest forms of public honor, many would have said; and they who loved him most fondly and felt the truest solicitude that he should carry a good conscience and pure fame brightening to the end, would not have feared to concede. For he was not ignorant of himself; and he therefore knew that there was nothing within the Union, constitution, and law too high or too large or too difficult for him. He believed that his natural or his acquired abilities and his policy of administration would contribute to the true glory of America; and he held no theory of ethics which required him to disparage, to suppress, to ignore vast capacities of public service merely because they were his own. If the fleets of Greece were assembling and her tribes buckling on their arms from Laconia to Mount Olympus, from the promontory of Sunium to the isle farthest to the west, and the great epic action was opening, it was not for him to feign insanity or idiocy to escape the perils and the honor of command. But that all this in him had been ever in subordination to a principled and beautiful public virtue; that every sectional bias, every party tie, as well as every personal aspiring, had been uniformly held by him for nothing against the claims of country; that nothing lower than country seemed worthy enough—nothing smaller than country large enough—for that great heart, would not have been questioned by a whisper. Ah! if at any hour before that day he had died, how would then the great procession of the people of America—the great triumphal procession of the dead—have moved onward to his grave—the sublimity of national sorrow, not contrasted, not outraged by one feeble voice of calumny!

In that antecedent public life, embracing from 1812 to 1850—a period of thirty-eight years—I find grandest proofs of the genuineness and comprehensiveness of his patriotism, and the boldness and manliness of his public virtue. He began his career of politics as a Federalist. Such was his father—so beloved and revered; such his literary and professional companions; such, although by no very decisive or certain preponderance, the community in which he was bred and was to live. Under that name of party he entered Congress, personally, and by connection, opposed to the war, which was thought to bear with such extreme sectional severity upon the North and East. And yet one might almost say that the only thing he imbibed from Federalists or Federalism was love and admiration for the constitution as the means of union. That passion he did inherit from them; that he cherished.

He came into Congress, opposed, as I have said, to the war; and behold him, if you would judge of the quality of his political ethics, in opposition. Did those eloquent lips, at a time of life when vehemence and imprudence are expected, if ever, and not ungraceful, let fall ever one word of faction? Did he ever deny one power to the general government which the soundest expositors of all creeds have allowed it? Did he ever breathe a syllable which could excite a region, a State, a family of States, against the Union,—which could hold out hope or aid to the enemy?—which sought or tended to turn back or to chill the fiery tide of a new and intense nationality, then bursting up, to flow and burn till all things appointed to America to do shall be fulfilled? These questions, in their substance, he put to Mr. Calhoun, in 1838, in the Senate, and that great man—one of the authors of the war—just then, only then, in relations unfriendly to Mr. Webster, and who

had just insinuated a reproach on his conduct in the war, was silent. Did Mr. Webster content himself even with objecting to the details of the mode in which the administration waged the war? No, indeed. Taught by his constitutional studies that the Union was made in part for commerce, familiar with the habits of our long line of coast, knowing well how many sailors and fishermen driven from every sea by embargo and war, burned to go to the gun-deck and avenge the long wrongs of England on the element where she had inflicted them, his opposition to the war manifested itself by teaching the nation that the deck was her field of fame. *Non illi imperium pelagi sævumque tridentem, sed nobis, sorte datum.*

But I might recall other evidence of the sterling and unusual qualities of his public virtue. Look in how manly a sort he not merely conducted a particular argument or a particular speech, but in how manly a sort, in how high a moral tone, he uniformly dealt with the mind of his country. Politicians got an advantage of him for this while he lived; let the dead have just praise to-day. Our public life is one long electioneering, and even Burke tells you that at popular elections the most rigorous casuists will remit something of their severity. But where do you find him flattering his countrymen, indirectly or directly, for a vote? On what did he ever place himself but good counsels and useful service? His arts were manly arts, and he never saw a day of temptation when he would not rather fall than stand on any other. Who ever heard that voice cheering the people on to rapacity, to injustice, to a vain and guilty glory? Who ever saw that pencil of light hold up a picture of manifest destiny to dazzle the fancy? How anxiously rather, in season and out, by the energetic eloquence of his youth, by his counsels bequeathed on the verge of a timely grave, he preferred to teach that by

all possible acquired sobriety of mind, by asking reverently of the past, by obedience to the law, by habits of patient and legitimate labor, by the cultivation of the mind, by the fear and worship of God, we educate ourselves for the future that is revealing. Men said he did not sympathize with the masses, because his phraseology was rather of an old and simple school, rejecting the nauseous and vain repetitions of humanity and philanthropy and progress and brotherhood, in which may lurk heresies so dreadful, of socialism or disunion; in which a selfish, hollow, and shallow ambition may mask itself,—the siren song which would lure the pilot from his course. But I say that he did sympathize with them; and because he did he came to them not with adulation but with truth; not with words to please but with measures to serve them; not that his popular sympathies were less but that his personal and intellectual dignity and his public morality were greater.

And on the seventh day of March, and down to the final scene, might he not still say as ever before, that "all the ends he aimed at were his country's, his God's, and truth's." He declared, "I speak to-day for the preservation of the Union. Hear me for my cause. I speak to-day out of a solicitous and anxious heart for the restoration to the country of that quiet and harmony which make the blessings of this Union so rich and so dear to us all. These are the motives and the sole motives that influence me." If in that declaration he was sincere, was he not bound in conscience to give the counsels of that day? What were they? What was the single one for which his political morality was called in question? Only that a provision of the federal constitution ordaining the restitution of fugitive slaves should be executed according to its true meaning. This only. And might he not in good

conscience keep the constitution in this part and in all for the preservation of the Union?

Under his oath to support it and to support it all, and with his opinions of that duty so long held, proclaimed uniformly, in whose vindication on some great days he had found the chief opportunity of his personal glory, might he not in good conscience support it and all of it, even if he could not—and no human intelligence could certainly—know that the extreme evil would follow, in immediate consequence, its violation? Was it so recent a doctrine of his that the constitution was obligatory upon the national and individual conscience that you should ascribe it to sudden and irresistible temptation? Why, what had he, quite down to the seventh of March, that more truly individualized him?—what had he more characteristically his own?—wherewithal had he to glory more or other than all beside, than this very doctrine of the sacred and permanent obligation to support each and all parts of that great compact of union and justice? Had not this been his distinction, his speciality,—almost the foible of his greatness,—the darling and master passion ever? Consider that that was a sentiment which had been part of his conscious nature for more than sixty years; that from the time he bought his first copy of the constitution on the handkerchief, and revered parental lips had commended it to him with all other holy and beautiful things, along with lessons of reverence to God and the belief and love of his Scriptures, along with the doctrine of the catechism, the unequalled music of Watts, the name of Washington,—there had never been an hour that he had not held it the master-work of man,—just in its ethics, consummate in its practical wisdom, paramount in its injunctions; that every year of life had deepened the original impression; that as his mind opened and his as-

sociations widened he found that every one for whom he felt respect, instructors, theological and moral teachers, his entire party connection, the opposite party, and the whole country, so held it, too; that its fruits of more than half a century of union, of happiness, of renown, bore constant and clear witness to it in his mind, and that it chanced that certain emergent and rare occasions had devolved on him to stand forth to maintain it, to vindicate its interpretation, to vindicate its authority, to unfold its workings and uses; that he had so acquitted himself of that opportunity as to have won the title of its expounder and defender, so that his proudest memories, his most prized renown, referred to it and were entwined with it—and say whether with such antecedents, readiness to execute or disposition to evade, would have been the hardest to explain; likeliest to suggest the surmise of a new temptation! He who knows anything of man knows that his vote for beginning the restoration of harmony by keeping the whole constitution was determined, was necessitated, by the great law of sequences,—a great law of cause and effect running back to his mother's arms, as resistless as the law which moves the system about the sun,—and that he must have given it, although it had been opened to him in vision, that within the next natural day his "eyes should be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven."

To accuse him in that act of "sinning against his own conscience" is to charge one of these things: either that no well-instructed conscience can approve and maintain the constitution, and each of its parts, and therefore that his, by inference, did not approve it; or that he had never employed the proper means of instructing his conscience, and therefore its approval, if it were given, was itself an immorality. The accuser must assert one of these propositions. He will not

deny, I take it for granted, that the conscience requires to be instructed by political teaching in order to guide the citizen or the public man aright, in the matter of political duties. Will he say that the moral sentiments alone, whatever their origin—whether factitious and derivative, or parcel of the spirit of the child and born with it—that they alone, by force of strict and mere ethical training, become qualified to pronounce authoritatively whether the constitution, or any other vast and complex civil policy, as a whole, whereby a nation is created and preserved, ought to have been made or ought to be executed? Will he venture to tell you, that if your conscience approves the Union, the constitution in all its parts, and the law which administers it, that you are bound to obey and uphold them; and if it disapproves, you must, according to your measure, and in your circles of agitation, disobey and subvert them and leave the matter there—forgetting or designedly omitting to tell you also that you are bound in all good faith and diligence to resort to studies and to teachers *ab extra*—in order to determine whether the conscience ought to approve or disapprove the Union, the constitution, and the law, in view of the whole aggregate of their nature and fruits? Does he not perfectly know that this moral faculty, however trained, by mere moral institution, specifically directed to that end, to be tender, sensitive, and peremptory, is totally unequal to decide on any action or any thing but the very simplest; that which produces the most palpable and immediate result of unmixed good, or unmixed evil; and that when it comes to judge on the great mixed cases of the world, where the consequences are numerous, their development slow and successive, the light and shadow of a blended and multiform good and evil spread out on the lifetime of a nation, that then morality must borrow from history; from politics;

from reason operating on history and politics, her elements of determination? I think he must agree to this. He must agree, I think, that to single out one provision in a political system of many parts and of elaborate interdependence, to take it all alone, exactly as it stands and without attention to its origin and history; the necessities, morally resistless, which prescribed its introduction into the system, the unmeasured good in other forms which its allowance buys, the unmeasured evil in other forms which its allowance hinders—without attention to these, to present it in all "the nakedness of a metaphysical abstraction" to the mere sensibilities; and ask if it is not inhuman, and if they answer according to their kind, that it is, then to say that the problem is solved and the right of disobedience is made clear—he must agree that this is not to exalt reason and conscience but to outrage both. He must agree that although the supremacy of conscience is absolute whether the decision be right or wrong, that is, according to the real qualities of things or not, that there lies back of the actual conscience, and its actual decisions the great anterior duty of having a conscience that shall decide according to the real qualities of things; that to this vast attainment some adequate knowledge of the real qualities of the things which are to be subjected to its inspection is indispensable; that if the matter to be judged of is anything so large, complex, and conventional as the duty of the citizen, or the public man, to the State; the duty of preserving or destroying the order of things in which we are born; the duty of executing or violating one of the provisions of organic law which the country, having a wide and clear view before and after, had deemed a needful instrumental means for the preservation of that order; that then it is not enough to relegate the citizen, or the public man, to a higher law, and an in-

terior illumination, and leave him there. Such discourse is "as the stars, which give so little light because they are so high." He must agree that in such case morality itself should go to school. There must be science as well as conscience, as old Fuller has said. She must herself learn of history; she must learn of politics; she must consult the builders of the State, the living and the dead, to know its value, its aspects in the long run, on happiness and morals; its dangers; the means of its preservation; the maxims and arts imperial of its glory. To fit her to be the mistress of civil life, he will agree that she must come out for a space from the interior round of emotions, and subjective states and contemplations, and introspection, "cloistered, unexercised, unbreathed,"—and, carrying with her nothing but her tenderness, her scrupulosity, and her love of truth, survey the objective realities of the State; ponder thoughtfully on the complications, and impediments, and antagonisms which make the noblest politics but an aspiring, an approximation, a compromise, a type, a shadow of good to come, "the buying of great blessings at great prices,"—and there learn civil duty *secundum subjectam materiam.* "Add to your virtue knowledge"—or it is no virtue.

And now, is he who accuses Mr. Webster of "sinning against his own conscience," quite sure that he knows that that conscience—well instructed by profoundest political studies and thoughts of the reason, well instructed by an appropriate moral institution sedulously applied, did not commend and approve his conduct to himself? Does he know that he had not anxiously and maturely studied the ethics of the constitution, and as a question of ethics, but of ethics applied to a stupendous problem of practical life, and had not become satisfied that they were right? Does he know that he

had not done this when his faculties were all at their best and his motives under no suspicion? May not such an enquirer, for aught you can know, may not that great mind have verily and conscientiously thought that he had learned in that investigation many things? May he not have thought that he learned that the duty of the inhabitants of the free States, in that day's extremity, to the republic, the duty at all events of statesmen to the republic, is a little too large and delicate and difficult to be all comprehended in the single emotion of compassion for one class of persons in the commonwealth, or in carrying out the single principle of abstract and natural and violent justice to one class? May he not have thought that he found there some stupendous exemplifications of what we read of in books of casuistry, the "dialectics of conscience," as conflicts of duties; such things as the conflicts of the greater with the less; conflicts of the attainable with the visionary; conflicts of the real with the seeming; and may he not have been soothed to learn that the evil which he found in this part of the constitution was the least of two; was unavoidable; was compensated; was justified; was commanded, as by a voice from the Mount, by a more exceeding and enduring good? May he not have thought that he had learned that the grandest, most difficult, most pleasing to God, of the achievements of secular wisdom and philanthropy is the building of a State; that of the first class of grandeur and difficulty and acceptableness to him, in this kind, was the building of our own; that unless everybody of consequence enough to be heard of in the age and generation of Washington—unless that whole age and generation were in a conspiracy to cheat themselves, and history, and posterity, a certain policy of concession and forbearance of region to region was indispensable to rear that master-work of man; and that

that same policy of concession and forbearance is as indispensable, more so, now, to afford a rational ground of hope for its preservation? May he not have thought that he had learned that the obligation, if such in any sense you may call it, of one State to allow itself to become an asylum for those flying from slavery into another State, was an obligation of benevolence, of humanity only, not of justice; that it must therefore on ethical principles be exercised under all the limitations which regulate and condition the benevolence of States; that therefore each is to exercise it in strict subordination to its own interests, estimated by a wise statesmanship and a well-instructed public conscience; that benevolence itself, even its ministrations of mere good will, is an affair of measure and of proportions; and must choose sometimes between the greater good and the less; that if, to the highest degree, and widest diffusion of human happiness, a union of States such as ours, some free, some not so, was necessary; and to such union the constitution was necessary; and to such a constitution this clause was necessary, humanity itself prescribes it and presides in it? May he not have thought that he learned that there are proposed to humanity in this world many fields of beneficent exertion; some larger, some smaller, some more, some less expensive and profitable to till; that among these it is always lawful, and often indispensable, to make a choice; that sometimes, to acquire the right or the ability to labor in one, it is needful to covenant not to invade another; and that such covenant, in partial restraint, rather in reasonable direction of philanthropy is good in the forum of conscience; and setting out with these very elementary maxims of practical morals, may he not have thought that he learned from the careful study of the facts of our history and opinions that to acquire the power of advancing

the dearest interests of man, through generations countless, by that unequalled security of peace and progress, the Union; the power of advancing the interest of each State, each region, each relation—the slave and the master; the power of subjecting a whole continent all astir and on fire with the emulation of young republics; of subjecting it through ages of household calm to the sweet influences of Christianity, of culture, of the great, gentle, and sure reformer, time; that to enable us to do this, to enable us to grasp this boundless and ever-renewing harvest of philanthropy, it would have been a good bargain—that humanity herself would have approved it—to have bound ourselves never so much as to look across the line into the enclosure of Southern municipal slavery; certainly never to enter it; still less, still less, to—

> "Pluck its berries harsh and crude,
> And with forced fingers rude
> Shatter its leaves before the mellowing year."

Until the accuser who charges him, now that he is in his grave, with "having sinned against his conscience," will assert that the conscience of a public man may not, must not, be instructed by profound knowledge of the vast subject-matter with which public life is conversant—even as the conscience of the mariner may be and must be instructed by the knowledge of navigation; and that of the pilot by the knowledge of the depths and shallows of the coast; and that of the engineer of the boat and the train by the knowledge of the capacities of his mechanism to achieve a proposed velocity; and will assert that he is certain that the consummate science of our great statesman was felt by himself to prescribe to his morality another conduct than that which he adopted, and that he thus consciously outraged that "sense of duty which pursues us ever"—is he not inexcusable, whoever he is, that so judges another?

But it is time that this eulogy was spoken. My heart goes back into the coffin there with him and I would pause. I went—it is a day or two since—alone, to see again the home which he so dearly loved, the chamber where he died, the grave in which they laid him—all habited as when—

> "His look drew audience still as night,
> Or summer's noontide air."

till the heavens be no more. Throughout that spacious and calm scene all things to the eye showed at first unchanged. The books in the library, the portraits, the table at which he wrote, the scientific culture of the land, the course of agricultural occupation, the coming-in of harvests, fruit of the seed his own hand had scattered, the animals and implements of husbandry, the trees planted by him in lines, in copses, in orchards, by thousands, the seat under the noble elm on which he used to sit to feel the southwest wind at evening or hear the breathings of the sea or the not less audible music of the starry heavens, all seemed at first unchanged. The sun of a bright day from which however something of the fervors of midsummer were wanting, fell temperately on them all, filled the air on all sides with the utterances of life and gleamed on the long line of ocean. Some of those whom on earth he loved best still were there. The great mind still seemed to preside, the great presence to be with you; you might expect to hear again the rich and playful tones of the voice of the old hospitality. Yet a moment more, and all the scene took on the aspect of one great monument inscribed with his name and sacred to his memory. And such it shall be in all the future of America! The sensation of desolateness and loneliness and darkness with which you see it now will pass away; the sharp grief of love and friendship will become soothed; men will repair thither as they are wont to com-

memorate the great days of history; the same glance shall take in and the same emotions shall greet and bless the Harbor of the Pilgrims and the Tomb of Webster.

ORATION ON AMERICAN NATIONALITY[1]

DELIVERED IN BOSTON ON THE EIGHTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE, JULY 5, 1858

IT is well that in our year, so busy, so secular, so discordant, there comes one day when the word is, and when the emotion is, "Our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country."

It is well that law, our only sovereign on earth; duty, not less the daughter of God, not less within her sphere supreme; custom, not old alone, but honored and useful; memories; our hearts,—have set a time in which—scythe, loom, and anvil stilled, shops shut, wharves silent, the flag,—our flag unrent,—the flag of our glory and commemoration, waving on masthead, steeple, and highland—we may come together and walk hand in hand, thoughtful, admiring, through these galleries of civil greatness; when we may own together the spell of one hour of our history upon us all; when faults may be forgotten, kindnesses revived, virtues remembered and sketched unblamed; when the arrogance of reform, the excesses of reform, the strifes of parties, the rivalries of regions, shall give place to a wider, warmer, and juster sentiment; when, turning from the corners and dark places of offensiveness, if such the candle lighted by malignity, or envy, or censoriousness, or truth, has revealed anywhere,—when, turning from these. we may go up together to the serene and

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secret mountain-top, and there pause and there unite in the reverent exclamation and in the exultant prayer, "How beautiful at last are thy tabernacles! What people at last is like unto thee! Peace be within thy palaces and joy within thy gates! The high places are thine and there shalt thou stand proudly and innocently and securely."

Happy, if such a day shall not be desecrated by our service! Happy, if for us that descending sun shall look out on a more loving, more elevated, more united America! These, no less, no narrower, be the aims of our celebration. These always were the true aims of this celebration.

In its origin, a recital or defence of the grounds and principles of the Revolution, now demanding and permitting no defence, all taken for granted, and all had by heart; then sometimes wasted in a parade of vainglory, cheap and vulgar, sometimes profaned by the attack and repulse of partisan and local rhetoricians; its great work, its distinctive character, and its chief lessons, remain and vindicate themselves, and will do so while the eye of the fighting or the dying shall yet read on the stainless, ample folds the superscription blazing still in light, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

I have wished, therefore, as it was my duty, in doing myself the honor to join you in this act, to give some direction to your thoughts and feelings, suited at once to the nation's holiday and seasonable and useful in itself. How difficult this may be I know. To try, however, to try to do anything is easy, and it is American also. Your candor will make it doubly easy, and to your candor I commit myself.

The birthday of a nation, old or young, and certainly if young, is a time to think of the means of keeping alive the

nation. I do not mean to say, however, because I do not believe, that there is but one way to this, the direct and the didactic. For at last it is the spirit of the day which we would cherish. It is our great annual national love-feast which we keep; and if we rise from it with hearts larger, beating fuller, with feeling purer and warmer for America, what signifies it how frugally, or how richly, or how it was spread; or whether it was a strain on the organ, the trumpet tones of the Declaration, the prayer of the good man, the sympathy of the hour, or what it was which wrought to that end?

I do not therefore say that such an anniversary is not a time for thanksgiving to God, for gratitude to men, the living and the dead, for tears and thoughts too deep for tears, for eulogy, for exultation, for all the memories, and for all the contrasts which soften and lift up the general mind.

I do not say, for example, that to dwell on that one image of progress which is our history; that image so grand, so dazzling, so constant; that stream now flowing so far and swelling into so immense a flood, but which burst out a small, choked, uncertain spring from the ground at first; that transition from the Rock at Plymouth, from the unfortified peninsula at Jamestown, to this America which lays a hand on both the oceans,—from that heroic yet feeble folk whose allowance to a man by the day was five kernels of corn, for three months no corn, or a piece of fish, or a moldered remainder biscuit, or a limb of a wild bird; to whom a drought in spring was a fear and a judgment and a call for humiliation before God; who held their breath when a flight of arrows or a war-cry broke the innocent sleep or startled the brave watching,—from that handful, and that want, to these millions, whose area is a continent, whose harvests might load

the board of famishing nations, for whom a world in arms has no terror; to trace the long series of causes which connected these two contrasted conditions, the Providences which ordained and guided a growth so stupendous; the dominant race, sober, earnest, constructive,—changed, but not degenerate here; the influx of other races, assimilating, eloquent, and brave; the fusion of all into a new one; the sweet stimulations of liberty; the removal by the whole width of oceans from the establishments of Europe, shaken, tyrannical, or burdened; the healthful virgin world; the universal progress of reason and art,—universal as civilization; the aspect of revolutions on the human mind; the expansion of discovery and trade; the developing sentiment of independence; the needful baptism of wars; the brave men, the wise men; the constitution, the Union; the national life and the feeling of union which have grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength,—I do not say that meditations such as these might not teach or deepen the lesson of the day.

All these things, so holy and beautiful, all things American, may afford certainly the means to keep America alive. That vast panorama unrolled by our general history, or unrolling; that eulogy, so just, so fervent, so splendid, so approved; that electric, seasonable memory of Washington; that purchase and that dedication of the dwelling and the tomb, the work of woman and of the orator of the age; that record of his generals, that visit to battle-fields; that reverent wiping away of dust from great urns; that speculation, that dream of her past, present, and future; every ship builded on lake or ocean; every treaty concluded; every acre of territory annexed; every cannon cast; every machine invented; every mile of new railroad and telegraph undertaken; every dollar added to the aggregate of national or individual wealth,—

these all, as subjects of thought, as motives to pride and care, as teachers of wisdom, as agencies for probable good, may work, may ensure, that earthly immortality of love and glory for which this celebration was ordained.

My way, however, shall be less ambitious and less indirect. Think, then, for a moment on American nationality itself; the outward national life and the inward national sentiment. Think on this; its nature, and some of its conditions, and some of its ethics,—I would say, too, some of its dangers, but there shall be no expression of evil omen in this stage of the discourse; and to-day, at least, the word is safety, or hope.

To know the nature of American nationality, examine it first by contrast and then examine it in itself.

In some of the elemental characteristics of political opinion the American people are one. These they can no more renounce for substance than the highest summit of the highest of the White Hills, than the peak of the Alleghanies, than the Rocky Mountains can bow and cast themselves into the sea. Through all their history, from the dawn of the colonial life to the brightness of this rising, they have spoken them, they have written them, they have acted them, they have run over with them.

In all stages, in all agonies, through all report, good and evil,—some learning from the golden times of ancient and mediæval freedom, Greece, and Italy, and Geneva, from Aristotle, from Cicero and Bodinus, and Machiavel and Calvin; or later, from Harrington, and Sydney, and Rousseau; some learning, all reinforcing it directly from nature and nature's God—all have held and felt that every man was equal to every other man; that every man had a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and a conscience un-

fettered; that the people were the source of power, and the good of the people was the political object of society itself.

This creed, so grand, so broad,—in its general and duly qualified terms, so true,—planted the colonies, led them through the desert and the sea of ante-revolutionary life, rallied them all together to resist the attacks of a king and a minister, sharpened and pointed the bayonets of all their battles, burst forth from a million lips, beamed in a million eyes, burned in a million bosoms, sounded out in their revolutionary eloquence of fire and in the Declaration, awoke the thunders and gleamed in the lightning of the deathless words of Otis, Henry, and Adams, was graved for ever on the general mind by the pen of Jefferson and Paine, survived the excitements of war and the necessities of order, penetrated and tinged all our constitutional composition and policy, and all our party organizations and nomenclature, and stands to-day, radiant, defiant, jocund, tiptoe, on the summits of our greatness, one authoritative and louder proclamation to humanity by freedom, the guardian and the avenger.

But in some traits of our politics we are not one. In some traits we differ from one another, and we change from ourselves. You may say these are subordinate, executory, instrumental traits. Let us not cavil about names, but find the essences of things. Our object is to know the nature of American nationality, and we are attempting to do so, first, by contrasting it with its antagonisms.

There are two great existences, then, in our civil life, which have this in common, though they have nothing else in common, that they may come in conflict with the nationality which I describe; one of them constant in its operation, constitutional, healthful, auxiliary, even; the other rarer, illegitimate, abnormal, terrible; one of them a force under law;

the other a violence and a phenomenon above law and against law.

It is first the capital peculiarity of our system, now a commonplace in our politics, that the affections which we give to country we give to a divided object, the States in which we live and the Union by which we are enfolded. We serve two masters. Our hearts own two loves. We live in two countries at once, and are commanded to be capacious of both. How easy it is to reconcile these duties in theory; how reciprocally, more than compatible, how helpful and independent they are in theory; how in this respect our system's difference makes our system's peace, and from these blended colors, and this action and counteraction, how marvellous a beauty and how grand a harmony we draw out, you all know. Practically you know, too, the adjustment has not been quite so simple. How the constitution attempts it is plain enough. There it is; *litera scripta manet;* and heaven and earth shall pass before one jot or one tittle of that Scripture shall fail of fulfilment.

So we all say, and yet how men have divided on it. How they divided in the great convention itself, and in the very presence of Washington. How the people divided on it. How it has created parties, lost and given power, bestowed great reputations and taken them away, and colored and shaken the universal course of our public life! But have you ever considered that in the nature of things this must be so?

Have you ever considered that it was a federative system we had to adopt, and that in such a system a conflict of head and members is in some form and to some extent a result of course? There the States were when we became a nation. There they have been for one hundred and fifty years—for one hundred and seventy years. Some power; it was agreed

on all hands, we must delegate to the new government. Of some thunder, some insignia, some beams, some means of kindling pride, winning gratitude, attracting honor, love, obedience, friends, all men knew they must be bereaved and they were so.

But when this was done there were the States still. In the scheme of every statesman they remained a component part, unannihilated, indestructible. In the scheme of the constitution, of compromise itself, they remained a component part, indestructible. In the theories of all publicists and all speculators they were retained, and they were valued for it, to hinder and to disarm that centralization which had been found to be the danger and the weakness of federal liberty.

And then when you bear in mind that they are sovereignties, quasi, but sovereignties still; that one of the most dread and transcendent prerogatives of sovereignties, the prerogative to take life and liberty for crime, is theirs without dispute; that in the theories of some schools they may claim to be parties to the great compact, and as such may, and that any of them may, secede from that compact when by their corporate judgment they deem it to be broken fundamentally by the others, and that from such a judgment there is no appeal to a common peaceful umpire; that in the theories of some schools they may call out their young men and their old men under the pains of death to defy the sword-point of the federal arm; that they can pour around even the gallows and the tomb of him who died for treason to the Union honor, opinion, tears, and thus sustain the last untimely hour and soothe the disembodied, complaining shade; that every one, by name, by line of boundary, by jurisdiction, is distinct from every other and every one from the nation; that within their inviolate borders lie our farms, our homes, our meeting-houses,

our graves; that their laws, their courts, their militia, their police, to so vast an extent protect our persons from violence, and our homes from plunder; that their heaven ripens our harvests; their schools form our children's mental and moral nature; their charities or their taxes feed our poor; their hospitals cure or shelter our insane; that their image, their opinions, their literature, their morality are around us ever, a presence, a monument, an atmosphere—when you consider this you feel how practical and how inevitable is that antagonism to a single national life, and how true it is that we "buy all our blessings at a price."

But there is another antagonism to such a national life, less constant, less legitimate, less compensated, more terrible, to which I must refer,—not for reprobation, nor for warning, not even for grief, but that we may know by contrast nationality itself,—and that is the element of sections.

This, too, is old; older than the States, old as the colonies, old as the churches that planted them, old as Jamestown, old as Plymouth. A thousand forms disguise and express it and in all of them it is hideous. *Candidum seu nigrum hoc tu Romane caveto.* Black or white, as you are Americans, dread it, shun it!

Springing from many causes and fed by many stimulations; springing from that diversity of climate, business, institutions, accomplishment, and morality, which comes of our greatness and compels and should constitute our order and our agreement, but which only makes their difficulty and their merit; from that self-love and self-preference which are their own standard, exclusive, intolerant, and censorious of what is wise and holy; from the fear of ignorance, the jealousy of ignorance, the narrowness of ignorance; from incapacity to abstract, combine, and grasp a complex and various object,

and thus rise to the dignity of concession and forbearance and compromise; from the frame of our civil polity, the necessities of our public life and the nature of our ambition, which forces all men not great men—the minister in his parish, the politician on the stump on election day, the editor of the party newspaper—to take his rise or his patronage from an intense local opinion, and therefore to do his best to create or reinforce it; from our federative government; from our good traits, bad traits, and foolish traits; from that vain and vulgar hankering for European reputation and respect for European opinion, which forgets that one may know Aristophanes, and Geography, and the Cosmical Unity and Telluric influences, and the smaller morals of life, and all the sounding pretensions of philanthropy, and yet not know America; from that philosophy, falsely so called, which boasts emptily of progress, renounces traditions, denies God and worships itself; from an arrogant and flashy literature which mistakes a new phrase for a new thought, and old nonsense for new truth, and is glad to exchange for the fame of drawing-rooms and parlor windows, and the sidelights of a car in motion, the approval of time and the world; from philanthropy which is short-sighted, impatient, and spasmodic, and cannot be made to appreciate that its grandest and surest agent, in his eye whose lifetime is eternity, and whose periods are ages, is a nation and a sober public opinion and a safe and silent advancement, reforming by time; from that spirit which would rule or ruin and would reign in hell rather than serve in heaven; springing from these causes and stimulated thus, there is an element of regions antagonistic to nationality.

Always, I have said, there was one; always there will be. It lifted its shriek sometimes even above the silver clarion

tone that called millions to unite for independence. It resisted the nomination of Washington to command our armies; made his new levies hate one another; assisted the caballings of Gates and Conway; mocked his retreats, and threw its damp passing cloud for a moment over his exceeding glory; opposed the adoption of any constitution; and perverted by construction and denounced as a covenant with hell the actual constitution when it was adopted; brought into our vocabulary and discussions the hateful and ill-omened words North and South, Atlantic and Western, which the grave warnings of the Farewell Address expose and rebuke; transformed the floor of Congress into a battlefield of contending local policy; convened its conventions at Abbeville and Hartford; rent asunder conferences and synods; turned stated assemblies of grave clergymen and grave laymen into shows of gladiators or of the beasts of gladiators; checked the holy effort of missions and set back the shadow on the dial-plate of a certain amelioration and ultimate probable emancipation many degrees. Some might say it culminated later in an enterprise even more daring still; but others might deny it.

The ashes upon that fire are not yet cold, and we will not tread upon them. But all will unite in prayer to Almighty God that we may never see, nor our children, nor their children to the thousandth generation may ever see it culminate in a geographical party, banded to elect a geographical President and inaugurate a geographical policy.

"Take any shape but that, and thou art welcome!"

But now, by the side of this and all antagonisms, higher than they, stronger than they, there rises colossal the fine sweet spirit of nationality, the nationality of America! See there the pillar of fire which God has kindled and lifted and moved

for our hosts and our ages. Gaze on that, worship that, worship the highest in that.

Between that light and our eyes a cloud for a time may seem to gather; chariots, armed men on foot, the troops of kings may march on us, and our fears may make us for a moment turn from it; a sea may spread before us and waves seem to hedge us up; dark idolatries may alienate some hearts for a season from that worship; revolt, rebellion, may break out in the camp, and the waters of our springs may run bitter to the taste and mock it; between us and that Canaan a great river may seem to be rolling; but beneath that high guidance our way is onward, ever onward; those waters shall part and stand on either hand in heaps; that idolatry shall repent; that rebellion shall be crushed; that stream shall be sweetened; that overflowing river shall be passed on foot dry-shod in harvest time; and from that promised land of flocks, fields, tents, mountains, coasts and ships, from north and south, and east and west, there shall swell one cry yet, of victory, peace and thanksgiving!

EARL OF DERBY

EDWARD GEORGE GEOFFREY SMITH STANLEY, 14th Earl of Derby, British statesman and premier, happily styled by Bulwer-Lytton, "the Rupert of Debate," was born at Knowsley, Lancashire, March 29, 1799, and died there Oct. 23, 1869. He was educated at Christ Church College, Oxford, and entered Parliament in 1820. He did not, however, speak in the House until 1824, when he was heard on a variety of subjects and exhibited force and skill as a parliamentary debater. He became chief secretary for Ireland, and heartily supported the Reform bill in the stormy parliamentary sessions of the era. In 1833, he was appointed colonial secretary and was alike zealous and eloquent in carrying out the measures for slave emancipation. Owing to the position taken by the Whigs on the Irish Church question, he left their ranks and during Peel's administration was colonial secretary, 1841–45. Becoming Baron Stanley in 1844, he entered the House of Lords, where he was a recognized leader of the Conservatives, as well as one of the most brilliant speakers in the Upper House. On the death of his father, in 1851, he succeeded to the earldom of Derby. In 1852, for a few months, he was prime minister, and again, in the year between 1858–59, and after the resignation of Lord Russell's ministry, in 1866, was for the third time called upon to form a cabinet, and remained premier until his resignation, in 1868. The most important event of his third administration was the passage of the Household Suffrage bill. After his resignation, he continued to frequent the Upper House, speaking often and forcibly against the disestablishment of the Irish Church; his oratory, often brilliant and always clear, was logical and impressive. In literature his scholarship was manifest in his blank-verse translations of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" which were much admired for their poetic qualities. Politics, observed a writer, was with him "more of a gladiatorial display than a practical science. Yet on more than one occasion during his career he held the fate of ministries in his hand. There might be greater statesmen, men of larger breadth of view and wider capacity, as well as men surpassing him in the power of grasping details and initiating legislation, but there have been few more fascinating political leaders."

SPEECH ON SLAVE EMANCIPATION

I AM aware that we have been often taunted with our ignorance of the negro character; my belief is that any man may inform himself sufficiently on that point, and that we commit a grievous error when we suppose that the moral circumstances attendant upon slavery have so changed the physical character of the negro as to unfit him for freedom. It is a most dangerous error to attribute that to the physical

qualities of the negro which results solely from the moral conditions which slavery has superinduced. It yet remains to be seen whether the negro is less industrious or less anxious to better his condition than other men. We are, however, told to look at the manumitted negroes, and we are taunted with the fact that not twenty negroes of those manumitted have ever returned to field labor. I very much doubt if altogether so many as twenty field negroes have ever been manumitted. From 1817 to the present time it does not appear that above 14,163 were manumitted altogether; three fourths of these were females; and I can have very little difficulty in imagining the motives which led to the manumission of those and to the manumission likewise of their male children. The remaining fourth were made up chiefly of domestic slaves and of mechanics; none of these were brought up to field labor, and it is no matter of surprise that when manumitted they should not have turned to that, the most degrading of the employments in which negroes are engaged.

The whole of this argument amounts to saying that the negroes are not fit for emancipation and that we must wait until they are; and that argument, if it be good for anything, goes too far; for it proceeds to the indefinite conclusion that we must postpone emancipation, not for ten or twenty or thirty years, but to some period no one can say how remote. I know that people will tell me we do not wish to perpetuate slavery—we merely wish to postpone it till the negroes are fit for freedom—till they manifest a disposition for laborious industry sufficient to qualify them for the privileges of free men. That argument, if it proves anything, proves too much. Do men ever show a disposition to labor until population presses upon food; and will that ever take place so long as the depopulating influence of slavery prevails? We are told

that the negroes own no domestic ties; nor will they so long as you keep them in that state of slavery which debases their principles, and which deprives them of foresight, and which takes away from them the motives to industry. The slaves have no education, and you deny them any; for, as slaves, they can have none. They have hitherto been treated as chattels attached to the soil—do you think they can be made fit for freedom till freedom has exercised its influence upon their minds and upon their moral character?

The treatment of the West India negroes is a stain upon a Christian age and upon a country professing itself Christian. If the slaves be made acquainted with religion they must learn that slavery is inconsistent with the Christian religion; and will you shut out religion in order that you may maintain slavery? Other countries have read us a severe lesson upon this subject. In colonies belonging to Catholic countries no man was allowed to possess a slave who did not provide the means of instructing him in the Catholic faith. Be that, however, as it may, this I will say, that this House will ill discharge its duty if it does not forthwith put forth a declaration of religious freedom as respects the colonies and does not compel the local authorities to leave to every negro within their limits the free, independent, and inviolable right of adopting whatever form of Christianity he may think proper.

The next point to which I mean to advert is the evidence of Mr. Dumas, himself a man of color, and who had the best opportunities of forming an opinion upon such subjects; because a case fell under his observation at Antigua of an experiment made upon 371 captured negroes and 36 freehold escheated slaves, which bore directly on this part of the question. If there were any case in which such an experiment could be made under favorable circumstances, it must cer-

tainly be when Africans newly captured and unaccustomed to slavery were to be maintained and regulated according to the manners of the inhabitants of civilized countries. Yet the result of this experiment at Antigua was such as I think the House will say afforded a convincing proof of the fitness of the negro for speedy emancipation. With the exception of a single case of petty larceny, the manumitted slaves had, up to July last, when he left the island, been guilty of no breach of the laws whatever. Their industry, as he stated, was remarkable, as well as the avidity with which they endeavored to obtain the possession of property, and the eagerness with which they copied the dress, the manners, and the speech of the Creoles. In some instances they had even the the advantage of the Creoles; and most of the laborious works at St. Johns were performed by them. They had gone on so prosperously and so diligently in their career of industry that many of them had purchased their own houses; and out of the 371 captured slaves only one man and five women had been returned upon the bounty of the crown; these, too, being induced to do so by medical advice, as no longer able from age or infirmity to gain their own living.

There was a still more remarkable instance of the same kind in the Bahamas. There the slave population was not regarded by themselves, but by the freemen of the islands, as no longer belonging to the class of slaves, but as already half free. A gallant admiral has spoken of what he saw in the Bahamas and in the island of Cuba, where the soil was not only highly cultivated for raising the necessaries of life, but a large quantity of sugar was raised by free labor.

With respect to the case of the inhabitants of St. Domingo, in my mind it proves nothing at all. If we consider the horrors of their long struggle for liberty; if we call to mind

the uncertainty which hung over every species of property; if we remember the driving out of all the capital formerly employed in the cultivation of the island; if we add to these the ruin of every species of manufacture; if, under all these circumstances, the cultivation of sugar had been diminished, it would not be at all surprising. But the House will recollect that though sugar is not extensively exported from St. Domingo, yet sugar is very assiduously cultivated, as well as other necessaries and conveniences of life; and all this is done by the mass of free laborers, working on their own account.

I have a still stronger instance to adduce—the only instance indeed of the gradual emancipation of a slave population on a large scale with complete and entire success; and if I appear to dilate too much upon this topic the House will perhaps excuse me, considering the importance of the subject, when I state that ever since the plan for the emancipation of the West India slaves has been proposed I have had an opportunity of conversing with a person who could give me the most important information on the subject—I mean the president of Venezuela, who in 1821, the year in which the measure of emancipation was first put into operation, was the protector of slaves at Caraccas and consequently had the best possible opportunity of seeing what was done.

In 1821 it was determined by General Bolivar to carry into effect a general measure of emancipation. It had previously been a rule that such slaves as took part in the struggle against Spain should be liberated; but in 1821 it was resolved to proceed upon a general plan. For this purpose a fund was created for the purpose of redeeming the slaves, principally from a tax upon the proceeds of intestate estates. At the same time a tariff of the value of slaves was determined. They then proceeded to redeem the slaves. The older slaves

were first redeemed and those whose redemption cost the smallest sums of money; they next proceeded to purchase such as had the best claims in point of character; and they went on steadily in this course; so that, whereas in 1821 the number of slaves in Venezuela was 100,000, at the time of which I speak they were reduced to 25,000. This is an instance which must be extremely valuable to the House in its discussions upon this subject. Even in Venezuela there was no immediate measure of emancipation. A course was laid down—the certainty was given to the slave of ultimately attaining his freedom—and those who laid down the plan, which has proved so successful, did not fail to persevere in the course which has led to that success. Eager to take advantage of the opportunity thrown into my way by my interview with this gentleman, I put some questions to him upon such topics as seemed likely to afford useful information to me and to the House, for the purpose of directing us in the business of legislation on this important question.

The first objection which struck me against this plan was the jealousy of the unemancipated slaves against their more fortunate brethren. I therefore asked him, "What was the effect upon the minds of those whom you left in slavery at the time when you redeemed the others?" "There was not the slightest jealousy," was his reply, "their condition was not wretched—they had indulgent masters—masters rendered more indulgent by the prospective freedom of their slaves. Still liberty was the object of their wishes; but seeing that they were sure in their turn to reap the same advantages they were content to wait in patience." But as any assumption of superiority on the part of the emancipated slave might have in time destroyed this feeling, I asked a second question: "What effect had the acquisition of freedom upon the eman-

cipated slaves themselves? Did they feel any sense of degradation in mixing with those who had formerly been their companions? Had they any reluctance in joining them in the labors of agriculture?" "None in the least," he said, "if there be any difference between the free laborer and the slave, working on the same estate, it is only that the free laborer works with greater energy." The last question which I put to him was: "What effect had this substitution of free for slave labor upon the agriculture of the country?" "In 1821," he replied, "when the measure first came into operation, agriculture was reduced to the lowest ebb; it is now flourishing." In corroboration of this statement he showed me a letter from the treasurer of Venezuela, a near relation of a gentleman, a member of this House, in which it is stated that in the article of sugar, so far from any deterioration having taken place, the cultivation of it had only begun since 1821. Till there was a free laboring population in Venezuela not a single pound was raised in Venezuela. Now that country has begun to furnish Curacoa with sugar, and Trinidad—the English island of Trinidad—with rum, which is sold as, or declared to be equal to, the best Jamaica rum.

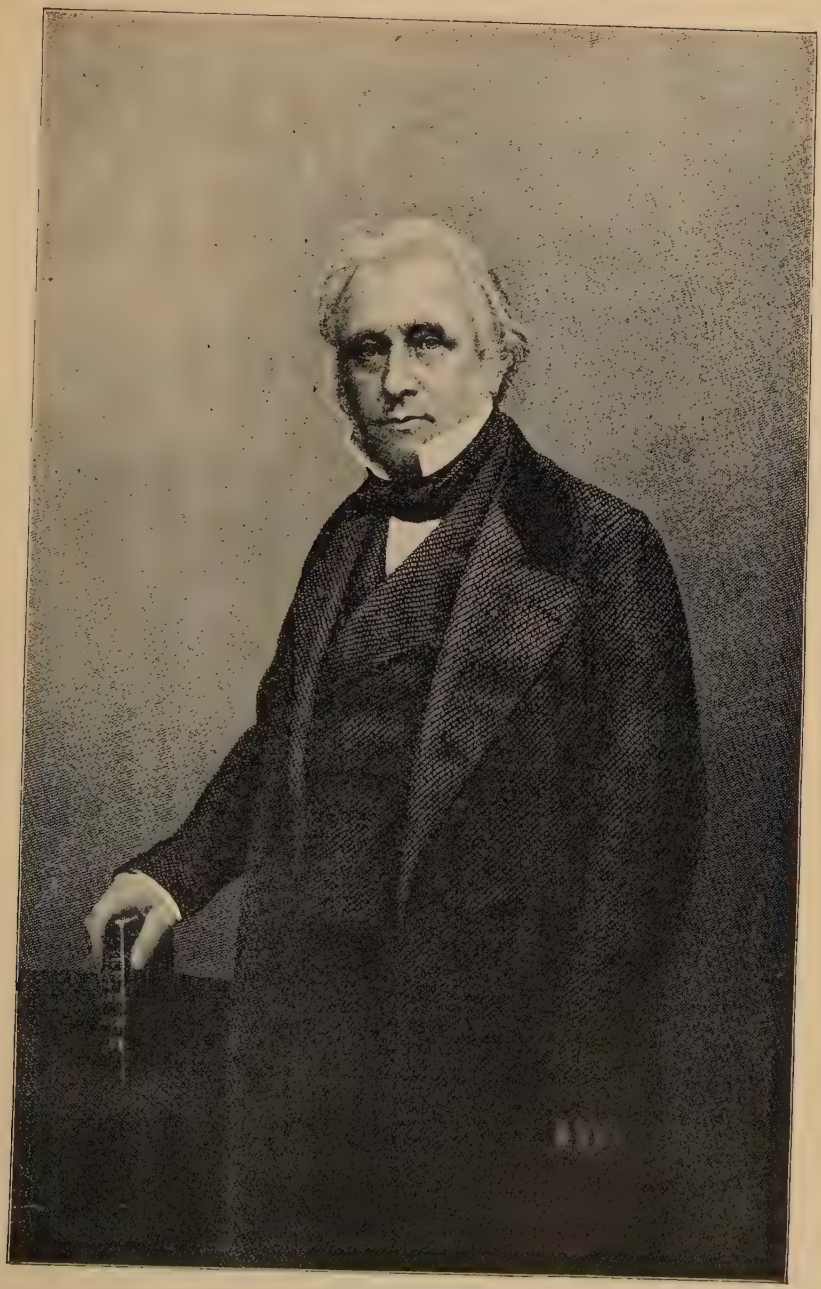
Having thus stated in detail what I conceive to be the real circumstances of the case, having particularized the position in which this country is placed, which renders it impossible upon this point that the legislature should stand still, even if it would; having shown, from the events which have taken place in other colonies, that perseverance in our system is replete with danger; having dwelt upon the facts which are detailed in official documents, and stated the repugnance of the colonial legislature to take any effectual step, either for the immediate or the gradual abolition of slavery; having proved, in my opinion, the absolute and imperative necessity

by which this House is bound to advance calmly, but resolutely and determinedly, to the one great object, the ultimate and complete abolition—to the utter destruction of the last vestige of colonial slavery; having stated all this I now proceed to lay before the House the means by which this great object may, in my judgment, be effected, not without danger (for that can hardly be), but with the least danger that may be.

I will not enter now into all the details of the measure. I will merely show the outline of the measure which I intend to propose—a measure no doubt susceptible of amendments and modifications; for it is impossible that any government can propose a plan, particularly in so complicated a matter, which shall be in every respect unexceptionable, which shall not be liable to many great and grave objections; but the proposed measure is open to the consideration and the judgment of this House and of the country; and our wish is to try, if, by any means, we can reconcile contending interests and conflicting claims; if we can effect that great, that hallowed object—the extinction of slavery throughout every country that owes allegiance to the British crown.

LORD MACAULAY

THOMAS BABINGTON, BARON MACAULAY, eminent English historian, essayist, poet, and statesman, was born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, Oct. 25, 1800, and died at Kensington, London, Dec. 28, 1859. The son of Zachary Macaulay, who at one time was governor of Sierra Leone, he was educated at Clapham, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he won a scholarship and the chancellor's medal for English verse, and graduated in 1822, two years later being elected a Fellow of his college. At college he made a reputation for himself as a great debater and public speaker, as well as a contributor to Knight's "Quarterly Magazine." In 1825, his notable essay on Milton appeared in the "Edinburgh Review," and in the following year he was called to the Bar. Despite his bent toward literature and his gifts as a brilliant prose writer, Macaulay entered Parliament, where his powers of oratory manifested themselves in speeches on Reform and other liberal measures, including one in which he took part for removing the civil disabilities of the Jews. In 1834, he proceeded to India as legal adviser to the Supreme Council at Calcutta, where he remained for four years, meanwhile compiling a new penal code for India, and writing his essays on Bacon and on Sir James Mackintosh. To his residence in India, and the impress it made upon the writer's mind, we also owe the two brilliant essays on Lord Clive and on Warren Hastings. On his return, he reëntered Parliament as member for Edinburgh, and became Secretary of War and Paymaster-General, with a seat in the Cabinet. In 1842, appeared his dashing "Lays of Ancient Rome," with additional essays, and later on he published his popular "History of England from the Accession of James II." Subsequent volumes of this entertaining work were issued in 1855-59, and were received with enthusiasm by readers. The narrative, by its vigor, animation, and felicity of style, justified the unprecedented sale the history met with. In 1857, its brilliant author was made a Peer. As an orator, Macaulay manifests many of the characteristics of his work as an historian and essayist—his enthusiasm, animation, and thoroughly English spirit, his phenomenal command of illustration, and a staccato style, noted in the sharp, short form of the sentence, made pleasing and interesting by the knack of balanced antitheses. In his famous history, we have the firm hand of the robust rhetorician, but never the soft touch of the idealist or poet. Macaulay had no acute sensibilities; and hence in his prose there is little of humor and less of pathos. Yet every page is instinct with life, bright with color, and affluent of illustration. From every nook of literature he brings something to enrich his narrative and ornament his work.



THOMAS BABINGTON **MACAULAY**

SPEECH ON PARLIAMENTARY REFORM

DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, MARCH 2, 1831

IT IS a circumstance, sir, of happy augury for the motion before the House, that almost all those who have opposed it have declared themselves hostile on principle to parliamentary reform. Two members, I think, have confessed that, though they disapprove of the plan now submitted to us, they are forced to admit the necessity of a change in the representative system. Yet even those gentlemen have used, as far as I have observed, no arguments which would not apply as strongly to the most moderate change as to that which has been proposed by his Majesty's government. I say, sir, that I consider this as a circumstance of happy augury. For what I feared was not the opposition of those who are averse to all reform, but the disunion of reformers. I knew that, during three months, every reformer had been employed in conjecturing what the plan of the government would be. I knew that every reformer had imagined in his own mind a scheme differing doubtless in some points from that which my noble friend, the paymaster of the forces, has developed. I felt, therefore, great apprehension that one person would be dissatisfied with one part of the bill, that another person would be dissatisfied with another part, and that thus our whole strength would be wasted in internal dissensions. That apprehension is now at an end. I have seen with delight the perfect concord which prevails among all who deserve the name of reformers in this House; and I trust that I may consider it as an omen of the concord which will prevail among reformers

throughout the country. I will not, sir, at present express any opinion as to the details of the bill; but, having during the last twenty-four hours given the most diligent consideration to its general principles, I have no hesitation in pronouncing it a wise, noble, and comprehensive measure, skilfully framed for the healing of great distempers, for the securing at once of the public liberties and of the public repose, and for the reconciling and knitting together of all the orders of the state.

The honorable baronet who has just sat down[1] has told us that the ministers have attempted to unite two inconsistent principles in one abortive measure. Those were his very words. He thinks, if I understand him rightly, that we ought either to leave the representative system such as it is, or to make it perfectly symmetrical. I think, sir, that the ministers would have acted unwisely if they had taken either course. Their principle is plain, rational, and consistent. It is this, to admit the middle class to a large and direct share in the representation, without any violent shock to the institutions of our country. I understand those cheers; but surely the gentlemen who utter them will allow that the change which will be made in our institutions by this bill is far less violent than that which, according to the honorable baronet, ought to be made if we make any reform at all. I praise the ministers for not attempting at the present time to make the representation uniform. I praise them for not effacing the old distinction between the towns and the counties, and for not assigning members to districts, according to the American practice, by the rule of three. The government has, in my opinion, done all that was necessary for the removing of a great practical evil, and no more than was necessary.

I consider this, sir, as a practical question. I rest my opin-

[1] Sir John Walsh.

ion on no general theory of government. I distrust all general theories of government. I will not positively say that there is any form of polity which may not, in some conceivable circumstances, be the best possible. I believe that there are societies in which every man may safely be admitted to vote. Gentlemen may cheer, but such is my opinion. I say, sir, that there are countries in which the condition of the laboring classes is such that they may safely be intrusted with the right of electing members of the legislature. If the laborers of England were in that state in which I, from my soul, wish to see them, if employment were always plentiful, wages always high, food always cheap, if a large family were considered not as an encumbrance but as a blessing, the principal objections to universal suffrage would, I think, be removed. Universal suffrage exists in the United States without producing any very frightful consequences; and I do not believe that the people of those States, or of any part of the world, are in any good quality naturally superior to our own countrymen. But, unhappily, the laboring classes in England, and in all old countries, are occasionally in a state of great distress. Some of the causes of this distress are, I fear, beyond the control of the government. We know what effect distress produces, even on people more intelligent than the great body of the laboring classes can possibly be. We know that it makes even wise men irritable, unreasonable, credulous, eager for immediate relief, heedless of remote consequences. There is no quackery in medicine, religion, or politics which may not impose even on a powerful mind, when that mind has been disordered by pain or fear. It is, therefore, no reflection on the poorer class of Englishmen, who are not, and who cannot in the nature of things, be highly educated, to say that distress produces on them its natural effects, those effects which

it would produce on the Americans, or on any other people, that it blinds their judgment, that it inflames their passions, that it makes them prone to believe those who flatter them and to distrust those who would serve them. For the sake, therefore, of the whole society, for the sake of the laboring classes themselves, I hold it to be clearly expedient that, in a country like this, the right of suffrage should depend on a pecuniary qualification.

But, sir, every argument which would induce me to oppose universal suffrage induces me to support the plan which is now before us. I am opposed to universal suffrage because I think that it would produce a destructive revolution. I support this plan because I am sure that it is our best security against a revolution. The noble paymaster of the forces hinted, delicately indeed and remotely, at this subject. He spoke of the danger of disappointing the expectations of the nation; and for this he was charged with threatening the House. Sir, in the year 1817, the late Lord Londonderry proposed a suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. On that occasion he told the House that, unless the measures which he recommended were adopted, the public peace could not be preserved. Was he accused of threatening the House? Again, in the year 1819, he proposed the laws known by the name of the Six Acts. He then told the House that unless the executive power were reinforced all the institutions of the country would be overturned by popular violence. Was he then accused of threatening the House? Will any gentleman say that it is parliamentary and decorous to urge the danger arising from popular discontent as an argument for severity; but that it is unparliamentary and indecorous to urge that same danger as an argument for conciliation? I, sir, do entertain great apprehension for the fate of my country. I do in my conscience believe that, un-

less the plan proposed, or some similar plan, be speedily adopted, great and terrible calamities will befall us. Entertaining this opinion, I think myself bound to state it, not as a threat, but as a reason. I support this bill because it will improve our institutions; but I support it also because it tends to preserve them. That we may exclude those whom it is necessary to exclude, we must admit those whom it may be safe to admit. At present we oppose the schemes of revolutionists with only one half, with only one quarter of our proper force. We say, and we say justly, that it is not by mere numbers, but by property and intelligence, that the nation ought to be governed. Yet, saying this, we exclude from all share in the government great masses of property and intelligence, great numbers of those who are most interested in preserving tranquillity, and who know best how to preserve it. We do more. We drive over to the side of revolution those whom we shut out from power. Is this a time when the cause of law and order can spare one of its natural allies?

My noble friend, the Paymaster of the Forces, happily described the effect which some parts of our representative system would produce on the mind of a foreigner who had heard much of our freedom and greatness. If, sir, I wished to make such a foreigner clearly understand what I consider as the great defects of our system, I would conduct him through that immense city which lies to the north of Great Russell Street and Oxford Street, a city superior in size and in population to the capitals of many mighty kingdoms; and probably superior in opulence, intelligence, and general respectability to any city in the world. I would conduct him through that interminable succession of streets and squares, all consisting of well-built and well-furnished houses. I would make him ob-

serve the brilliancy of the shops and the crowd of well-appointed equipages. I would show him that magnificent circle of palaces which surround the Regent's Park. I would tell him that the rental of this district was far greater than that of the whole kingdom of Scotland at the time of the union. And then I would tell him that this was an unrepresented district. It is needless to give any more instances. It is needless to speak of Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, with no representation, or of Edinburgh and Glasgow with a mock representation. If a property tax were now imposed on the principle that no person who had less than a hundred and fifty pounds a year should contribute, I should not be surprised to find that one half in number and value of the contributors had no votes at all; and it would, beyond all doubt, be found that one fiftieth part in number and value of the contributors had a larger share of the representation than the other forty-nine fiftieths. This is not government by property. It is government by certain detached portions and fragments of property, selected from the rest, and preferred to the rest, on no rational principle whatever.

To say that such a system is ancient is no defence. My honorable friend the member for the University of Oxford[1] challenges us to show that the constitution was ever better than it is. Sir, we are legislators, not antiquaries. The question for us is, not whether the constitution was better formerly, but whether we can make it better now. In fact, however, the system was not in ancient times by any means so absurd as it is in our age. One noble lord[2] has to-night told us that the town of Aldborough, which he represents, was not larger in the time of Edward I than it is at present.

[1] Sir Robert Harry Inglis. [2] Lord Stormont.

The line of its walls, he assures us, may still be traced. It is now built up to that line. He argues, therefore, that as the founders of our representative institutions gave members to Aldborough when it was as small as it now is, those who would disfranchise it on account of its smallness have no right to say that they are recurring to the original principle of our representative institutions. But does the noble lord remember the change which has taken place in the country during the last five centuries? Does he remember how much England has grown in population while Aldborough has been standing still? Does he consider that in the time of Edward I the kingdom did not contain two millions of inhabitants? It now contains nearly fourteen millions. A hamlet of the present day would have been a town of some importance in the time of our early Parliaments. Aldborough may be absolutely as considerable a place as ever. But compared with the kingdom, it is much less considerable, by the noble lord's own showing, than when it first elected burgesses. My honorable friend the member for the University of Oxford has collected numerous instances of the tyranny which the kings and nobles anciently exercised, both over this House and over the electors. It is not strange that, in times when nothing was held sacred, the rights of the people, and of the representatives of the people, should not have been held sacred. The proceedings which my honorable friend has mentioned no more prove that by the ancient constitution of the realm this House ought to be a tool of the king and of the aristocracy than the benevolences and the ship-money prove their own legality, or than those unjustifiable arrests which took place long after the ratification of the great charter and even after the Petition of Right prove that the subject was not anciently entitled to his personal liberty. We talk of the wisdom of our ancestors;

and in one respect at least they were wiser than we. They legislated for their own times. They looked at the England which was before them. They did not think it necessary to give twice as many members to York as they gave to London, because York had been the capital of Britain in the time of Constantius Chlorus; and they would have been amazed indeed if they had foreseen that a city of more than a hundred thousand inhabitants would be left without representatives in the nineteenth century, merely because it stood on ground which in the thirteenth century had been occupied by a few huts. They framed a representative system which, though not without defects and irregularities, was well adapted to the state of England in their time. But a great revolution took place. The character of the old corporations changed. New forms of property came into existence. New portions of society rose into importance. There were in our rural districts rich cultivators who were not freeholders. There were in our capital rich traders who were not livery-men. Towns shrank into villages. Villages swelled into cities larger than the London of the Plantagenets. Unhappily while the natural growth of society went on, the artificial polity continued unchanged. The ancient form of the representation remained; and precisely because the form remained, the spirit departed. Then came that pressure almost to bursting, the new wine in the old bottles, the new society under the old institutions. It is now time for us to pay a decent, a rational, a manly reverence to our ancestors, not by superstitiously adhering to what they, in other circumstances, did, but by doing what they, in our circumstances, would have done. All history is full of revolutions, produced by causes similar to those which are now operating in England. A portion of the community which had been of no account expands and becomes strong. It de-

mands a place in the system suited, not to its former weakness, but to its present power. If this be granted, all is well. If this is refused, then comes the struggle between the young energy of one class and the ancient privileges of another. Such was the struggle between the plebeians and the patricians of Rome. Such was the struggle of the Italian allies for admission to the full rights of Roman citizens. Such was the struggle of our North American colonies against the mother country. Such was the struggle which the Third Estate of France maintained against the aristocracy of birth. Such was the struggle which the Roman Catholics of Ireland maintained against the aristocracy of creed. Such is the struggle which the free people of color in Jamaica are now maintaining against the aristocracy of skin. Such, finally, is the struggle which the middle classes in England are maintaining against an aristocracy of mere locality, against an aristocracy the principle of which is to invest a hundred drunken potwallopers in one place, or the owner of a ruined hovel in another, with powers which are withheld from cities renowned to the farthest ends of the earth for the marvels of their wealth and of their industry.

But these great cities, says my honorable friend the member for the University of Oxford, are virtually, though not directly, represented. Are not the wishes of Manchester, he asks, as much consulted as those of any town which sends members to Parliament? Now, sir, I do not understand how a power which is salutary when exercised virtually can be noxious when exercised directly. If the wishes of Manchester have as much weight with us as they would have under a system which should give representatives to Manchester, how can there be any danger in giving representatives to Manchester? A virtual representative is, I presume, a man who acts as a

direct representative would act; for surely it would be absurd to say that a man virtually represents the people of Manchester who is in the habit of saying No when a man directly representing the people of Manchester would say Ay. The utmost that can be expected from virtual representation is that it may be as good as direct representation. If so, why not grant direct representation to places which, as everybody allows, ought, by some process or other, to be represented?

If it be said that there is an evil in change as change, I answer that there is also an evil in discontent as discontent. This, indeed, is the strongest part of our case. It is said that the system works well. I deny it. I deny that a system works well which the people regard with aversion. We may say here that it is a good system and a perfect system. But if any man were to say so to any six hundred and fifty-eight respectable farmers or shopkeepers, chosen by lot in any part of England, he would be hooted down and laughed to scorn. Are these the feelings with which any part of the government ought to be regarded? Above all, are these the feelings with which the popular branch of the legislature ought to be regarded? It is almost as essential to the utility of a House of Commons that it should possess the confidence of the people as that it should deserve that confidence. Unfortunately that which is in theory the popular part of our government is in practice the unpopular part. Who wishes to dethrone the king? Who wishes to turn the lords out of their House? Here and there a crazy radical, whom the boys in the street point at as he walks along. Who wishes to alter the constitution of this House? The whole people. It is natural that it should be so. The House of Commons is, in the language of Mr. Burke, a check, not on the people, but for the people.

While that check is efficient, there is no reason to fear that the king or the nobles will oppress the people. But if that check requires checking, how is it to be checked? If the salt shall lose its savor, wherewith shall we season it? The distrust with which the nation regards this House may be unjust. But what then? Can you remove that distrust? That it exists cannot be denied. That it is an evil cannot be denied. That it is an increasing evil cannot be denied. One gentleman tells us that it has been produced by the late events in France and Belgium; another, that it is the effect of seditious works which have lately been published. If this feeling be of origin so recent, I have read history to little purpose. Sir, this alarming discontent is not the growth of a day or of a year. If there be any symptoms by which it is possible to distinguish the chronic diseases of the body politic from its passing inflammations, all those symptoms exist in the present case. The taint has been gradually becoming more extensive and more malignant, through the whole lifetime of two generations. We have tried anodynes. We have tried cruel operations. What are we to try now? Who flatters himself that he can turn this feeling back? Does there remain any argument which escaped the comprehensive intellect of Mr. Burke, or the subtlety of Mr. Windham? Does there remain any species of coercion which was not tried by Mr. Pitt and by Lord Londonderry? We have had laws. We have had blood. New treasons have been created. The press has been shackled. The Habeas Corpus Act has been suspended. Public meetings have been prohibited. The event has proved that these expedients were mere palliatives. You are at the end of your palliatives. The evil remains. It is more formidable than ever. What is to be done?

Under such circumstances a great plan of reconciliation,

prepared by the ministers of the crown, has been brought before us in a manner which gives additional lustre to a noble name inseparably associated during two centuries with the dearest liberties of the English people. I will not say that this plan is in all its details precisely such as I might wish it to be; but it is founded on a great and a sound principle. It takes away a vast power from a few. It distributes that power through the great mass of the middle order. Every man, therefore, who thinks as I think is bound to stand firmly by ministers who are resolved to stand or fall with this measure. Were I one of them I would sooner, infinitely sooner, fall with such a measure than stand by any other means that ever supported a cabinet.

My honorable friend the member for the University of Oxford tells us that if we pass this law England will soon be a republic. The reformed House of Commons will, according to him, before it has sat ten years, depose the king and expel the lords from their House. Sir, if my honorable friend could prove this, he would have succeeded in bringing an argument for democracy infinitely stronger than any that is to be found in the works of Paine. My honorable friend's proposition is in fact this: that our monarchical and aristocratical institutions have no hold on the public mind of England; that these institutions are regarded with aversion by a majority of the middle class. This, sir, I say, is plainly deducible from his proposition; for he tells us that the representatives of the middle class will inevitably abolish royalty and nobility within ten years; and there is surely no reason to think that the representatives of the middle class will be more inclined to a democratic revolution than their constituents. Now, sir, if I were convinced that the great body of the middle class in England look with aversion on monarchy

and aristocracy, I should be forced, much against my will, to come to this conclusion, that monarchical and aristocratical institutions are unsuited to my country. Monarchy and aristocracy, valuable and useful as I think them, are still valuable and useful as means, and not as ends. The end of government is the happiness of the people; and I do not conceive that in a country like this the happiness of the people can be promoted by a form of government in which the middle classes place no confidence, and which exists only because the middle classes have no organ by which to make their sentiments known. But, sir, I am fully convinced that the middle classes sincerely wish to uphold the royal prerogatives and the constitutional rights of the peers. What facts does my honorable friend produce in support of his opinion? One fact only; and that a fact which has absolutely nothing to do with the question. The effect of this reform, he tells us, would be to make the House of Commons all-powerful. It was all-powerful once before, in the beginning of 1649. Then it cut off the head of the king and abolished the House of Peers. Therefore if it again has the supreme power, it will act in the same manner. Now, sir, it was not the House of Commons that cut off the head of Charles the First; nor was the House of Commons then all-powerful. It had been greatly reduced in numbers by successive expulsions. It was under the absolute dominion of the army. A majority of the House was willing to take the terms offered by the king. The soldiers turned out the majority; and the minority, not a sixth part of the whole House, passed those votes of which my honorable friend speaks, votes of which the middle classes disapproved then, and of which they disapprove still.

My honorable friend, and almost all the gentlemen who have taken the same side with him in this debate, have dwelt

much on the utility of close and rotten boroughs. It is by means of such boroughs, they tell us, that the ablest men have been introduced into Parliament. It is true that many distinguished persons have represented places of this description. But, sir, we must judge of a form of government by its general tendency, not by happy accidents. Every form of government has its happy accidents. Despotism has its happy accidents. Yet we are not disposed to abolish all constitutional checks, to place an absolute master over us, and to take our chance whether he may be a Caligula or a Marcus Aurelius. In whatever way the House of Commons may be chosen, some able men will be chosen in that way who would not be chosen in any other way. If there were a law that the hundred tallest men in England should be members of Parliament, there would probably be some able men among those who would come into the House by virtue of this law. If the hundred persons whose names stand first in the alphabetical list of the Court Guide were made members of Parliament, there would probably be able men among them. We read in ancient history that a very able king was elected by the neighing of his horse; but we shall scarcely, I think, adopt this mode of election. In one of the most celebrated republics of antiquity, Athens, senators and magistrates were chosen by lot; and sometimes the lot fell fortunately. Once, for example, Socrates was in office. A cruel and unjust proposition was made by a demagogue. Socrates resisted it at the hazard of his own life. There is no event in Grecian history more interesting than that memorable resistance. Yet who would have officers appointed by lot because the accident of the lot may have given to a great and good man a power which he would probably never have attained in any other way? We must judge, as I said, by the general tendency of a system.

No person can doubt that a House of Commons chosen freely by the middle classes will contain many very able men. I do not say that precisely the same able men who would find their way into the present House of Commons will find their way into the reformed House; but that is not the question. No particular man is necessary to the state. We may depend on it that if we provide the country with popular institutions, those institutions will provide it with great men.

There is another objection which, I think, was first raised by the honorable and learned member for Newport.[1] He tells us that the elective franchise is property; that to take it away from a man who has not been judicially convicted of malpractices is robbery; that no crime is proved against the voters in the close boroughs; that no crime is even imputed to them in the preamble of the bill; and that therefore to disfranchise them without compensation would be an act of revolutionary tyranny. The honorable and learned gentleman has compared the conduct of the present ministers to that of those odious tools of power who, toward the close of the reign of Charles the Second, seized the charters of the Whig corporations. Now, there was another precedent, which I wonder that he did not recollect, both because it is much more nearly in point than that to which he referred, and because my noble friend, the Paymaster of the Forces, had previously alluded to it. If the elective franchise is property, if to disfranchise voters without a crime proved, or a compensation given be robbery, was there ever such an act of robbery as the disfranchising of the Irish forty-shilling freeholders? Was any pecuniary compensation given to them? Is it declared in the preamble of the bill which took away their franchise that they had been convicted of any offence? Was any judicial inquiry

[1] Mr. Horace Twiss.

instituted into their conduct? Were they even accused of any crime? Or if you say that it was a crime in the electors of Clare to vote for the honorable and learned gentleman who now represents the county of Waterford, was a Protestant freeholder in Louth to be punished for the crime of a Catholic freeholder in Clare? If the principle of the honorable and learned member for Newport be sound, the franchise of the Irish peasant was property. That franchise the ministers under whom the honorable and learned member held office did not scruple to take away. Will he accuse those ministers of robbery? If not, how can he bring such an accusation against their successors?

Every gentleman, I think, who has spoken from the other side of the House has alluded to the opinions which some of his Majesty's ministers formerly entertained on the subject of reform. It would be officious in me, sir, to undertake the defence of gentlemen who are so well able to defend themselves. I will only say that, in my opinion, the country will not think worse either of their capacity or of their patriotism because they have shown that they can profit by experience, because they have learned to see the folly of delaying inevitable changes. There are others who ought to have learned the same lesson. I say, sir, that there are those who I should have thought must have had enough to last them all their lives of that humiliation which follows obstinate and boastful resistance to changes rendered necessary by the progress of society, and by the development of the human mind. Is it possible that those persons can wish again to occupy a position which can neither be defended nor surrendered with honor? I well remember, sir, a certain evening in the month of May, 1827. I had not then the honor of a seat in this House, but I was an attentive observer of its proceedings. The right

honorable baronet opposite, of whom personally I desire to speak with that high respect which I feel for his talents and his character, but of whose public conduct I must speak with the sincerity required by my public duty, was then, as he is now, out of office. He had just resigned the seals of the Home Department because he conceived that the recent ministerial arrangements had been too favorable to the Catholic claims. He rose to ask whether it was the intention of the new cabinet to repeal the Test and Corporation Acts, and to reform the Parliament. He bound up, I well remember, those two questions together; and he declared that if the ministers should either attempt to repeal the Test and Corporation Acts, or bring forward a measure of parliamentary reform, he should think it his duty to oppose them to the utmost. Since that declaration was made four years have elapsed; and what is now the state of the three questions which then chiefly agitated the minds of men? What is become of the Test and Corporation Acts? They are repealed. By whom? By the right honorable baronet. What has become of the Catholic disabilities? They are removed. By whom? By the right honorable baronet. The question of parliamentary reform is still behind. But signs, of which it is impossible to misconceive the import, do most clearly indicate that unless that question also be speedily settled, property and order, and all the institutions of this great monarchy, will be exposed to fearful peril. Is it possible that gentlemen long versed in high political affairs cannot read these signs? Is it possible that they can really believe that the representative system of England, such as it now is, will last to the year 1860? If not, for what would they have us wait? Would they have us wait merely that we may show to all the world how little we

[1] Sir Robert Peel.

have profited by our own recent experience? Would they have us wait that we may once again hit the exact point where we can neither refuse with authority nor concede with grace? Would they have us wait that the numbers of the discontented party may become larger, its demands higher, its feelings more acrimonious, its organization more complete? Would they have us wait till the whole tragi-comedy of 1827 has been acted over again; till they have been brought into office by a cry of "No Reform," to be reformers, as they were once before brought into office by a cry of "No Popery," to be emancipators? Have they obliterated from their minds—gladly, perhaps, would some among them obliterate from their minds—the transactions of that year? And have they forgotten all the transactions of the succeeding year? Have they forgotten how the spirit of liberty in Ireland, debarred from its natural outlet, found a vent by forbidden passages? Have they forgotten how we were forced to indulge the Catholics in all the licence of rebels, merely because we chose to withhold from them the liberties of subjects? Do they wait for associations more formidable than that of the Corn Exchange, for contributions larger than the rent, for agitators more violent than those who, three years ago, divided with the king and the Parliament the sovereignty of Ireland? Do they wait for that last and most dreadful paroxysm of popular rage, for that last and most cruel test of military fidelity? Let them wait, if their past experience shall induce them to think that any high honor or any exquisite pleasure is to be obtained by a policy like this. Let them wait, if this strange and fearful infatuation be indeed upon them, that they should not see with their eyes, or hear with their ears, or understand with their heart. But let us know our interest and our duty better. Turn where we may, within, around, the voice of

great events is proclaiming to us, Reform, that you may preserve. Now, therefore, while everything at home and abroad forebodes ruin to those who persist in a hopeless struggle against the spirit of the age; now, while the crash of the proudest throne of the Continent is still resounding in our ears; now, while the roof of a British palace affords an ignominious shelter to the exiled heir of forty kings; now, while we see on every side ancient institutions subverted and great societies dissolved; now, while the heart of England is still sound; now, while old feelings and old associations retain a power and a charm which may too soon pass away; now, in this your accepted time; now, in this your day of salvation, take counsel, not of prejudice, not of party spirit, not of the ignominious pride of a fatal consistency, but of history, of reason, of the ages which are past, of the signs of this most portentous time. Pronounce in a manner worthy of the expectation with which this great debate has been anticipated, and of the long remembrance which it will leave behind. Renew the youth of the state. Save property, divided against itself. Save the multitude, endangered by its own ungovernable passions. Save the aristocracy, endangered by its own unpopular power. Save the greatest and fairest and most highly civilized community that ever existed from calamities which may in a few days sweep away all the rich heritage of so many ages of wisdom and glory. The danger is terrible. The time is short. If this bill should be rejected, I pray to God that none of those who concur in rejecting it may ever remember their votes with unavailing remorse amidst the wreck of laws, the confusion of ranks, the spoliation of property, and the dissolution of social order.

JEWISH DISABILITIES

[On the 17th of April, 1833, the House of Commons resolved itself into a committee to consider the civil disabilities of the Jews. Mr. Warburton took the chair. Mr. Robert Grant moved the following resolution: "That it is the opinion of this committee that it is expedient to remove all civil disabilities at present existing with respect to his Majesty's subjects professing the Jewish religion, with the like exceptions as are provided with respect to his Majesty's subjects professing the Roman Catholic religion." The resolution passed without a division, after a warm debate, in the course of which the following speech was made:]

MR. WARBURTON,—I recollect, and my honorable friend the member for the University of Oxford will recollect, that, when this subject was discussed three years ago, it was remarked, by one whom we both loved and whom we both regret, that the strength of the case of the Jews was a serious inconvenience to their advocate, for that it was hardly possible to make a speech for them without wearying the audience by repeating truths which were universally admitted. If Sir James Mackintosh felt this difficulty when the question was first brought forward in this House, I may well despair of being able now to offer any arguments which have a pretence to novelty.

My honorable friend the member for the University of Oxford began his speech by declaring that he had no intention of calling in question the principles of religious liberty. He utterly disclaims persecution, that is to say, persecution as defined by himself. It would, in his opinion, be persecution to hang a Jew, or to flay him, or to draw his teeth, or to imprison him, or to fine him; for every man who conducts himself peaceably has a right to his life and his limbs, to his personal liberty and his property. But it is not persecution, says my honorable friend, to exclude any individual or any class

from office; for nobody has a right to office; in every country official appointments must be subject to such regulations as the supreme authority may choose to make; nor can any such regulations be reasonably complained of by any member of the society as unjust. He who obtains an office obtains it, not as matter of right, but as matter of favor. He who does not obtain an office is not wronged; he is only in that situation in which the vast majority of every community must necessarily be. There are in the United Kingdom five and twenty million Christians without places, and, if they do not complain, why should five and twenty thousand Jews complain of being in the same case? In this way my honorable friend has convinced himself that, as it would be most absurd in him and me to say that we are wronged because we are not secretaries of state, so it is most absurd in the Jews to say they are wronged because they are, as a people, excluded from public employment.

Now, surely my honorable friend cannot have considered to what conclusions his reasoning leads. Those conclusions are so monstrous that he would, I am certain, shrink from them. Does he really mean that it would not be wrong in the legislature to enact that no man should be a judge unless he weighed twelve stone, or that no man should sit in Parliament unless he were six feet high? We are about to bring in a bill for the government of India. Suppose that we were to insert in that bill a clause providing that no graduate of the University of Oxford should be governor-general or governor of any presidency, would not my honorable friend cry out against such a clause as most unjust to the learned body which he represents? And would he think himself sufficiently answered by being told, in his own words, that the appointment to office is a mere matter of favor, and that to exclude an individual or a class

from office is no injury? Surely, on consideration, he must admit that official appointments ought not to be subject to regulations purely arbitrary, to regulations for which no reason can be given but mere caprice, and that those who would exclude any class from public employment are bound to show some special reason for the exclusion.

My honorable friend has appealed to us as Christians. Let me then ask him how he understands that great commandment which comprises the law and the prophets. Can we be said to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us if we wantonly inflict on them even the smallest pain? As Christians surely we are bound to consider first whether, by excluding the Jews from all public trust, we give them pain; and, secondly, whether it be necessary to give them that pain in order to avert some greater evil. That by excluding them from public trust we inflict pain on them my honorable friend will not dispute. As a Christian, therefore, he is bound to relieve them from that pain unless he can show, what I am sure he has not yet shown, that it is necessary to the general good that they should continue to suffer.

But where, he says, are you to stop if once you admit into the House of Commons people who deny the authority of the Gospels? Will you let in a Mussulman? Will you let in a Parsee? Will you let in a Hindoo, who worships a lump of stone with seven heads? I will answer my honorable friend's question by another. Where does he mean to stop? Is he ready to roast unbelievers at slow fires? If not, let him tell us why; and I will engage to prove that his reason is just as decisive against the intolerance which he thinks a duty as against the intolerance which he thinks a crime. Once admit that we are bound to inflict pain on a man because he is not of our religion; and where are you to stop? Why stop at the

point fixed by my honorable friend rather than at the point fixed by the honorable member for Oldham,[1] who would make the Jews incapable of holding land? And why stop at the point fixed by the honorable member for Oldham rather than at the point which would have been fixed by a Spanish inquisitor of the sixteenth century? When once you enter on a course of persecution I defy you to find any reason for making a halt till you have reached the extreme point. When my honorable friend tells us that he will allow the Jews to possess property to any amount, but that he will not allow them to possess the smallest political power, he holds contradictory language. Property is power. The honorable member for Oldham reasons better than my honorable friend. The honorable member for Oldham sees very clearly that it is impossible to deprive a man of political power if you suffer him to be the proprietor of half a county, and therefore very consistently proposes to confiscate the landed estates of the Jews. But even the honorable member for Oldham does not go far enough. He has not proposed to confiscate the personal property of the Jews. Yet it is perfectly certain that any Jew who has a million may easily make himself very important in the state. By such steps we pass from official power to landed property, and from landed property to personal property, and from property to liberty, and from liberty to life. In truth those persecutors who use the rack and the stake have much to say for themselves. They are convinced that their end is good; and it must be admitted that they employ means which are not unlikely to attain the end. Religious dissent has repeatedly been put down by sanguinary persecution. In that way the Albigenses were put down. In that way Protestantism was

[1] Mr. Cobbett.

suppressed in Spain and Italy, so that it has never since reared its head. But I defy anybody to produce an instance in which disabilities such as we are now considering have produced any other effect than that of making the sufferers angry and obstinate. My honorable friend should either persecute to some purpose or not persecute at all. He dislikes the word "persecution," I know. He will not admit that the Jews are persecuted. And yet I am confident that he would rather be sent to the King's Bench prison for three months, or be fined a hundred pounds, than be subject to the disabilities under which the Jews lie. How can he then say that to impose such disabilities is not persecution, and that to fine and imprison is persecution? All his reasoning consists in drawing arbitrary lines. What he does not wish to inflict he calls persecution. What he does wish to inflict he will not call persecution. What he takes from the Jews he calls political power. What he is too good-natured to take from the Jews he will not call political power. The Jew must not sit in Parliament; but he may be the proprietor of all the ten-pound houses in a borough. He may have more fifty-pound tenants than any peer in the kingdom. He may give the voters treats to please their palates, and hire bands of gypsies to break their heads, as if he were a Christian and a marquess. All the rest of this system is of a piece. The Jew may be a juryman, but not a judge. He may decide issues of fact, but not issues of law. He may give a hundred thousand pounds damages; but he may not in the most trivial case grant a new trial. He may rule the money market; he may influence the exchanges; he may be summoned to congresses of emperors and kings. Great potentates, instead of negotiating a loan with him by tying him in a chair and pulling out his grinders, may treat with him as with a great potentate, and may postpone the declaring of war or the sign-

ing of a treaty till they have conferred with him. All this is as it should be; but he must not be a privy councillor. He must not be called right honorable, for that is political power. And who is it that we are trying to cheat in this way? Even Omniscience. Yes, sir; we have been gravely told that the Jews are under the divine displeasure, and that if we give them political power God will visit us in judgment. Do we then think that God cannot distinguish between substance and form? Does not he know that, while we withhold from the Jews the semblance and name of political power, we suffer them to possess the substance? The plain truth is that my honorable friend is drawn in one direction by his opinions and in a directly opposite direction by his excellent heart. He halts between two opinions. He tries to make a compromise between principles which admit of no compromise. He goes a certain way in intolerance. Then he stops, without being able to give a reason for stopping. But I know the reason. It is his humanity. Those who formerly dragged the Jew at a horse's tail, and singed his beard with blazing furze-bushes, were much worse men than my honorable friend; but they were more consistent than he.

It has been said that it would be monstrous to see a Jew judge try a man for blasphemy. In my opinion it is monstrous to see any judge try a man for blasphemy under the present law. But if the law on that subject were in a sound state I do not see why a conscientious Jew might not try a blasphemer. Every man, I think, ought to be at liberty to discuss the evidences of religion; but no man ought to be at liberty to force on the unwilling ears and eyes of others sounds and sights which must cause annoyance and irritation. The distinction is clear. I think it wrong to punish a man for selling Paine's "Age of Reason" in a back shop to those who

choose to buy, or for delivering a deistical lecture in a private room to those who choose to listen. But if a man exhibits at a window in the Strand a hideous caricature of that which is an object of awe and adoration to nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of the people who pass up and down that great thoroughfare; if a man, in a place of public resort, applies opprobrious epithets to names held in reverence by all Christians; such a man ought, in my opinion, to be severely punished, not for differing from us in opinion, but for committing a nuisance which gives us pain and disgust. He is no more entitled to outrage our feelings by obtruding his impiety on us, and to say that he is exercising his right of discussion, than to establish a yard for butchering horses close to our houses and to say that he is exercising his right of property, or to run naked up and down the public streets and to say that he is exercising his right of locomotion. He has a right of discussion, no doubt, as he has a right of property and a right of locomotion. But he must use all his rights so as not to infringe the rights of others.

These, sir, are the principles on which I would frame the law of blasphemy; and, if the law were so framed, I am at a loss to understand why a Jew might not enforce it as well as a Christian. I am not a Roman Catholic; but if I were a judge at Malta I should have no scruple about punishing a bigoted Protestant who should burn the Pope in effigy before the eyes of thousands of Roman Catholics. I am not a Mussulman; but if I were a judge in India I should have no scruple about punishing a Christian who should pollute a mosque. Why, then, should I doubt that a Jew, raised by his ability, learning, and integrity to the judicial bench, would deal properly with any person who, in a Christian country, should insult the Christian religion?

But, says my honorable friend, it has been prophesied that the Jews are to be wanderers on the face of the earth, and that they are not to mix on terms of equality with the people of the countries in which they sojourn. Now, sir, I am confident that I can demonstrate that this is not the sense of any prophecy which is part of Holy Writ. For it is an undoubted fact that in the United States of America Jewish citizens do possess all the privileges possessed by Christian citizens. Therefore, if the prophecies mean that the Jews never shall, during their wanderings, be admitted by other nations to equal participation of political rights, the prophecies are false. But the prophecies are certainly not false. Therefore their meaning cannot be that which is attributed to them by my honorable friend.

Another objection which has been made to this motion is that the Jews look forward to the coming of a great deliverer, to their return to Palestine, to the rebuilding of their temple, to the revival of their ancient worship, and that therefore they will always consider England, not their country, but merely as their place of exile. But, surely, sir, it would be the grossest ignorance of human nature to imagine that the anticipation of an event which is to happen at some time altogether indefinite, of an event which has been vainly expected during many centuries, of an event which even those who confidently expect that it will happen do not confidently expect that they or their children or their grandchildren will see, can ever occupy the minds of men to such a degree as to make them regardless of what is near and present and certain. Indeed, Christians, as well as Jews, believe that the existing order of things will come to an end. Many Christians believe that Jesus will visibly reign on earth during a thousand years. Expositors of prophecy have gone so far as to fix the

year when the millennial period is to commence. The prevailing opinion is, I think, in favor of the year 1866; but, according to some commentators, the time is close at hand. Are we to exclude all millennarians from Parliament and office, on the ground that they are impatiently looking forward to the miraculous monarchy which is to supersede the present dynasty and the present constitution of England, and that therefore they cannot be heartily loyal to King William?

In one important point, sir, my honorable friend the member for the University of Oxford must acknowledge that the Jewish religion is of all erroneous religions the least mischievous. There is not the slightest chance that the Jewish religion will spread. The Jew does not wish to make proselytes. He may be said to reject them. He thinks it almost culpable in one who does not belong to his race to presume to belong to his religion. It is therefore not strange that a conversion from Christianity to Judaism should be a rarer occurrence than a total eclipse of the sun. There was one distinguished convert in the last century, Lord George Gordon; and the history of his conversion deserves to be remembered. For if ever there was a proselyte of whom a proselytising sect would have been proud, it was Lord George; not only because he was a man of high birth and rank; not only because he had been a member of the legislature; but also because he had been distinguished by the intolerance, nay, the ferocity, of his zeal for his own form of Christianity. But was he allured into the synagogue? Was he even welcomed to it? No, sir; he was coldly and reluctantly permitted to share the reproach and suffering of the Chosen People; but he was sternly shut out from their privileges. He underwent the painful rite which their law enjoins. But when, on his deathbed, he begged hard to be buried among them according to their cere-

monial, he was told that his request could not be granted. I understand that cry of "Hear." It reminds me that one of the arguments against this motion is that the Jews are an unsocial people, that they draw close to each other, and stand aloof from strangers. Really, sir, it is amusing to compare the manner in which the question of Catholic emancipation was argued formerly by some gentlemen with the manner in which the question of Jew emancipation is argued by the same gentlemen now. When the question was about Catholic emancipation the cry was, "See how restless, how versatile, how encroaching, how insinuating, is the spirit of the Church of Rome. See how her priests compass earth and sea to make one proselyte, how indefatigably they toil, how attentively they study the weak and strong parts of every character, how skilfully they employ literature, arts, sciences, as engines for the propagation of their faith. You find them in every region and under every disguise, collating manuscripts in the Bodleian, fixing telescopes in the Observatory of Pekin, teaching the use of the plough and the spinning-wheel to the savages of Paraguay. Will you give power to the members of a church so busy, so aggressive, so insatiable?" Well, now the question is about people who never try to seduce any stranger to join them, and who do not wish anybody to be of their faith who is not also of their blood. And now you exclaim, "Will you give power to the members of a sect which remains sullenly apart from other sects, which does not invite, nay, which hardly even admits, neophytes?" The truth is that bigotry will never want a pretence. Whatever the sect be which it is proposed to tolerate, the peculiarities of that sect will, for the time, be pronounced by intolerant men to be the most odious and dangerous that can be conceived. As to the Jews, that they are unsocial as respects religion is true; and

so much the better: for surely, as Christians, we cannot wish that they should bestir themselves to pervert us from our own faith. But that the Jews would be unsocial members of the civil community, if the civil community did its duty by them, has never been proved. My right honorable friend who made the motion which we are discussing has produced a great body of evidence to show that they have been grossly misrepresented; and that evidence has not been refuted by my honorable friend the member for the University of Oxford. But what if it were true that the Jews are unsocial? What if it were true that they do not regard England as their country? Would not the treatment which they have undergone explain and excuse their antipathy to the society in which they live? Has not similar antipathy often been felt by persecuted Christians to the society which persecuted them? While the bloody code of Elizabeth was enforced against the English Roman Catholics, what was the patriotism of Roman Catholics? Oliver Cromwell said that in his time they were Espaniolized. At a later period it might have been said that they were Gallicized. It was the same with the Calvinists. What more deadly enemies had France in the days of Louis the Fourteenth than the persecuted Huguenots? But would any rational man infer from these facts that either the Roman Catholic as such, or the Calvinist as such, is incapable of loving the land of his birth? If England were now invaded by Roman Catholics, how many English Roman Catholics would go over to the invader? If France were now attacked by a Protestant enemy, how many French Protestants would lend him help? Why not try what effect would be produced on the Jews by that tolerant policy which has made the English Roman Catholic a good Englishman, and the French Calvinist a good Frenchman?

Another charge has been brought against the Jews, not by my honorable friend the member for the University of Oxford,—he has too much learning and too much good feeling to make such a charge,—but by the honorable member for Oldham, who has, I am sorry to see, quitted his place. The honorable member for Oldham tells us that the Jews are naturally a mean race, a sordid race, a money-getting race; that they are averse to all honorable callings; that they neither sow nor reap; that they have neither flocks nor herds; that usury is the only pursuit for which they are fit; that they are destitute of all elevated and amiable sentiments. Such, sir, has in every age been the reasoning of bigots. They never fail to plead in justification of persecution the vices which persecution has engendered. England has been to the Jews less than half a country; and we revile them because they do not feel for England more than a half patriotism. We treat them as slaves, and wonder that they do not regard us as brethren. We drive them to mean occupations, and then reproach them for not embracing honorable professions. We long forbade them to possess land; and we complain that they chiefly occupy themselves in trade. We shut them out from all the paths of ambition; and then we despise them for taking refuge in avarice. During many ages we have, in all our dealings with them, abused our immense superiority of force; and then we are disgusted because they have recourse to that cunning which is the natural and universal defence of the weak against the violence of the strong. But were they always a mere money-changing, money-getting, money-hoarding race? Nobody knows better than my honorable friend the member for the University of Oxford that there is nothing in their national character which unfits them for the highest duties of citizens. He knows that, in the

infancy of civilization, when our island was as savage as New Guinea, when letters and arts were still unknown to Athens, when scarcely a thatched hut stood on what was afterwards the site of Rome, this contemned people had their fenced cities and cedar palaces, their splendid temple, their fleets of merchant ships, their schools of sacred learning, their great statesmen and soldiers, their natural philosophers, their historians and their poets. What nation ever contended more manfully against overwhelming odds for its independence and religion? What nation ever, in its last agonies, gave such signal proofs of what may be accomplished by a brave despair? And if, in the course of many centuries, the oppressed descendants of warriors and sages have degenerated from the qualities of their fathers; if, while excluded from the blessings of law and bowed down under the yoke of slavery, they have contracted some of the vices of outlaws and of slaves, shall we consider this as matter of reproach to them? Shall we not rather consider it as matter of shame and remorse to ourselves? Let us do justice to them. Let us open to them the door of the House of Commons. Let us open to them every career in which ability and energy can be displayed. Till we have done this let us not presume to say that there is no genius among the countrymen of Isaiah, no heroism among the descendants of the Maccabees.

Sir, in supporting the motion of my honorable friend, I am, I firmly believe, supporting the honor and the interests of the Christian religion. I should think that I insulted that religion if I said that it cannot stand unaided by intolerant laws. Without such laws it was established, and without such laws it may be maintained. It triumphed over the superstitions of the most refined and of the most savage nations, over the graceful mythology of Greece and the bloody

idolatry of the northern forests. It prevailed over the power and policy of the Roman empire. It tamed the barbarians by whom that empire was overthrown. But all these victories were gained, not by the help of intolerance, but in spite of the opposition of intolerance. The whole history of Christianity proves that she has little indeed to fear from persecution as a foe, but much to fear from persecution as an ally. May she long continue to bless our country with her benignant influence, strong in her sublime philosophy, strong in her spotless morality, strong in those internal and external evidences to which the most powerful and comprehensive of human intellects have yielded assent, the last solace of those who have outlived every earthly hope, the last restraint of those who are raised above every earthly fear! But let not us, mistaking her character and her interests, fight the battle of truth with the weapons of error, and endeavor to support by oppression that religion which first taught the human race the great lesson of universal charity.

BENJAMIN F. WADE

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN WADE, American statesman and lawyer, was born near Springfield, Mass., Oct. 27, 1800, and died at Jefferson, O., March 2, 1878. Such education as he received seems to have been mainly obtained from his mother, supplemented by his own studious reading. He became a lawyer and began to practice at the Ohio Bar in 1827. Ten years later, he entered the State Senate as a Whig, and was elected to the same body in 1841. In 1847, he was appointed judge of the Third Judicial District in Ohio, and, while occupying this position, was returned in 1851 to the United States Senate, and remained there until 1869. The speech here subjoined is said to have made Judge Wade the leader of the Radical Republicans. It obviously manifests the contemporary sentiment of the mass of the Republicans with regard to the threatened secession of many slaveholding States prior to the Civil War. In 1867, "Ben" Wade, as he was familiarly called, acted provisionally as president of the Senate, and for the time Vice-president of the United States, and in 1871 was one of the members of the Santo Domingo Commission.

ON SECESSION, AND THE STATE OF THE UNION; REPUBLICAN OPINION

SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, DECEMBER 17, 1860

Mr. President:

AT A time like this, when there seems to be a wild and unreasoning excitement in many parts of the country, I certainly have very little faith in the efficacy of any argument that may be made; but at the same time, I must say, when I hear it stated by many Senators in this Chamber, where we all raised our hands to Heaven, and took a solemn oath to support the Constitution of the United States, that we are on the eve of a dissolution of this Union, and that the Constitution is to be trampled underfoot—silence under such circumstances seems to me akin to treason itself.

I have listened to the complaints on the other side patiently, and with an ardent desire to ascertain what was the particular difficulty under which they were laboring. Many of those who have supposed themselves aggrieved have spoken; but I confess that I am now totally unable to understand precisely what it is of which they complain. Why, sir, the party which lately elected their President, and are prospectively to come into power, have never held an executive office under the general government, nor has any individual of them. It is most manifest, therefore, that the party to which I belong have as yet committed no act of which anybody can complain. If they have fears as to the course that we may hereafter pursue, they are mere apprehensions—a bare suspicion; arising, I fear, out of their unwarrantable prejudices, and nothing else.

I wish to ascertain at the outset whether we are right; for I tell gentlemen that, if they can convince me that I am holding any political principle that is not warranted by the Constitution under which we live, or that trenches upon their rights, they need not ask me to compromise it. I will be ever ready to grant redress, and to right myself whenever I am wrong. No man need approach me with a threat that the government under which I live is to be destroyed; because I hope I have now, and ever shall have, such a sense of justice that, when any man shows me that I am wrong, I shall be ready to right it without price or compromise.

Now, sir, what is it of which gentlemen complain? When I left my home in the West to come to this place, all was calm, cheerful, and contented. I heard of no discontent. I apprehended that there was nothing to interrupt the harmonious course of our legislation. I did not learn that, since we adjourned from this place at the end of the

last session, there had been any new fact intervening that should at all disturb the public mind. I do not know that there has been any encroachment upon the rights of any section of the country since that time; I came here, therefore, expecting to have a very harmonious session. It is very true, sir, that the great Republican party which has been organized ever since you repealed the Missouri Compromise, and who gave you, four years ago, full warning that their growing strength would probably result as it has resulted, have carried the late election; but I did not suppose that would disturb the equanimity of this body. I did suppose that every man who was observant of the signs of the times might well see that things would result as they have resulted. Nor do I understand now that anything growing out of that election is the cause of the present excitement that pervades the country.

Why, Mr. President, this is a most singular state of things. Who is it that is complaining? They that have been in a minority? They that have been the subjects of an oppressive and aggressive government? No, sir. Let us suppose that when the leaders of the old glorious Revolution met at Philadelphia eighty-four years ago to draw up a bill of indictment against a wicked king and his ministers, they had been at a loss what they should set forth as the causes of their complaint. They had no difficulty in setting them forth so that the great article of impeachment will go down to all posterity as a full justification of all the acts they did. But let us suppose that, instead of its being these old patriots who had met there to dissolve their connection with the British Government, and to trample their flag underfoot, it had been the ministers of the crown, the leading members of the British Parliament, of the dominant

party that had ruled Great Britain for thirty years previous: who would not have branded every man of them as a traitor? It would be said: "You who have had the government in your own hands: you who have been the ministers of the crown, advising everything that has been done, set up here that you have been oppressed and aggrieved by the action of that very government which you have directed yourselves." Instead of a sublime revolution, the uprising of an oppressed people, ready to battle against unequal power for their rights, it would have been an act of treason.

How is it with the leaders of this modern revolution? Are they in a position to complain of the action of this government for years past? Why, sir, they have had more than two-thirds of the Senate for many years past, and until very recently, and have almost that now. You—who complain, I ought to say—represent but a little more than one-fourth of the free people of these United States, and yet your counsels prevail, and have prevailed all along for at least ten years past. In the Cabinet, in the Senate of the United States, in the Supreme Court, in every department of the government, your officers, or those devoted to you, have been in the majority, and have dictated all the policies of this government. Is it not strange, sir, that they who now occupy these positions should come here and complain that their rights are stricken down by the action of the government?

But what has caused this great excitement that undoubtedly prevails in a portion of our country? If the newspapers are to be credited, there is a reign of terror in all the cities and large towns in the southern portion of this community that looks very much like the reign of terror in Paris during the French Revolution. There are acts of vio-

lence tnat we read of almost every day, wherein the rights of Northern men are stricken down, where they are sent back with indignities, where they are scourged, tarred, feathered, and murdered, and no inquiry made as to the cause. I do not suppose that the regular government, in times of excitement like these, is really responsible for such acts. I know that these outbreaks of passion, these terrible excitements that sometimes pervade the community are entirely irrepressible by the law of the country. I suppose that is the case now; because if these outrages against Northern citizens were really authorized by the State authorities there, were they a foreign government, everybody knows, if it were the strongest government on earth, we should declare war upon her in one day.

But what has caused this great excitement? Sir, I will tell you what I suppose it is. I do not (and I say it frankly) so much blame the people of the South; because they believe, and they are led to believe by all the information that ever comes before them, that we, the dominant party to-day, who have just seized upon the reins of this government, are their mortal enemies, and stand ready to trample their institutions underfoot. They have been told so by our enemies at the North. Their misfortune, or their fault, is that they have lent a too easy ear to the insinuations of those who are our mortal enemies, while they would not hear us.

Now I wish to inquire, in the first place, honestly, candidly, and fairly, whether the Southern gentlemen on the other side of the Chamber that complain so much, have any reasonable grounds for that complaint—I mean when they are really informed as to our position.

Northern Democrats have sometimes said that we had

personal liberty bills in some few of the States of the North, which somehow trenched upon the rights of the South under the fugitive bill to recapture their runaway slaves; a position that in not more than two or three cases, so far as I can see, has the slightest foundation in fact; and even if those where it is most complained of, if the provisions of their law are really repugnant to that of the United States, they are utterly void, and the courts would declare them so the moment you brought them up. Thus it is that I am glad to hear the candor of those gentlemen on the other side, that they do not complain of these laws. The Senator from Georgia [Mr. Iverson] himself told us that they had never suffered any injury, to his knowledge and belief, from those bills, and they cared nothing about them. The Senator from Virginia [Mr. Mason] said the same thing; and I believe, the Senator from Mississippi [Mr. Brown]. You all, then, have given up this bone of contention, this matter of complaint which Northern men have set forth as a grievance more than anybody else.

Mr. Mason—Will the Senator indulge me one moment.

Mr. Wade—Certainly.

Mr. Mason—I know he does not intend to misrepresent me or other gentlemen. What I said was, that the repeal of those laws would furnish no cause of satisfaction to the Southern States. Our opinions of those laws we gave freely. We said the repeal of those laws would give no satisfaction.

Mr. Wade—Mr. President, I do not intend to misrepresent anything. I understood those gentlemen to suppose that they had not been injured by them. I understood the Senator from Virginia to believe that they were enacted in a spirit of hostility to the institutions of the South, and to

object to them not because the acts themselves had done them any hurt, but because they were really a stamp of degradation upon Southern men, or something like that—I do not quote his words. The other Senators that referred to it probably intended to be understood in the same way; but they did acquit these laws of having done them injury to their knowledge or belief.

I do not believe that these laws were, as the Senator supposed, enacted with a view to exasperate the South, or to put them in a position of degradation. Why, sir, these laws against kidnapping are as old as the common law itself, as that Senator well knows. To take a freeman and forcibly carry him out of the jurisdiction of the State, has ever been, by all civilized countries, adjudged to be a great crime; and in most of them, wherever I have understood anything about it, they have penal laws to punish such an offence. I believe the State of Virginia has one to-day as stringent in all its provisions as almost any other of which you complain. I have not looked over the statute-books of the South; but I do not doubt that there will be found this species of legislation upon all your statute-books.

Here let me say, because the subject occurs to me right here, the Senator from Virginia seemed not so much to point out any specific acts that Northern people had done injurious to your property, as what he took to be a dishonor and a degradation. I think I feel as sensitive upon that subject as any other man. If I know myself, I am the last man that would be the advocate of any law or any act that would humiliate or dishonor any section of this country, or any individual in it; and, on the other hand, let me tell these gentlemen I am exceedingly sensitive upon that same point, whatever they may think about it. I would rather

sustain an injury than an insult or dishonor; and I would be as unwilling to inflict it upon others as I would be to submit to it myself. I never will do either the one or the other if I know it. . . .

I know that charges have been made and rung in our ears, and reiterated over and over again, that we have been unfaithful in the execution of your fugitive bill. Sir, that law is exceedingly odious to any free people. It deprives us of all the old guarantees of liberty that the Anglo-Saxon race everywhere have considered sacred—more sacred than anything else. . . .

Mr. President, the gentleman says, if I understood him, that these fugitives might be turned over to the authorities of the State from whence they came. That would be a very poor remedy for a free man in humble circumstances who was taken under the provisions of this bill in a summary way, to be carried—where? Where he came from? There is no law that requires that he should be carried there. Sir, if he is a free man he may be carried into the market-place anywhere in a slave State; and what chance has he, a poor, ignorant individual, and a stranger, of asserting any rights there, even if there were no prejudices or partialities against him? That would be mere mockery of justice and nothing else, and the Senator well knows it. Sir, I know that from the stringent, summary provisions of this bill, free men have been kidnapped and carried into captivity and sold into everlasting slavery. Will any man who has a regard to the sovereign rights of the State rise here and complain that a State shall not make a law to protect her own people against kidnapping and violent seizures from abroad? Of all men, I believe those who have made most of these complaints should be the last to rise and deny the power of

a sovereign State to protect her own citizens against any Federal legislation whatever. These liberty bills, in my judgment, have been passed, not with a view of degrading the South, but with an honest purpose of guarding the rights of their own citizens from unlawful seizures and abductions. I was exceedingly glad to hear that the Senators on the other side had arisen in their places and had said that the repeal of those laws would not relieve the case from the difficulties under which they now labor. . . .

Gentlemen, it will be very well for us all to take a view of all the phases of this controversy before we come to such conclusions as seem to have been arrived at in some quarters. I make the assertion here that I do not believe, in the history of the world, there ever was a nation or a people where a law repugnant to the general feeling was ever executed with the same faithfulness as has been your most savage and atrocious fugitive bill in the North. You yourselves can scarcely point out any case that has come before any Northern tribunal in which the law has not been enforced to the very letter. You ought to know these facts, and you do know them. You all know that when a law is passed anywhere to bind any people, who feel, in conscience, or for any other reason, opposed to its execution, it is not in human nature to enforce it with the same certainty as a law that meets with the approbation of the great mass of the citizens. Every rational man understands this, and every candid man will admit it. Therefore it is that I do not violently impeach you for your unfaithfulness in the execution of many of your laws. You have in South Carolina a law by which you take free citizens of Massachusetts or any other maritime State, who visit the city of Charleston, and lock them up in jail under the penalty,

if they cannot pay the jail-fees, of eternal slavery staring them in the face—a monstrous law, revolting to the best feelings of humanity and violently in conflict with the Constitution of the United States. I do not say this by way of recrimination; for the excitement pervading the country is now so great that I do not wish to add a single coal to the flame; but nevertheless I wish the whole truth to appear. . . .

Now, Mr. President, I have shown, I think, that the dominant majority here have nothing to complain of in the legislation of Congress, or in the legislation of any of the States, or in the practice of the people of the North, under the Fugitive Slave Bill, except so far as they say certain State legislation furnishes some evidence of hostility to their institutions. And here, sir, I beg to make an observation. I tell the Senator, and I tell all the Senators, that the Republican party of the Northern States, so far as I know, and of my own State in particular, hold the same opinions with regard to this peculiar institution of yours that are held by all the civilized nations of the world. We do not differ from the public sentiment of England, of France, of Germany, of Italy, and every other civilized nation on God's earth; and I tell you frankly that you never found, and you never will find, a free community that are in love with your peculiar institution. The Senator from Texas (Mr. Wigfall) told us the other day that cotton was king, and that by its influence it would govern all creation. He did not say so in words, but that was the substance of his remark: that cotton was king, and that it had its subjects in Europe who dared not rebel against it. Here let me say to that Senator, in passing, that it turns out that they are very rebellious subjects, and they are talking very disrespect-

fully at present of that king that he spoke of. They defy you to exercise your power over them. They tell you that they sympathize in this controversy with what you call the black Republicans. Therefore, I hope that, so far as Europe is concerned at least, we shall hear no more of this boast that cotton is king, and that he is going to rule all the civilized nations of the world, and bring them to his footstool. Sir, it will never be done.

But, sir, I wish to inquire whether the Southern people are injured by, or have any just right to complain of that platform of principles that we put out, and on which we have elected a President and Vice-President. I have no concealments to make, and I shall talk to you, my Southern friends, precisely as I would talk upon the stump on the subject. I tell you that in that platform we did lay it down that we would, if we had the power, prohibit slavery from another inch of free territory under this government. I stand on that position to-day. I have argued it probably to half a million people. They stand there, and have commissioned and enjoined me to stand there forever; and, so help me God, I will. I say to you, frankly, gentlemen, that while we hold this doctrine, there is no Republican, there is no convention of Republicans, there is no paper that speaks for them, there is no orator that sets forth their doctrines, who ever pretends that they have any right in your States to interfere with your peculiar institution; but, on the other hand, our authoritative platform repudiates the idea that we have any right or any intention ever to invade your peculiar institution in your own States.

Now, what do you complain of? You are going to break up this government; you are going to involve us in war and blood, from a mere suspicion that we shall justify

that which we stand everywhere pledged not to do. Would you be justified in the eyes of the civilized world in taking so monstrous a position, and predicating it on a bare, groundless suspicion? We do not love slavery. Did you not know that before to-day, before this session commenced? Have you not a perfect confidence that the civilized world is against you on this subject of loving slavery or believing that it is the best institution in the world? Why, sir, everything remains precisely as it was a year ago. No great catastrophe has occurred. There is no recent occasion to accuse us of anything. But all at once, when we meet here, a kind of gloom pervades the whole community and the Senate chamber. Gentlemen rise and tell us that they are on the eve of breaking up this government, that seven or eight States are going to break off their connection with the government, retire from the Union, and set up a hostile government of their own, and they look imploringly over to us, and say to us: "You can prevent it; we can do nothing to prevent it; but it all lies with you." Well, sir, what can we do to prevent it? You have not even condescended to tell us what you want; but I think I see through the speeches that I have heard from gentlemen on the other side. If we would give up the verdict of the people, and take your platform, I do not know but you would be satisfied with it. I think the Senator from Texas rather intimated, and I think the Senator from Georgia more than intimated, that if we would take what is exactly the Charleston platform on which Mr. Breckenridge was placed, and give up that on which we won our victory, you would grumblingly and hesitatingly be satisfied.

Mr. Iverson—I would prefer that the Senator would

look over my remarks before quoting them so confidently. I made no such statement as that. I did not say that I would be satisfied with any such thing. I would not be satisfied with it.

Mr. Wade—I did not say that the Senator said so; but by construction I gathered that from his speech. I do not know that I was right in it.

Mr. Iverson—The Senator is altogether wrong in his construction.

Mr. Wade—Well, sir, I have now found what the Senator said on the other point to which he called my attention a little while ago. Here it is:

"Nor do we suppose that there will be any overt acts upon the part of Mr. Lincoln. For one, I do not dread these overt acts. I do not propose to wait for them. Why, sir, the power of this Federal Government could be so exercised against the institution of slavery in the Southern States, as that, without an overt act, the institution would not last ten years. We know that, sir; and seeing the storm which is approaching, although it may be seemingly in the distance, we are determined to seek our own safety and security before it shall burst upon us and overwhelm us with its fury, when we are not in a situation to defend ourselves."

That is what the Senator said.

Mr. Iverson—Yes; that is what I said.

Mr. Wade—Well, then, you did not expect that Mr. Lincoln would commit any overt act against the Constitution—that was not it—you were not going to wait for that, but were going to proceed on your supposition that probably he might; and that is the sense of what I said before.

Well, Mr. President, I have disavowed all intention

on the part of the Republican party to harm a hair of your heads anywhere. We hold to no doctrine that can possibly work you an inconvenience. We have been faithful to the execution of all laws in which you have any interest, as stands confessed on this floor by your own party, and as is known to me without their confessions. It is not, then, that Mr. Lincoln is expected to do any overt act by which you may be injured; you will not wait for any; but anticipating that the government may work an injury, you say you will put an end to it, which means simply that you intend either to rule or ruin this government. That is what your complaint comes to; nothing else. We do not like your institution, you say. Well, we never liked it any better than we do now. You might as well have dissolved the Union at any other period as now, on that account, for we stand in relation to it precisely as we have ever stood; that is, repudiating it among ourselves as a matter of policy and morals, but nevertheless admitting that where it is out of our jurisdiction we have no hold upon it, and no designs upon it.

Then, sir, as there is nothing in the platform on which Mr. Lincoln was elected of which you complain, I ask, is there anything in the character of the President-elect of which you ought to complain? Has he not lived a blameless life? Did he ever transgress any law? Has he ever committed any violation of duty of which the most scrupulous can complain? Why, then, your suspicions that he will? I have shown that you have had the government all the time, until, by some misfortune or maladministration, you brought it to the very verge of destruction, and the wisdom of the people had discovered that it was

high time that the sceptre should depart from you, and be placed in more competent hands; I say that this being so, you have no constitutional right to complain; especially when we disavow any intention so to make use of the victory we have won as to injure you at all.

This brings me, sir, to the question of compromises. On the first day of this session, a Senator rose in his place and offered a resolution for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the evils that exist between the different sections, and to ascertain what can be done to settle this great difficulty. That is the proposition substantially. I tell the Senator that I know of no difficulty; and as to compromises, I had supposed that we were all agreed that the day of compromises was at an end. The most solemn compromises we have ever made have been violated without a whereas. Since I have had a seat in this body, one of considerable antiquity, that had stood for more than thirty years, was swept away from your statute books. When I stood here in the minority arguing against it; when I asked you to withhold your hand; when I told you it was a sacred compromise between the sections, and that when it was removed we should be brought face to face with all that sectional bitterness that has intervened; when I told you that it was a sacred compromise which no man should touch with his finger, what was your reply? That it was a mere act of Congress—nothing more, nothing less—and that it could be swept away by the same majority that passed it. That was true in point of fact, and true in point of law; but it showed the weakness of compromises. Now, sir, I only speak for myself; and I say that, in view of the manner in which other compromises have been heretofore treated, I should hardly think any

two of the Democratic party would look each other in the face and say "compromise" without a smile. [Laughter.] A compromise to be brought about by act of Congress, after the experience we have had, is absolutely ridiculous. . . .

I say, then, that so far as I am concerned, I will yield to no compromise. I do not come here begging, either. It would be an indignity to the people that I represent if I were to stand here parleying as to the rights of the party to which I belong. We have won our right to the Chief Magistracy of this nation in the way that you have always won your predominance; and if you are as willing to do justice to others as to exact it from them, you would never raise an inquiry as to a committee for compromises. Here I beg, barely for myself, to say one thing more. Many of you stand in an attitude hostile to this government; that is to say, you occupy an attitude where you threaten that, unless we do so and so, you will go out of this Union and destroy the government. I say to you for myself, that, in my private capacity, I never yielded to anything by way of threat, and in my public capacity I have no right to yield to any such thing; and therefore I would not entertain a proposition for any compromise, for, in my judgment, this long, chronic controversy that has existed between us must be met, and met upon the principles of the Constitution and laws, and met now. I hope it may be adjusted to the satisfaction of all; and I know no other way to adjust it, except that way which is laid down by the Constitution of the United States. Whenever we go astray from that, we are sure to plunge ourselves into difficulties. The old Constitution of the United States, although commonly and frequently in direct opposition to what I could wish, nevertheless, in my judgment, is the wisest and best

Constitution that ever yet organized a free government; and by its provisions I am willing, and intend, to stand or fall. Like the Senator from Mississippi, I ask nothing more. I ask no ingrafting upon it. I ask nothing to be taken away from it. Under its provisions a nation has grown faster than any other in the history of the world ever did before in prosperity, in power, and in all that makes a nation great and glorious. It has ministered to the advantages of this people; and now I am unwilling to add or take away anything till I can see much clearer than I can now that it wants either any addition or lopping off. . . .

The Senator from Texas says—it is not exactly his language—we will force you to an ignominous treaty up in Faneuil Hall. Well, sir, you may. We know you are brave; we understand your prowess; we want no fight with you; but, nevertheless, if you drive us to that necessity, we must use all the powers of this government to maintain it intact in its integrity. If we are overthrown, we but share the fate of a thousand other governments that have been subverted. If you are the weakest then you must go to the wall; and that is all there is about it. That is the condition in which we stand, provided a State sets herself up in opposition to the general government.

I say that is the way it seems to me, as a lawyer. I see no power in the Constitution to release a Senator from this position. Sir, if there was any other, if there was an absolute right of secession in the Constitution of the United States when we stepped up there to take our oath of office, why was there not an exception in that oath? Why did it not run "that we would support the Constitution of the United States unless our State shall secede before our

term was out?" Sir, there is no such immunity. There is no way by which this can be done that I can conceive of, except it is standing upon the Constitution of the United States, demanding equal justice for all, and vindicating the old flag of the Union. We must maintain it, unless we are cloven down by superior force.

Well, sir, it may happen that you can make your way out of the Union, and that, by levying war upon the government, you may vindicate your right to independence. If you should do so, I have a policy in my mind. No man would regret more than myself that any portion of the people of these United States should think themselves impelled, by grievances or anything else, to depart out of this Union, and raise a foreign flag and a hand against the general government. If there was any just cause on God's earth that I could see that was within my reach of honorable release from any such pretended grievance, they should have it; but they set forth none; I can see none. It is all a matter of prejudice, superinduced unfortunately, I believe, as I intimated before, more because you have listened to the enemies of the Republican party and what they said of us, while, from your intolerance, you have shut out all light as to what our real principles are. We have been called and branded in the North and in the South and everywhere else, as John Brown men, as men hostile to your institutions, as meditating an attack upon your institutions in your own State—a thing that no Republican ever dreamed of or ever thought of, but has protested against as often as the question has been up; but your people believe it. No doubt they believe it because of the terrible excitement and reign of terror that prevails there. No doubt they think so, but it arises from false in-

formation, or the want of information—that is all. Their prejudices have been appealed to until they have become uncontrolled and uncontrollable.

Well, sir, if it shall be so; if that "glorious Union," as we call it, under which the government has so long lived and prospered, is now about to come to a final end, as perhaps it may, I have been looking around to see what policy we should adopt; and through that gloom which has been mentioned on the other side, if you will have it so, I still see a glorious future for those who stand by the old flag of the nation. . . .

But, sir, I am for maintaining the Union of these States. I will sacrifice everything but honor to maintain it. That glorious old flag of ours, by any act of mine, shall never cease to wave over the integrity of this Union as it is. But if they will not have it so, in this new, renovated government of which I have spoken, the 4th of July, with all its glorious memories, will never be repealed. The old flag of 1776 will be in our hands, and shall float over this nation forever; and this capital, that some gentleman said would be reserved for the Southern republic, shall still be the capital. It was laid out by Washington, it was consecrated by him; and the old flag that he vindicated in the Revolution shall still float from the Capitol.

I say, sir, I stand by the Union of these States. Washington and his compatriots fought for that good old flag. It shall never be hauled down, but shall be the glory of the government to which I belong, as long as my life shall continue. To maintain it, Washington and his compatriots fought for liberty and the rights of man. And here I will add that my own father, although but a humble soldier, fought in the same great cause, and went through

hardships and privations sevenfold worse than death, in order to bequeath it to his children. It is my inheritance. It was my protector in infancy, and the pride and glory of my riper years; and, Mr. President, although it may be assailed by traitors on every side, by the grace of God, under its shadows I will die.

CALEB CUSHING

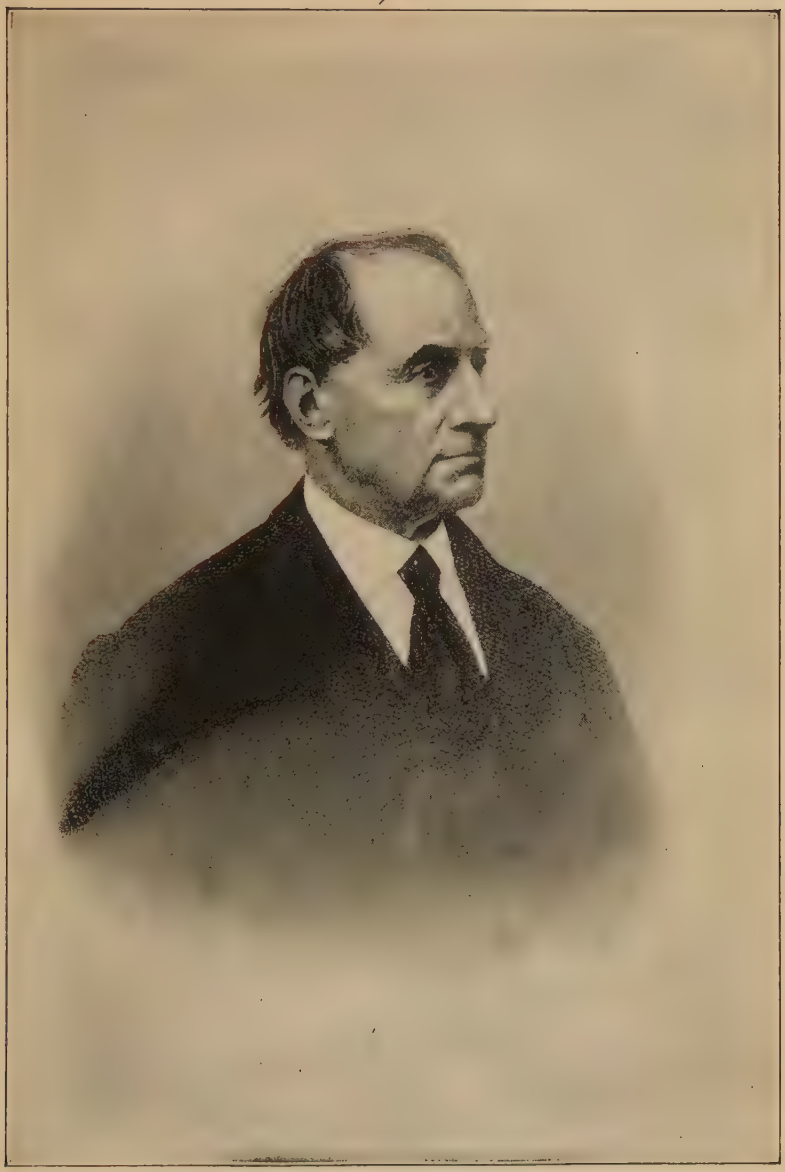
CALEB CUSHING, distinguished American jurist, diplomatist, and statesman, was born at Salisbury, Mass., Jan. 17, 1800, and died at Newburyport, Mass., Jan. 2, 1879. He was educated at Harvard University, and after studying law and being admitted to the Bar, he settled at Newburyport, and in 1825 entered the Massachusetts legislature. In 1835, he was returned to Congress by the Whigs, and served four terms in the House, but in 1841 allied himself with the Democrats. In 1843, he was appointed commissioner to China and negotiated the first treaty between China and the United States. At the time of the Mexican War, Cushing equipped a regiment at his own expense, and served in the army successively as colonel and brigadier-general. He was Attorney-General of the United States (1853–57), counsel before the Arbitration Tribunal at Geneva (1871–72), and Minister to Spain (1874–75). Cushing was an able and eloquent speaker, possessed of considerable polish of manner and adroitness in debate. As a jurist his decisions display both learning and sagacity. His writings include "Practical Principles of Political Economy" (1826), "Historical and Political Review of the late Revolution in France" (1833), "Reminiscences of Spain" (1833), "Life of William Henry Harrison" (1840), and "Growth and Territorial Progress of the United States." In 1873, he also published a narrative of "The Treaty of Washington," which among other things secured the adjustment of the "Alabama Claims" with Great Britain after the era of the Civil War.

ORATION ON NEGRO COLONIZATION

DELIVERED BEFORE THE MASSACHUSETTS COLONIZATION SOCIETY, JULY 4, 1833

LIBERTY,—liberty of thought, liberty of speech, liberty of action—liberty in government, liberty in person,—is the master-principle, the predominant idea, the great first motive passion, which, in all times, but most of all in our own, has impelled and agitated the world. Whether in savage or civilized existence, it is alike the cherished desire of the human heart, the potent spring of human life.

Chasing his prey in the pathless depths of his western wilderness, over savannahs or through forests coeval with creation,—although science, and art, and religion, and whatever else refines and blesses humanity, be unknown to him,—yet



CALEB CUSHING

man feels that he is free,—free as the luxuriant vegetation which springs up spontaneously around him from a virgin earth unbroken by the plough—free as the untamed courser, who divides with him the empire of the desert. It is the one overswaying sentiment which God implanted in his breast: it inspires him with untutored eloquence in council, it nerves his arm in battle. Tear him from his native solitudes and place him in the midst of all that civilization can gather together of splendid, alluring, or wonderful, and he pines to exchange the luxuries of art for the congenial freedom of nature.

Nor is the inextinguishable love of liberty less characteristic of man as a cultivated and intellectual being, as a constituent part of the complex fabric of political society to which we belong. To retain it when possessed, to recover it when lost, has been the object of those mighty efforts of the human race, which have rescued from oblivion, one after the other, successive ages in history, and held up the actors in them to the admiration of posterity. They are epochs familiar to the memory, they are men whose image is ever present to the mind; and whether they honored the mountains of Greece or Switzerland, the plains of Poland or Lombardy, why should I pause to recount them, when here, amid the scenes of our fathers' sacrifices and our fathers' glory, and on this day, the anniversary of our national independence, we ourselves are assembled in the name and in the holy cause of liberty?

It is, I repeat, in her name and in her cause, that we have assembled, and fitly, therefore, upon this proud anniversary, since the day of our emancipation from bondage as a people should be consecrated to the one high principle which singles it out from its undistinguished fellows in the lapse of time,—the conservation of the genuine theory of universal justice,

the speading abroad of the great truth that all men are born to equal participation in the blessings of life, the rights and the wrongs of the slave, wherever he may be and of whatever clime or complexion,—the cause, in a word, of constitutional liberty.

We, indeed, in the land of the Pilgrim Fathers, the chosen refuge of the oppressed, inhale the pure atmosphere of freedom; we imbue its doctrines with the very being we draw from the maternal breast; they come to be the first elements of our moral constitution in manhood; and for us, it is only the abuses of liberty from within, that we have room to apprehend in our New England. And would to heaven that it were so in our whole country; that the curse of involuntary servitude did not still cling to so large a portion of our countrymen, destroying their peace, filling their dwellings with the agonies of perpetual domestic suspicion, subjecting their families to massacre, and hanging its dead weight upon their public welfare; that the chains of the negro were at length and forever struck from his limbs; that liberty, knowledge, and Christianity were made equally the unpurchased birthright of the European and the African throughout the New World!

Glorious, in truth, and auspicious will be the day,—glorious for our country, auspicious for the human race,—when man shall cease to be the bond-slave of man. It matters not what name of sect we of New England may bear,—in what form of association, what combination of party, we may be ranked,—on this point we are of universal accord; and we are so, not merely from that intimate conviction, that prejudice of education, if you will, which has grown with our growth; but on considerations of eternal truth, of justice, of humanity, of religion, of expediency, of everything which should inform

the heart and control the actions of a rational and accountable man, of a patriot, a philosopher, and a Christian.

We maintain, and the letter of our constitution is to us a truth, that men are born to equal political rights, however the accidents of fortune may interpose to prevent the enjoyment of those rights; and that personal servitude, therefore, is contrary to fundamental principles of political justice.

We believe that, although the Bible inculcates legal obedience of the subject to the ruler, and of the servant to the master, yet political equality, civil freedom, and personal freedom, and of course the doctrines of emancipation, are among the peculiar and characteristic lessons of the religion of Jesus Christ.

We know that, however the interest of the master may consult the physical well-being of the slaves in whom his wealth consists, yet that for them the moral benefits of life are imperfectly, when at all, enjoyed. They are not educated, lest through education they should learn to appreciate the value of that liberty which they have not and should acquire the temper, the will, and the means to escape from their involuntary thraldom. That exquisite sentiment, which ennobles and sanctifies the relation of the sexes, is not theirs; for how shall the ties of domestic life, when subject to the caprice, and dependent on the interests and improvidence of a master, possess the highest and holiest of sanctions? The pursuit of riches, rank, or distinction, the desire of public usefulness, the sense of conscious capability to augment the sum of human knowledge, virtue, and happiness, and the will to exert that capability for noble ends; the divine unction of religious ardor and apostolic zeal, the noble passion of disinterested well-doing for the good of our fellows, ambition of power or fame, in short, all the strong moral inducements of human

action, be they for time or be they for eternity, belong to man as the agent of his own volition: they are the magnificent heritage of the free. We are the creatures of motive, and it is the influence of circumstance upon the springs of action within us, which gives to the soul its energy, and to existence all its beauty and worth. I know it is the ordinary commonplace of rhetoric and poetry to dwell on this fact; but it is not the less a truth for its triteness; and while it has been true of slavery under all its modifications, it is more especially true of slavery as it is here, where the color of the slave creates a visible and permanent distinction between him and his master, and prevents the enslaved race from being gradually absorbed in and assimilated with the mass of the free population.

We are deeply sensible of the pernicious influence of slavery upon the condition of that portion of our country where it exists and the character of its free inhabitants. We see that it tends to weaken the spirit of enterprise and to banish industry by rendering labor disreputable; that it corrupts the morals by promoting idleness and affording facilities for vicious indulgence; and that, striking as these evils are, they are poorly compensated by the livelier sense of the value of freedom and higher tone of honor which may prevail in a slaveholding community. We see among the States of the Union some which nature has most bounteously favored comparatively impoverished by the system of slave labor,—rendered tributary to the industrious population of the free States, or of foreign countries, for all the comforts and conveniences of life,—unblessed by the signs of universal competency, happiness, and welfare, the commodious habitations the thrifty and well-ordered farms, the flourishing manufactories, the ships, the churches, the schools, which are the result of the

honor of free labor in the Eastern and Middle States; we see all this, the retribution which slavery works out upon itself, we see that monstrous disloyalty toward the Union, in certain regions of the South, of which, whatever may be the pretexts, this undoubtedly is not the least fruitful source; and in those considerations, even if the right of the slave did not cry to heaven for his ransom, we should find incentives enough to plead, and labor, and pray for the purification of this plague-spot from our land, for the end of this great drawback in the palmy prosperity of the Union.

If any sentiments differing from these have obtained among us it is unknown to me:—I avow these to be the sentiments which I entertain, I believe them to have universal currency throughout New England. Standing here on this occasion, by the invitation of the Colonization Society of Massachusetts, to advocate its cause and justify its purposes, and aware of the extraordinary violence of language employed in certain quarters to impugn the motives and abstract doctrine of prominent members and friends of that society, I have felt bound to put on record, in the outset, a distinct declaration of creed on this point, at the risk of seeming to argue that which none disputes, and of illustrating positions too plain to admit of denial;—and I have done this, not so much in respect of my own opinion as in justice to the good name of the society.

For the true questions to be considered are: What is the object of the Colonization Society? Is that object laudable? Is it pursued by honorable means? The private motives or personal opinions of any individual who embarks in the cause, whether they be good, or bad, or indifferent, these are a matter concerning him alone, his conscience, or his reputation, and for which the society is nowise responsible.

What, then, is the object of the Colonization Society? Is it laudable? Is it honorably pursued?

This object is simple, direct, visible,—there is no concealment of real design, there is no profession of a simulated one,—it is to establish colonies on the western coast of Africa, by means of such free colored persons or emancipated slaves in the United States as may voluntarily emigrate under the auspices of the society.

Whether this object be a laudable one depends upon the consideration of two facts, namely, the operation of the society in the United States and its operation in Africa.

Within the United States the friends of the Colonization Society conscientiously believe that the association is a useful instrument of beneficence, indirectly to the whites, but more directly to the blacks themselves, whether enslaved or free.

And, first, as to the enslaved blacks. It is perfectly well understood that in the slave-holding States many obstacles, arising from the tenor of the laws respecting free negroes, stand in the way of emancipating slaves, and deter the master from doing this, where otherwise his convictions of duty would outweigh the consideration of his personal interest. The Colonization Society presents to such persons a ready method of accomplishing their benevolent purpose. It has actually conveyed to Africa nearly one thousand manumitted slaves, and needs only augmented means to extend its usefulness in this respect. Here is a definite, practical good, beyond the reach, it would seem, of controversy or cavil, and sufficient of itself alone to entitle the society to unqualified commendation. The society is also of manifest utility in respect of enslaved blacks, because, in addition to its direct agency in conveying them to Africa when emancipated, it tends to promote and encourage the spirit of emancipation,

and, by the information it diffuses, the discussion it elicits, the cultivated and influential individuals in the South, who engage in its cause, gradually to bring to a right conclusion the minds of the slave-holders themselves, through whom alone the abolition of the system of slavery can be peacefully accomplished. Here also is definite, practical good. I am aware that much has been urged as to the incapacity of the society to transport to Africa all the slave population of the United States, and comparisons are instituted between the periodical increase of the slaves in a given time and the number of slaves thus far colonized under the auspices of the society. Whether this conclusion be sustained by the premises alleged in its support, I do not now stop to inquire; it does not in any event constitute a sound objection to the Colonization Society, inasmuch as, be the good, which it is capable of accomplishing in this respect, great, or be it small, here is, I repeat, at any rate a good, a definite practical good, actually accomplished by the society, and a wide field of future usefulness opened to it in the slave-holding States.

Secondly, as to the free blacks. It is impossible to deny that the free blacks in the United States labor under disadvantages arising from color which no system of laws, however just and equal,—no plans of benevolence, however comprehensive,— can remove. God forbid that I should speak of this as matter of reproach: I refer to it only as an existing fact which it would be idle and absurd to keep out of sight in discussing the means of serving the colored population of the United States. Nor does it need that I should enter into the details or extent of the fact; since it is enough to be aware of its existence. I do not mean to say that the possession of high intellectual and moral qualities by a colored person would not be duly honored among us; on the contrary,

I believe it would be; and, from a sentiment of compassion toward the race, more honored even than the same degree of merit in the dominant class. Still the fact remains that, whether in political or in social relations, full equality does not now exist between the races and is not to be anticipated in any probable future contingency. Proceeding upon this incontestable fact, the Colonization Society says to the free colored inhabitants of the United States: "We offer to you a secure asylum in a land congenial to your physical constitution, where you will be the dominant race,—where the avenues to wealth, distinction, and usefulness will be yours indisputably; the land of your fathers; that Africa from which you or your progenitors were forcibly severed and whither you may return to be the missionaries of civilization and of religion; we freely offer to you a participation in the advantages now enjoyed in Liberia by those of your color who have already emigrated; if you accept them, it is well; if you prefer to remain here, the inferior class, it is well; it is not our benefit that we have primarily in view, but that of you and your race; and in proposing to you what we conceive to be a valuable object we have discharged some portion of that great debt to Africa which we acknowledge to be due from Europeans and from their descendants in America." Such is the language which the Colonization Society addresses to the free colored inhabitants of the country; and I profess that I cannot see in it either cause of reproach on the part of colored persons or ground of excited feelings, or least of all justification for the hostility of caste which has been industriously propagated in certain quarters in consequence of the establishment and signal success of the Colonization Society.

Lastly, as to the whites. While the Colonization Society has not, either in the causes which originally induced its for-

mation, or in the management of its affairs, proposed any advantage to the whites as to the main object of its exertions, yet the friends of the Society perceive that it promotes harmonious action upon the subject of slavery in the different sections of the Union; and they look to it as the instrument of ultimate good to themselves, in so far as it may tend, by peaceable means, to produce the final abolition of the slave-system in the southern States.

Within the United States, therefore, I hold it to be demonstrable, that the operation of the Colonization Society is beneficial to every class of its inhabitants; how much so, is not now the question, but at all events beneficial; and I think it can be shown also to be beneficial in Africa.

There was a time when the utility of the society, as respected Africa, was contingent, was matter of speculation; but it is so no longer. A flourishing colony of emigrant colored persons from the United States, having borne with them the means of education,—the civilization and the religion of the land they left,—now exists in Liberia, to utter its testimony in behalf of the society and to constitute the fulcrum, whereby, under the blessing of God, the natives of Africa may be raised to the condition of civilized men and of Christians. When I reflect upon the rapid growth of the colony of Liberia and call to mind the painful progress of the first colonies of Virginia and Massachusetts, out of which this great republic has been permitted to spring, I feel that the prospect which is thus opened to Africa is brilliant enough to justify the most ardent enthusiasm in the cause of the Colonization Society. And familiar as this part of my subject may be to many of my hearers, I am unwilling to dismiss it without some brief remarks on the practicability and effects of civilizing the Africans.

In all ages the continent of Africa has constituted a great geographical problem, the debatable ground of science, the fruitful field of doubt, prejudice, and misapprehension. Once opinion was that its tropical regions were given up to the dominion of burning heat, intolerant of human life, impervious to the footsteps of conquest or commerce. The voyages of the early Portuguese navigators effectually dispelled this false idea and displayed to us a coast, obnoxious, of course, to the heats which prevail in other tropical regions of the globe, but thronged at the same time with a robust and vigorous native population, and as later experience has proved, no more deleterious to Europeans than similar latitudes of Asia and America. But the vast interior of the continent still continued to be the region of mystery, pictured to the imagination as a wide, sandy desert, and known to us only by a few scattered particulars derived from the ancients, by the meagre and unsatisfactory accounts of Arabian geographers, by here and there a solitary fact gleaned from the Barbary traders and the slave-merchants of Nubia or Guinea. But what difficulties could withstand, what dangers could deter, the ardor of European thirst of knowledge, European cupidity of gain, European benevolence? One after another of the adventurous pioneers of improvement fell a victim to his zeal in the cause of knowledge and humanity; Park, Ledyard, Burckhardt, Clapperton, had imparted a melancholy fame to the history of African discovery; until at last, when the best organized attempts of public bodies had utterly failed of success, it was reserved for obscure individuals, a French mariner and an English domestic servant, to reveal the hidden secrets, the great navigable rivers, the rich soil, the exuberant vegetation, the numerous population, of the heart of Africa. And the discoveries of Caillié and Lander seem to have provi-

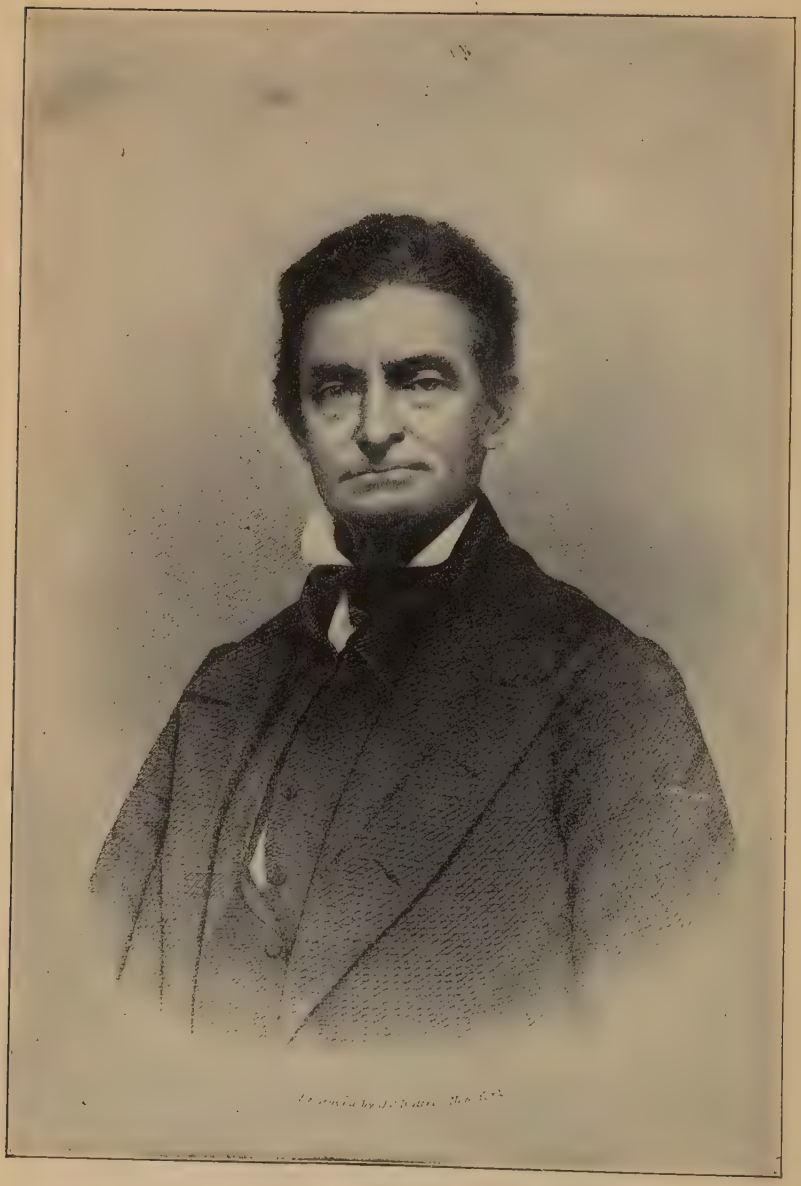
dentially chanced at that period of time when the establishment of the American colony of Liberia, the conquest of Algiers by France, the regeneration of Egypt under the auspices of Mohammed-Ali, and the assured possession of southern Africa by the English, conspire together at length to promise the redemption of this great continent from the degradation of ages.

There yet remains one last, lingering prejudice regarding Africa, to be dispelled by the clear light of truth, to be rebuked by the irresistible voice of experience. Asia has run her long career of glory; Europe has plucked from her hand the torch of science, the sceptre of empire; three centuries have sufficed to render America the competitor of the Old World in the march of improvement; and wherefore shall not Africa thrust in her sickle to the harvest, wherefore not Africa stand up "redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled," under the vivifying influences of Christianity?

It is the common idea, I believe, that Europeans, by engaging in the slave-trade, are in chief part accountable for the barbarism of Africa; but detestable as that traffic has been and is, and heavy as the load of guilt is which rests upon those who have pursued it, the slave-trade is the effect, rather than the cause, of the moral abasement of Africa. There is a conquering race in the interior of the continent, the Arabs, who, like other Mahometans, pursue the slave-trade as well in Africa as in Asia, and who, on both continents, serve to aggravate, rather than counteract, the debasing influences of paganism. Civilization, of Arabs and Africans alike, is the powerful engine by which the slave-trade is to be eradicated from the earth; and it is from the agency of Christians, or of them primarily, that any rational hope of the civilization of Africa can be derived. And who so proper to communicate

the boon of Christianity, and of civilization along with it, to western Africa, as men of African birth or extraction, themselves prepared for the noble undertaking by residence among the people of Christendom?

To deny that the civilization of Africa is practicable is to forget all that history tells us of the greatness and glory of ancient Egypt, whither Herodotus, Pythagoras, and Plato, the fathers of Grecian learning and philosophy, repaired for intellectual improvement, as the Romans afterwards did, to Athens; it is to forget the conquests of Sesostris; it is to forget the stupendous works of art still remaining, and capable forever to remain, upon the banks of the Nile, indestructible monuments of the wealth and refinement of the Ethiopians and Egyptians, themselves, in the marked physical peculiarities which meet the eye at the present day, of the indigenous races of Africa.



JOHN BROWN

JOHN BROWN

JOHN BROWN, "of Ossawatomie," a celebrated American abolitionist and anti-slavery agitator, was born at Torrington, Conn., May 9, 1800, and was executed at Charlestown, Va., Dec. 2, 1859. He settled as a boy in Ohio, where he learned the tanner's trade, married, and had, it is said, twenty children. In 1855, he emigrated to Kansas, where his radical anti-slavery opinions brought him into conflict with the pro-slavery leaders. After his home had been burned and his son John killed by "border ruffians," as the armed pro-slavery men were termed, his fanaticism led him to undertake, by way of reprisal, the midnight assassination of five of his opponents. In 1859, he organized an invasion of Virginia as a step toward securing emancipation of the slaves, and on October 16, with over a score of associates, he surprised the town of Harper's Ferry, in what is now West Virginia, and there seized the arsenal and armory. Brown and his followers were on the following day arrested by the United States troops and handed over to the State authorities. Brown, with several of his associates, was tried before a Virginia court, found guilty on several counts, and was hanged, exhibiting on the scaffold the serene composure and confidence of a martyr. See "Lives" by Redpath (1860), and Sanborn (1885); and Thoreau's "Anti-Slavery and Reform Papers" (1890).

WORDS TO GOVERNOR WISE AT HARPER'S FERRY

GOVERNOR,—I have from all appearances not more than fifteen or twenty years the start of you in the journey to that eternity of which you kindly warn me; and, whether my time here shall be fifteen months or fifteen days or fifteen hours, I am equally prepared to go. There is an eternity behind and an eternity before; and this little speck in the centre, however long, is but comparatively a minute. The difference between your tenure and mine is trifling, and I therefore tell you to be prepared. I am prepared. You all have a heavy responsibility, and it behooves you to prepare more than it does me.

LAST SPEECH TO THE COURT

NOVEMBER 2, 1859

I HAVE, may it please the Court, a few words to say. In the first place, I deny everything but what I have all along admitted,—the design on my part to free the slaves. I intended certainly to have made a clean thing of that matter, as I did last winter, when I went into Missouri and there took slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moved them through the country, and finally left them in Canada. I designed to have done the same thing again on a larger scale. That was all I intended. I never did intend murder, or treason, or the destruction of property, or to excite or incite slaves to rebellion, or to make insurrection.

I have another objection; and that is, it is unjust that I should suffer such a penalty. Had I interfered in the manner which I admit, and which I admit has been fairly proved (for I admire the truthfulness and candor of the greater portion of the witnesses who have testified in this case),—had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends, —either father, mother, brother, sister, wife, or children, or any of that class,—and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right; and every man in this court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment.

This court acknowledges, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed here which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the New Testament. That teaches me that all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me,

I should do even so to them. It teaches me, further, to "remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them." I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I say I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done—as I have always freely admitted I have done—in behalf of his despised poor was not wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments,—I submit; so let it be done!

Let me say one word further.

I feel entirely satisfied with the treatment I have received on my trial. Considering all the circumstances, it has been more generous than I expected. But I feel no consciousness of guilt. I have stated from the first what was my intention and what was not. I never had any design against the life of any person, nor any disposition to commit treason, or excite slaves to rebel, or make any general insurrection. I never encouraged any man to do so, but always discouraged any idea of that kind.

Let me say also a word in regard to the statements made by some of those connected with me. I hear it has been stated by some of them that I have induced them to join me. But the contrary is true. I do not say this to injure them, but as regretting their weakness. There is not one of them but joined me of his own accord, and the greater part of them at their own expense. A number of them I never saw, and never had a word of conversation with till the day they came to me; and that was for the purpose I have stated.

Now I have done.

DANIEL S. DICKINSON

DANIEL STEVENS DICKINSON, LL.D., American senator and lawyer, was born at Goshen, Conn., Sept. 11, 1800, and died at New York city, April 12, 1866. After obtaining but a rudimentary education, supplemented later by private reading, he studied law and was admitted to the Bar in 1828, beginning the practice of his profession at Guilford, N. Y. Removing to Binghamton, N. Y., in 1831, he made that town thereafter his home. In 1836, he entered the New York Senate as a Democratic member, and was speedily an acknowledged leader among his political associates, one of his most noted speeches at this period being delivered in 1837, in opposition to the repeal of the usury laws. He served one term in Congress as senator, 1841–50, and for a while was chairman of the Senate finance committee. His course as senator was conservative in character, and he spoke frequently on such important questions as the Mexican War, the Wilmot Proviso, and other issues of the period. He returned to the practice of his profession at Binghamton at the close of his term in Congress, and after the opening of the Civil War exerted all his influence, which was great, in arousing Union sentiment, regardless of party ties, devoting the larger part of his time for some years to the delivery of patriotic addresses in New England and the Middle States. In 1861, he was elected attorney-general of New York, and during the closing year of his life was United States district attorney for the southern district of New York. Dickinson was a lucid and logical debater, and spoke with little apparent effort. His speeches abound in classical allusions and not infrequently are seasoned with satire. His "Life and Works," edited by his brother, appeared at New York in 1867. Extracts from his patriotic speeches on the Union abound in school readers and collections of oratory.

SPEECH AT WAR RATIFICATION MEETING

DELIVERED AT COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK, OCTOBER 8, 1862

I HAVE no new light upon the subject of this rebellion or the manner in which it should be treated. I stand to-day where I stood when Sumter fell—determined to see my country's flag vindicated—to see the supremacy of the constitution established and upheld—to see sovereign law acknowledged—to see rebellion crushed—to act with those, and those only, who would go all lengths to break it down—to act against all who would be its defenders or apologists—to act with those who, in pursuing rebellion, would stop only

at the outposts of civilization and Christianity in efforts to destroy it—to employ every means, moral and material, known to man to cut it up and to put it down the most effectually, and at the earliest moment. I devoted seven of the best years of my life in efforts for the settlement of this accursed question peaceably—that it might be taken out of the political field North and South and be let alone to work out its own peculiar problem under the mysterious dispensation of a guiding and beneficent Providence. Now that it is unnecessarily made the pretext for a wicked and causeless rebellion by the southern people, I care not how soon I see its end. With no abolition proclivities, in a political sense, but the reverse, I would not have gone out of my way to look upon slavery in this conflict or to avoid slavery, but would have treated it like any other element, taking it when it would give us strength or weaken them, and employed it accordingly. I have never seen a moment since the outbreak when I would have touched the institution for itself alone, nor when I would not have cut it from its moorings in one hour if it would have aided in disposing of the rebellion, and I would do the same now. I hold the war power broad enough to cover the whole question, and I confess, in a time when our government is trembling in the balance before the world, I like to see it exercised when it is well and boldly and thoroughly done.

Let those who take the sword perish with the sword is my doctrine, and let those who raise a rebellious army against the constitution take just such aid and comfort as martial law and the war power in their utmost rigor mete out to them, whether it be hemp. or steel or lead or a confiscation of property. If slaves are property they are subject to the same rules as other property and should be treated accord-

ingly. There is no charm upon the subject and should be no mystification over it. I early saw that rebellion, if long continued, would end in emancipation—that from a necessity emancipation was to enter into the question, for as the rebellion progressed and declined and was on its last legs, it would at the last moment liberate the slaves in its desperation, if events had not sooner practically done so, or emancipation had not then been proclaimed by the federal government. I would have preferred practical and real acts in the premises as occasions demanded, under martial law as such, to theories or paper proclamations, for I hold the war power abundant and legislation unnecessary; but the President having determined upon a proclamation, I would have preferred to see how it would work in the last few months of the old year, to the first day of the new. But, if the proclamation weakens rebellion and strengthens government—as I hope and believe it will—I am for it and all its consequences, and any and every other measure which will conduce to that end. The institution has been overworked, and can no longer form political capital on either side, of which politicians of both shades will please take notice. It is to pass away during the present struggle, especially if long continued, and as an element of mischief and disturbance, and as a just retribution to those who have taken up arms against the government in its name for vile political ends, it has my permission to start at the earliest moment possible and to make the exodus a complete one. One such government is worth all the slavery that has existed since Joseph was sold into Egypt. If rebellion wishes to avoid these results and to invoke the constitution, let it acknowledge its supremacy, embrace the olive branch extended by the President, and lay down its arms and close its work of treason and murder. The cry that

released contrabands are coming North is for political effect and to secure votes from alarmed laborers. When slavery is no longer recognized in the southern States the colored race will not struggle for the cold North to compete with our laborers, but those now with us will seek a more congenial clime in the sunny South where the climate is more agreeable and the labor and productions better suited to their wants and tastes and habits. . . .

It is idle, my friends, to prosecute this war against rebellion by halves. It is worse than idle to send our sons to the field of blood and leave politicians at home who are denouncing government, apologizing for rebellion, and are inculcating, no matter how stealthily or covertly, cowardly and fatal propositions of peace. Rebellion knows, from spies and sympathizers quite too near us, what is going on in our midst as well as we do. It is struggling on in the hope that this peace party may gain the ascendency, when it expects to be forgiven for its treason, have murder washed from its bloody hands, and be rewarded for its villainy by liberal propositions. This party, with its propositions of peace, having been exposed, abashed, and ingloriously overthrown last year, has covered its framework thus, with a veneering of a different shade but quite too flimsy to deceive a discerning and loyal people. Like the cat in the fable, it has whitewashed its coat, but the teeth and claws are plainly discernible. Call back your sons, I repeat, or crush this insidious monster at home and the rebellion abroad together. Rebellion has lost faith in expected foreign recognition. Its miserable sympathizers in England lack courage to come to time. Even Disraeli, who, O'Connell said, was a regular lineal descendant of the hardened thief, fails to meet the occasion as expected. Its hope now rests in the aid and sympathy it can command in the loyal

States, to save it from the condign punishment and ignoble end which awaits it, and looks more to the success of this ticket to-day than to the exploits of Stonewall Jackson. Call back your sons, I say again, or crush this political hope of rebellion at home. When this hideous monster sees us united as one man, in one common purpose, to crush it, it will yield; but until then it will struggle on, like the writhings of a venomous serpent, till exterminated. It would long since have yielded but for hope of propositions of peace from political quarters and terms of accommodation; and but for seeing the executive denounced for unconstitutional acts, and a party rising up opposing the war in effect if not in name—for rebel leaders understand the matter in all its bearings.

Alas! how many brave spirits have been quenched forever because of this shameful, sinful division—by reason of this miserable political ambition to raise up a successful party at home to gain office and spoils. But God will bring its actors to judgment. Every household has been bereaved.

> "There is no flock, however watched or tended,
> But one dead lamb is there;
> There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
> But has one vacant chair.
>
> "The air is full of farewells to the dying,
> And mournings for the dead:
> The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
> Will not be comforted."

Our fair-haired boys perilled their lives in endeavoring to crush a rebellion which gains hope, and tenacity, and endurance, and perseverance, in its work of conspiracy and treason and murder, and holds on because it sees a peace-war party rising up stealthily and in disguise among us at home. Their bones are bleaching upon every battlefield in the rebel States. Those who loved them ask you where they are! You cannot raise the dead; but, in the name of heaven, call back the

living that are yet spared to us, or destroy at one blow one of the chief hopes of rebellion at home,—a political organization to which rebellion instinctively turns for relief. But yesterday a proud boy in the heyday of life and hope fell. He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow; he fell by the hand of a rebel murderer, nerved on by the hope that political divisions in the loyal States would give rebellion aid and comfort and propositions of peace. She asks you with trembling lip and tearful eye for the idol of her heart, her hope and joy. May he who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb protect her! You cannot restore her child, but you can destroy one of the accursed causes which protract this bloody and terrible war,—the politicians' hope. The storms of autumn beat upon the log-cabin standing by the little brook beyond the hills. The winds moan, and the leaves rustle, and night is gathering. A woman weeps over a hearth, cold and cheerless, and desolate. A group of little children, with curious, anxious faces, hang upon her knee wondering why she weeps, and are asking for their father.

> "Alas!
> Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold;
> Nor friends, nor sacred home."

He fills an unknown bloody grave in the land of rebellion, where he marched to aid in preserving the inheritance of his revolutionary sire. But he was murdered in expectation of propositions of peace from politicians, who fear rebellion will not be constitutionally treated, or in the hope of some new reading of the constitution which would exempt rebellion from censure and punishment. That bereaved widow in her destitution looks to you. Those children "demand their sire with tears of artless innocence." You cannot restore him. God alone can shield and comfort the widow and the father-

less. But you can remove one of the chief causes which serves to protract this hellish malignity and mischief at the ballot-box. You can cancel the demands of hungry politicians. A settler in the far West upon the Indian border has volunteered, with the true spirit of the pioneer, to defend his country's flag. His wife and children are aroused from their slumbers at midnight by the yells of savage hell-hounds, to perish by the tomahawk and scalping-knife; the cabin is in flames, and the ferocious monsters, with hands dripping with the blood of innocence, bear away their trophies to exhibit for reward to more ferocious monsters still—savages professing Christianity—conspirators and rebels who stimulate the red man to murder defenceless women and children that they may procure from political traders at an early moment liberal propositions of peace and compromise. That borderer will return to greet his loved ones, but they are not there. A heap of ashes is all that is left him; tears roll copiously down his sunburnt visage, but, like the fallow-deer, he weeps alone. You cannot bring back to his embrace the beloved object of his affection, but by precept and example you can aid in removing the detestable hope that a political party can succeed in whole or in part in sympathy with rebellion.

Let, then, I say, the people of the loyal States be united—let them act together as one man. Let no political organization, as such, be supported or encouraged or tolerated; but let all lovers of their country and its institutions meet for public action and effort in a common union. Let rebellion in all its protean forms and all its elements be crushed by every hand and cursed by every lip, in its moral or material forces, in the egg or in the serpent, open or disguised, in its full strength or diluted, in the field or in the political canvass, in battles of blood or at the polls, at home or abroad. This

is demanded in the name of revolutionary memories, in the name of liberty and the rights of man, in the sacred name of humanity and religion, in the name of fathers whose sons have been slain, of widows whose husbands have been murdered, or mothers who have been bereaved of their children, of children who have been robbed of those to whom Providence taught them to look for protection, of society which mourns the destruction of its members, of the dead whose blood has been shed to preserve our government from shame, our land from desecration, our homes from the torch—in the name of justice, truth, and peace, and of man's last best hope beneath the skies. Rebellion is doomed; its last hope is in political aid by home divisions. Destroy this hope, and our government shall never die.

GEORGE BANCROFT

GEORGE BANCROFT, American historian, statesman, and diplomatist, was born at Worcester, Mass., Oct. 3, 1800, and died at Washington, D. C., Jan. 17, 1891. At the age of seventeen, he graduated at Harvard University and proceeded to Germany, where he studied literature, theology, and history, and at Göttingen obtained the degree of Ph. D. At Berlin, he made the acquaintance of Humboldt and other distinguished Germans, and at Jena became intimate with Goethe. He returned to America in 1822 and for a time was tutor in Greek at Harvard. In 1830, he was elected to the legislature, but refused to take his seat; the following year he declined a nomination to the Senate. In 1834, he published the first volume of his "History of the United States," which was finished only in 1874. In 1835, he removed from Northampton to Springfield, and in 1838 was appointed collector of the port of Boston. In 1844, he was nominated as Democratic Governor of Massachusetts, but failed of election. During the presidency of Polk he was Secretary of the Navy, and was instrumental in founding the naval academy at Annapolis. He also, by his instructions to our fleet, aided in securing the acquisition of California during the war with Mexico. In 1846, he became Minister to England, and successfully urged on the British Government the adoption of more liberal laws of navigation. In 1867, he was sent as Minister to Prussia; in 1868 to the North German Confederation; and in 1871 to the German Empire, where he remained three years. Among Bancroft's minor publications are the orations which he delivered at various times: at Northampton on July 4, 1826; on the death of Andrew Jackson, delivered at Washington (June 27, 1845); the memorial address on the life and character of Abraham Lincoln, delivered before the two houses of Congress (Feb. 12, 1866). His last address was read before the American Historical Society (April 27, 1886), of which he was president. Few Americans have enjoyed wider fame, or deservedly had greater honor paid them.

ORATION ON ANDREW JACKSON

DELIVERED AT THE COMMEMORATION OF HIS DEATH IN WASHINGTON, JUNE 27, 1845

WE ARE met to commemorate the virtues of one who shed his blood for our independence, took part in winning the territory and forming the early institutions of the west, and was imbued with all the great ideas which constitute the moral force of our country. On the spot where he gave his solemn fealty to the people—here, where he pledged him-

self before the world to freedom, to the constitution, and to the laws—we meet to pay our tribute to the memory of the last great name, which gathers round itself all the associations that form the glory of America.

South Carolina gave a birthplace to Andrew Jackson. On its remote frontier, far up on the forest-clad banks of the Catawba, in a region where the settlers were just beginning to cluster, his eye first saw the light. There his infancy sported in the ancient forests, and his mind was nursed to freedom by their influence. He was the youngest son of an Irish emigrant, of Scottish origin, who, two years after the great war of Frederick of Prussia, fled to America for relief from indigence and oppression. His birth was in 1767, at a time when the people of our land were but a body of dependent colonists, scarcely more than two millions in number, scattered along an immense coast, with no army, or navy, or union; and exposed to the attempts of England to control America by the aid of military force. His boyhood grew up in the midst of the contest with Great Britain. The first great political truth that reached his heart, was, that all men are free and equal; the first great fact that beamed on his understanding was his country's independence.

The strife, as it increased, came near the shades of his own upland residence. As a boy of thirteen he witnessed the scenes of horror that accompany civil war; and when but a year older, with an elder brother, he shouldered his musket and went forth to strike a blow for his country.

Joyous era for America and for humanity! But for him, the orphan boy, the events were full of agony and grief. His father was no more. His oldest brother fell a victim to the war of the Revolution; another, his companion in arms, died of wounds received in their joint captivity; his mother went

down to the grave a victim to grief and efforts to rescue her sons; and when peace came he was alone in the world, with no kindred to cherish him and little inheritance but his own untried powers.

The nation which emancipated itself from British rule organizes itself; the confederation gives way to the constitution; the perfecting of that constitution—that grand event of the thousand years of modern history—is accomplished; America exists as a people, gains unity as a government, and assumes its place among the nations of the earth.

The next great office to be performed by America is the taking possession of the wilderness. The magnificent western valley cried out to the civilization of popular power that the season had come for its occupation by cultivated man.

Behold, then, our orphan hero, sternly earnest, consecrated to humanity from childhood by sorrow, having neither father, nor mother, nor sister, nor surviving brother, so young and yet so solitary, and therefore bound the more closely to collective man—behold him elect for his lot to go forth and assist in laying the foundations of society in the great valley of the Mississippi.

At the very time when Washington was pledging his own and future generations to the support of the popular institutions which were to be the light of the human race—at the time when the governments of the Old World were rocking to their centre, and the mighty fabric that had come down from the middle ages was falling in—the adventurous Jackson, in the radiant glory and boundless hope and confident intrepidity of twenty-one, plunged into the wilderness, crossed the great mountain barrier that divides the western waters from the Atlantic, followed the paths of the early hunters and fugitives, and, not content with the nearer

neighborhood to his parent State, went still further and further to the west till he found his home in the most beautiful region on the Cumberland. There, from the first, he was recognized as the great pioneer; and in his courage the coming emigrants were sure to find a shield.

The lovers of adventure began to pour themselves into the territory whose delicious climate and fertile soil invited the presence of social man. The hunter, with his rifle and his axe, attended by his wife and children; the herdsman, driving the few cattle that were to multiply as they browsed; the cultivator of the soil,—all came to the inviting region. Wherever the bending mountains opened a pass—wherever the buffaloes and the beasts of the forest had made a trace, these sons of nature, children of humanity, in the highest sentiment of personal freedom, came to occupy the lovely wilderness whose prairies blossomed everywhere profusely with wild flowers—whose woods in spring put to shame by their magnificence the cultivated gardens of man.

And now that these unlettered fugitives, educated only by the spirit of freedom, destitute of dead letter erudition, but sharing the living ideas of the age, had made their homes in the west, what would follow? Would they degrade themselves to ignorance and infidelity? Would they make the solitudes of the desert excuses for licentiousness? Would the hatred of excessive restraint lead them to live in unorganized society, destitute of laws and fixed institutions?

At a time when European society was becoming broken in pieces, scattered, disunited, and resolved into its elements, a scene ensued in Tennessee, than which nothing more beautifully grand is recorded in the annals of the race.

These adventurers in the wilderness longed to come together in organized society. The overshadowing genius of

their time inspired them with good designs and filled them with the counsels of wisdom. Dwellers in the forest, freest of the free, bound in the spirit, they came up by their representatives, on foot, on horseback, through the forest, along the streams, by the buffalo traces, by the Indian paths, by the blazed forest avenues, to meet in convention among the mountains of Knoxville and devise for themselves a constitution. Andrew Jackson was there, the greatest man of them all—modest, bold, determined, demanding nothing for himself, and shrinking from nothing that his heart approved.

The convention came together on the eleventh day of January, 1796, and finished its work on the sixth day of February. How had the wisdom of the Old World vainly tasked itself to devise constitutions that could at least be the subject of experiment. The men of Tennessee in less than twenty-five days perfected a fabric which, in its essential forms, was to last forever. They came together full of faith and reverence, of love to humanity, of confidence in truth. In the simplicity of wisdom they constructed their system, acting under higher influences than they were conscious of;

> "They wrought in sad sincerity,
> Themselves from God they could not free;
> They builded better than they knew;
> The conscious stones to beauty grew."

In the instrument which they adopted they embodied their faith in God and in the immortal nature of man. They gave the right of suffrage to every freeman; they vindicated the sanctity of reason by securing freedom of speech and of the press; they reverenced the voice of God as it speaks in the soul, by asserting the indefeasible right of man to worship the Infinite according to his conscience; they established the freedom and equality of elections; and they de-

manded from every future legislator a solemn oath, "never to consent to any act or thing whatever that shall have even a tendency to lessen the rights of the people."

These majestic lawgivers, wiser than the Solons, and Lycurguses, and Numas of the Old World,—these prophetic founders of a State, who embodied in their constitution the sublimest truths of humanity, acted without reference to human praises. They took no pains to vaunt their deeds; and when their work was done knew not that they had finished one of the sublimest acts ever performed among men. They left no record as to whose agency was conspicuous, whose eloquence swayed, whose generous will predominated; nor should we know, but for tradition, confirmed by what followed among themselves.

The men of Tennessee were now a people and they were to send forth a man to stand for them in the Congress of the United States—that avenue to glory—that home of eloquence —the citadel of popular power; and with one consent they united in selecting the foremost man among their lawgivers— Andrew Jackson.

The love of his constituents followed him to the American Congress; and he had served but a single term when the State of Tennessee made him one of its representatives in the American Senate, of which Jefferson was at the time the presiding officer.

Thus when he was scarcely more than thirty he had guided the settlement of the wilderness; swayed the deliberations of a people in establishing their fundamental laws; acted as their representative, and again as the representative of his organized commonwealth, disciplined to a knowledge of the power of the people and the power of the States; the associate of republican statesmen, the friend and companion of Jefferson.

The men who framed the constitution of the United States, many of them did not know the innate life and self-preserving energy of their work. They feared that freedom could not endure, and they planned a strong government for its protection. During his short career in Congress Jackson showed his quiet, deeply seated, innate, intuitive faith in human freedom, and in the institutions which rested on that faith. He was ever, by his votes and opinions, found among those who had confidence in humanity; and in the great division of minds this child of the woodlands, this representative of forest life in the west, appeared modestly and firmly on the side of liberty. It did not occur to him to doubt the right of man to the free development of his powers; it did not occur to him to place a guardianship over the people; it did not occur to him to seek to give durability to popular institutions by conceding to government a strength independent of popular will.

From the first he was attached to the fundamental doctrines of popular power and of the policy that favors it; and though his reverence for Washington surpassed his reverence for any human being, he voted against the address from the House of Representatives to Washington on his retirement, because its language appeared to sanction the financial policy which he believed hostile to the true principles of a republic.

During his period of service in the Senate Jackson was elected major-general by the brigadiers and field officers of the militia of Tennessee. Resigning his place in the Senate he was made judge of the supreme court in law and equity; such was the confidence in his clearness of judgment, his vigor of will, and his integrity of purpose, to deal justly among the turbulent who crowded into the new settlements of Tennessee.

Thus, in the short period of nine years, Andrew Jackson was signalized by as many evidences of public esteem as could fall to the lot of man. The pioneer of the wilderness, the defender of its stations, he was the lawgiver of a new people, their sole representative in Congress, the representative of the State in the Senate, the highest in military command, the highest in judicial office. He seemed to be recognized as the first in love of liberty, in the science of legislation, in sagacity, and integrity.

Delighting in private life he would have resigned his place on the bench, but the whole country demanded his continued service. "Nature," they cried, "never designed that your powers of thought and independence of mind should be lost in retirement." But after a few years, relieving himself from the cares of the court, he gave himself to the activity and the independent life of a husbandman. He carried into retirement the fame of natural intelligence, and was cherished as "a prompt, frank, and ardent soul." His vigor of character gave him the lead among all with whom he associated, and his name was familiarly spoken round every hearthstone in Tennessee. Men loved to discuss his qualities. All discerned his power, and when the vehemence and impetuosity of his nature were observed upon, there were not wanting those who saw beneath the blazing fires of his genius the solidity of his judgment.

His hospitable roof sheltered the emigrant and the pioneer; and as they made their way to their new homes they filled the mountain sides and the valleys with his praise.

Connecting himself for a season with a man of business, Jackson soon discerned the misconduct of his associate. It marked his character, that he insisted, himself, on paying every obligation that had been contracted; and rather than

endure the vassalage of debt he instantly parted with the rich domain which his early enterprise had acquired—with his own mansion—with the fields which he himself had first tamed to the ploughshare—with the forest whose trees were as familiar to him as his friends—and chose rather to dwell for a time in a rude log cabin in the pride of independence and integrity.

On all great occasions his influence was deferred to. When Jefferson had acquired for the country the whole of Louisiana, and there seemed some hesitancy on the part of Spain to acknowledge our possession, the services of Jackson were solicited by the national administration, and would have been called into full exercise but for the peaceful termination of the incidents that occasioned the summons.

In the long series of aggressions on the freedom of the seas, and the rights of the American flag, Jackson, though in his inland home the roar of the breakers was never heard and the mariner never was seen, resented the injuries wantonly inflicted on our commerce and on our sailors, and adhered to the new maritime code of Republicanism.

When the continuance of wrong compelled the nation to resort to arms, Jackson, led by the instinctive knowledge of his own greatness, yet with true modesty of nature, confessed his willingness to be employed on the Canada frontier and aspired to the command to which Winchester was appointed. We may ask, what would have been the result if the conduct of the Northwestern army had, at the opening of the war, been intrusted to a man who in action was ever so fortunate that he seemed to have made destiny capitulate to his vehement will?

The path of duty led him in another direction. On the declaration of war twenty-five hundred volunteers had risen

at his word to follow his standard; but by countermanding orders from the seat of government the movement was without effect.

A new and greater danger hung over the West. The Indian tribes were to make one last effort to restore it to its solitude and recover it for savage life. The brave, relentless Shawnees—who from time immemorial had strolled from the waters of the Ohio to the rivers of Alabama—were animated by Tecumseh and his brother, the Prophet, speaking to them as with the voice of the Great Spirit, and urging the Creek nation to desperate massacres. Their ruthless cruelty spared neither sex nor age; the infant and its mother, the planter and his family, who had fled for refuge to the fortress, the garrison that capitulated, all were slain and not a vestige of defence was left in the country. The cry of the West demanded Jackson for its defender; and though his arm was then fractured by a ball and hung in a sling, he placed himself at the head of the volunteers of Tennessee and resolved to terminate forever the hereditary struggle.

Who can tell the horrors of that campaign? Who can paint rightly the obstacles which Jackson overcame—mountains, the scarcity of untenanted forests, winter, the failure of supplies from the settlements, the insubordination of troops, mutiny, menaces of desertion? Who can measure the wonderful power over men by which his personal prowess and attractive energy drew them in midwinter from their homes, across mountains and morasses, and through trackless deserts? Who can describe the personal heroism of Jackson, never sparing himself, beyond any of his men encountering toil and fatigue, sharing every labor of the camp and of the march, foremost in every danger; giving up his horse to the invalid soldier, while he himself waded through the swamps

on foot? None equalled him in power of endurance; and the private soldiers, as they found him passing them on the march, exclaimed, "He is as tough as the hickory." "Yes," they cried to one another, "there goes Old Hickory!"

Then followed the memorable events of the double battles of Emuckfaw, and the glorious victory of Tohopeka, where the anger of the general against the faltering was more appalling than the war-whoop and the rifle of the savage; the fiercely contested field of Enotochopco, where the general, as he attempted to draw his sword to cut down a flying colonel who was leading a regiment from the field, broke again the arm which was but newly knit together; and, quietly replacing it in the sling, with his commanding voice arrested the flight of the troops and himself led them back to victory.

In six short months of vehement action the most terrible Indian war in our annals was brought to a close; the prophets were silenced; the consecrated region of the Creek nation reduced. Through scenes of blood the avenging hero sought only the path to peace. Thus Alabama, a part of Mississippi, a part of his own Tennessee, and the highway to the Floridas, were his gifts to the Union. These were his trophies.

Genius as extraordinary as military events can call forth was summoned into action in this rapid, efficient, and most fortunately conducted war. The hero descended the watercourses of Alabama to the neighborhood of Pensacola, and longed to plant the eagle of his country on its battlements.

Time would fail, and words be wanting, were I to dwell on the magical influence of his appearance in New Orleans. His presence dissipated gloom and dispelled alarm; at once he changed the aspect of despair into a confidence of security and a hope of acquiring glory. Every man knows the tale of the sudden, and yet deliberate daring which led him, on

the night of the twenty-third of December, to precipitate his little army on his foes, in the thick darkness, before they grew familiar with their encampment, scattering dismay through veteran regiments of England, defeating them, and arresting their progress by a far inferior force.

Who shall recount the counsels of prudence, the kindling words of eloquence, that gushed from his lips to cheer his soldiers, his skirmishes and battles, till that eventful morning when the day at Bunker Hill had its fulfilment in the glorious battle of New Orleans, and American independence stood before the world in the majesty of triumphant power!

These were great victories for the nation; over himself he won a greater. Had not Jackson been renowned for the impetuosity of his passions, for his defiance of others' authority, and the unbending vigor of his self-will? Behold the savior of Louisiana, all garlanded with victory, viewing around him the city he had preserved, the maidens and children whom his heroism had protected, yet standing in the presence of a petty judge, who gratifies his wounded vanity by an abuse of his judicial power. Every breast in the crowded audience heaves with indignation. He, the passionate, the impetuous, —he whose power was to be humbled, whose honor questioned, whose laurels tarnished, alone stood sublimely serene; and when the craven judge trembled, and faltered, and dared not proceed, himself, the arraigned one, bade him take courage, and stood by the law even when the law was made the instrument of insult and wrong on himself at the moment of his most perfect claim to the highest civic honors.

His country, when it grew to hold many more millions, the generation that then was coming in, has risen up to do homage to the magnanimity of that hour. Woman, whose feeling is always right, did honor from the first to the purity

of his heroism. The people of Louisiana, to the latest age, will cherish his name as their greatest benefactor.

The culture of Jackson's mind had been much promoted by his services and associations in the war. His discipline of himself as the chief in command, his intimate relations with men like Livingston, the wonderful deeds in which he bore a part, all matured his judgment and mellowed his character.

Peace came with its delights; once more the country rushed forward in the development of its powers; once more the arts of industry healed the wounds that war had inflicted; and, from commerce and agriculture and manufactures, wealth gushed abundantly under the free activity of unrestrained enterprise. And Jackson returned to his own fields and his own pursuits, to cherish his plantation, to care for his servants, to enjoy the affection of the most kind and devoted wife, whom he respected with the gentlest deference, and loved with a spotless purity.

There he stood, like one of the mightiest forest trees of his own West, vigorous and colossal, sending its summit to the skies, and growing on its native soil in wild and inimitable magnificence, careless of beholders. From every part of the country he received appeals to his political ambition, and the severe modesty of his well-balanced mind turned them all aside. He was happy in his farm, happy in seclusion, happy in his family, happy within himself.

But the passions of the southern Indians were not allayed by the peace with Great Britain; and foreign emissaries were still among them, to inflame and direct their malignity. Jackson was called forth by his country to restrain the cruelty of the treacherous and unsparing Seminoles. It was in the train of the events of this war that he placed the American eagle on St. Mark's and above the ancient towers of St.

Augustine. His deeds in that war, of themselves, form a monument to human power, to the celerity of his genius, to the creative fertility of his resources, to his intuitive sagacity. As Spain, in his judgment, had committed aggressions, he would have emancipated her islands; of the Havana, he caused the reconnaissance to be made; and, with an army of five thousand men, he stood ready to guarantee her redemption from colonial thraldom.

But when peace was restored, and his office was accomplished, his physical strength sunk under the pestilential influence of the climate, and, fast yielding to disease, he was borne in a litter across the swamps of Florida toward his home. It was Jackson's character that he never solicited aid from any one; but he never forgot those who rendered him service in the hour of need. At a time when all around him believed him near his end, his wife hastened to his side; and, by her tenderness and nursing care, her patient assiduity, and the soothing influence of devoted love, withheld him from the grave.

He would have remained quietly at his home, but that he was privately informed his conduct was to be attainted by some intended congressional proceedings; he came, therefore, into the presence of the people's representatives at Washington, only to vindicate his name; and, when that was achieved, he once more returned to his seclusion among the groves of the Hermitage.

It was not his own ambition which brought him again to the public view. The affection of Tennessee compelled him to resume a seat on the floor of the American Senate, and, after a long series of the intensest political strife, Andrew Jackson was elected President of the United States.

Far from advancing his own pretensions, he always kept

them back, and had for years repressed the solicitations of his friends to become a candidate. He felt sensibly that he was devoid of scientific culture, and little familiar with letters; and he never obtruded his opinions, or preferred claims to place. But, whenever his advice was demanded, he was always ready to pronounce it; and whenever his country invoked his services, he did not shrink even from the station which had been filled by the most cultivated men our nation had produced.

Behold, then, the unlettered man of the West, the nursling of the wilds, the farmer of the Hermitage, little versed in books, unconnected by science with the traditions of the past, raised by the will of the people to the highest pinnacle of honor, to the central post in the civilization of republican freedom, to the office where all the powers of the earth would watch his actions—where his words would be repeated through the world, and his spirit be the moving star to guide the nations. What policy will he pursue? What wisdom will he bring with him from the forest? What rules of duty will he evolve from the oracles of his own mind?

The man of the West came as the inspired prophet of the West; he came as one free from the bonds of hereditary or established custom; he came with no superior but conscience, no oracle but his native judgment; and, true to his origin and his education, true to the conditions and circumstances of his advancement, he valued right more than usage; he reverted from the pressure of established interests to the energy of first principles.

We tread on ashes, where the fire is not yet extinguished; yet not to dwell on his career as President were to leave out of view the grandest illustrations of his magnanimity.

The legislation of the United States had followed the

precedents of the legislation of European monarchies; it was the office of Jackson to lift the country out of the European forms of legislation, and to open to it a career resting on American sentiment and American freedom. He would have freedom everywhere—freedom under the restraints of right; freedom of industry, of commerce, of mind, of universal action; freedom, unshackled by restrictive privileges, unrestrained by the thraldom of monopolies.

The unity of his mind and his consistency were without a parallel. Guided by natural dialectics, he developed the political doctrines that suited every emergency, with a precision and a harmony that no theorist could hope to equal. On every subject in politics he was thoroughly and profoundly and immovably radical; and would sit for hours, and in a continued flow of remark make the application of his principles to every question that could arise in legislation, or in the interpretation of the constitution.

His expression of himself was so clear that his influence pervaded not our land only, but all America and all mankind. They say that in the physical world the magnetic fluid is so diffused that its vibrations are discernible simultaneously in every part of the globe. So it is with the element of freedom. And as Jackson developed its doctrines from their source in the mind of humanity, the popular sympathy was moved and agitated throughout the world, till his name grew everywhere to be the symbol of popular power.

Himself the witness of the ruthlessness of savage life, he planned the removal of the Indian tribes beyond the limits of the organized States; and it is the result of his determined policy that the region east of the Mississippi has been transferred to the exclusive possession of cultivated man.

A pupil of the wilderness, his heart was with the pioneers

of American life toward the setting sun. He longed to secure to the emigrant, not pre-emption rights only, but more than pre-emption rights. He longed to invite labor to take possession of the unoccupied fields without money and without price; with no obligation except the perpetual devotion of itself by allegiance to its country. Under the beneficent influence of his opinions, the sons of misfortune, the children of adventure, find their way to the uncultivated West. There in some wilderness glade, or in the thick forest of the fertile plain, or where the prairies most sparkle with flowers, they, like the wild bee which sets them the example of industry, may choose their home, mark the extent of their possessions by driving stakes or blazing trees, shelter their log-cabin with boughs and turf, and teach the virgin soil to yield itself to the ploughshare. Theirs shall be the soil; theirs the beautiful farms which they teach to be productive. Come, children of sorrow! you on whom the Old World frowns; crowd fearlessly to the forests; plant your homes in confidence, for the country watches over you; your children grow around you as hostages, and the wilderness, at your bidding, surrenders its grandeur of useless luxuriance to the beauty and loveliness of culture. Yet beautiful and lovely as is this scene, it still by far falls short of the ideal which lived in the affections of Jackson.

It would be a sin against the occasion, were I to omit to commemorate the deep devotedness of Jackson to the cause and to the rights of the laboring classes. It was for their welfare that he defied all the storms of political hostility. He desired to ensure to them the fruits of their own industry; and he unceasingly opposed every system which tended to lessen their reward, or which exposed them to be defrauded of their dues. They may bend over his grave with affec-

tionate sorrow; for never, in the tide of time, did a statesman exist more heartily resolved to protect them in their rights, and to advance their happiness. For their benefit, he opposed partial legislation; for their benefit, he resisted all artificial methods of controlling labor, and subjecting it to capital. It was for their benefit that he loved freedom in all its forms—freedom of the individual in personal independence, freedom of the States as separate sovereignties. He never would listen to counsels which tended to the concentration of power, the subjecting general labor to a central will. The true American system presupposes the diffusion of freedom—organized life in all the parts of the American body politic, as there is organized life in every part of the human system. His vindication of the just principles of the constitution derived its sublimity from his deep conviction that this strict construction is required by the lasting welfare of the great laboring classes of the United States.

To this end, Jackson revived the tribunicial power of the veto, and exerted it against the decisive action of both branches of Congress, against the votes, the wishes, the entreaties of personal and political friends. "Show me," was his reply to them, "show me an express clause in the constitution authorizing Congress to take the business of State legislatures out of their hands." "You will ruin us all," cried a firm partisan friend; "you will ruin your party and your own prospects." "Providence," answered Jackson, "will take care of me;" and he persevered.

In proceeding to discharge the debt of the United States—a measure thoroughly American—Jackson followed the example of his predecessors; but he followed it with the full consciousness that he was rescuing the country from the artificial system of finance which had prevailed throughout

the world; and with him it formed a part of a system by which American legislation was to separate itself more and more effectually from European precedents, and develop itself more and more according to the vital principles of our political existence.

The discharge of the debt brought with it a great reduction of the public burdens, and brought, of necessity, into view the question, how far America should follow, of choice, the old restrictive policy of high duties, under which Europe had oppressed America; or how far she should rely on her own freedom, enterprise, and power, defying the competition, seeking the markets, and receiving the products of the world.

The mind of Jackson on this subject reasoned clearly, and without passion. In the abuses of the system of revenue by excessive imposts he saw evils which the public mind would remedy; and, inclining with the whole might of his energetic nature to the side of revenue duties, he made his earnest but tranquil appeal to the judgment of the people.

The portions of country that suffered most severely from a course of legislation, which, in its extreme character as it then existed, is now universally acknowledged to have been unequal and unjust, were less tranquil; and rallying on those doctrines of freedom, which make our government a limited one, they saw in the oppressive acts an assumption of power which of itself was nugatory, because it was exercised, as they held, without authority from the people.

The contest that ensued was the most momentous in our annals. The greatest minds of America engaged in the discussion. Eloquence never achieved sublimer triumphs in the American Senate than on those occasions. The country became deeply divided; and the antagonist elements were arrayed against each other under forms of clashing authority

menacing civil war; the freedom of the several States was invoked against the power of the United States; and under the organization of a State in convention, the reserved rights of the people were summoned to display their energy, and balance the authority and neutralize the legislation of the central government. The States were agitated with prolonged excitement; the friends of liberty throughout the world looked on with divided sympathies, praying that the American Union might be perpetual, and also that the commerce of the world might be free.

Fortunately for the country, and fortunately for mankind, Andrew Jackson was at the helm of state, the representative of the principles that were to allay the storm, and to restore the hopes of peace and freedom. By nature, by impulse, by education, by conviction, a friend to personal freedom—by education, political sympathies, and the fixed habit of his mind, a friend to the rights of the States—unwilling that the liberty of the States should be trampled underfoot—unwilling that the government should lose its vigor or be impaired, he rallied for the constitution; and in its name he published to the world, "The Union: it must be preserved." The words were a spell to hush evil passion, and to remove oppression. Under his effective guidance the favored interests which had struggled to perpetuate unjust legislation yielded to the voice of moderation and reform; and every mind that had for a moment contemplated a rupture of the States discarded it forever. The whole influence of the past was invoked in favor of the federal system; from the council chambers of the fathers who molded our institutions, from the hall where American independence was declared, the clear, loud cry was uttered—"the Union: it must be preserved." From every battlefield of the Revolution—from Lexington

and Bunker Hill, from Saratoga and Yorktown, from the fields of Eutaw and King's Mountain, from the canebrakes that sheltered the men of Marion—the repeated, long-prolonged echoes came up—"the Union: it must be preserved." From every valley in our land, from every cabin on the pleasant mountain sides, from the ships at our wharves, from the tents of the hunter in our westernmost prairies, from the living minds of the living millions of American freeman, from the thickly coming glories of futurity, the shout went up, like the sound of many waters, "the Union: it must be preserved." The friends of the protective system, and they who had denounced the protective system—the statesmen of the North, that had wounded the constitution in their love of increased power at the centre—the statesmen of the South, whose ingenious acuteness had carried to its extreme the theory of State rights—all conspired together; all breathed prayers for the perpetuity of the Union. Under the prudent firmness of Jackson, by the mixture of justice and general regard for all interests, the greatest danger to our country was turned aside, and mankind was encouraged to believe that our Union, like our freedom, is imperishable.

The moral of the great events of those days is this: That the people can discern right, and will make their way to a knowledge of right; that the whole human mind, and therefore with it the mind of the nation, has a continuous, ever-improving existence; that the appeal from the unjust legislation of to-day must be made quietly, earnestly, perseveringly, to the more enlightened collective reason of to-morrow; that submission is due to the popular will, in the confidence that the people, when in error, will amend their doings; that in a popular government injustice is neither to be established by force nor to be resisted by force; in a word, that the Union,

which was constituted by consent, must be preserved by love.

It rarely falls to the happy lot of a statesman to receive such unanimous applause from the heart of a nation. Duty to the dead demands that on this occasion the course of measures should not pass unnoticed in the progress of which his vigor of character most clearly appeared and his conflict with opposing parties was most violent and protracted.

From his home in Tennessee Jackson came to the presidency, resolved to lift American legislation out of the forms of English legislation, and to place our laws on the currency in harmony with the principles of our republic. He came to the presidency of the United States determined to deliver the government from the Bank of the United States, and to restore the regulation of exchanges to the rightful depository of that power—the commerce of the country. He had designed to declare his views on this subject in his inaugural address, but was persuaded to reliquish that purpose, on the ground that it belonged rather to a legislative message. When the period for addressing Congress drew near it was still urged that to attack the bank would forfeit his popularity and secure his future defeat. "It is not," he answered, "it is not for myself that I care." It was urged that haste was unnecessary, as the bank had still six unexpended years of chartered existence. "I may die," he replied, "before another Congress comes together, and I could not rest quietly in my grave if I failed to do what I hold so essential to the liberty of my country." And his first annual message announced to the people that the bank was neither constitutional nor expedient. In this he was in advance of the friends about him, in advance of Congress, and in advance of his party. This is no time for the analysis of measures or the

discussion of questions of political economy; on the present occasion we have to contemplate the character of the man.

Never, from the first moment of his administration to the last, was there a calm in the strife of parties on the subject of the currency; and never during the whole period did he recede or falter. Remaining always in advance of his party, always having near him friends who cowered before the hardihood of his courage, he himself was unmoved from the first suggestion of the unconstitutionality of the bank to the moment when first of all, reasoning from the certain tendency of its policy, he, with singular sagacity, predicted to unbelieving friends the coming insolvency of the institution.

The storm throughout the country rose with unexampled vehemence; his opponents were not satisfied with addressing the public, or Congress, or his cabinet; they threw their whole force personally on him. From all parts men pressed around him, urging him, entreating him to bend. Congress was flexible; many of his personal friends faltered; the impetuous swelling wave rolled on, without one sufficient obstacle, till it reached his presence; but as it dashed in its highest fury at his feet it broke before his firmness. The commanding majesty of his will appalled his opponents and revived his friends. He himself had a proud consciousness that his will was indomitable. Standing over the Rip Raps, and looking out upon the ocean, "Providence," said he to a friend, "Providence may change my determination; but man no more can do it than he can remove these Rip Raps, which have resisted the rolling of the ocean from the beginning of time." And though a panic was spreading through the land, and the whole credit system as it then existed was crumbling to pieces and crashing around him, he stood erect, like a mas-

sive column, which the heaps of falling ruins could not break, nor bend, nor sway from its fixed foundation.

In the relations of this country to the world Jackson demanded for America equality. The time was come for her to take her place over against the most ancient and most powerful States of the Old World, and to gain the recognition of her pretensions. He revived the unadjusted claims for injuries to our commerce, committed in the wantonness of European hostilities; and he taught the American merchant and the American sailor to repose confidingly under the sanctity of the American flag. Nor would he consent that the payment of indemnities which were due should be withheld or delayed. Even against France the veteran of the West enforced the just demand of America with an heroic vigor which produced an abiding impression on the world. He did this in the love of peace. "You have set your name to the most important document of your public life," said one of his cabinet to him as he signed the annual message that treated of the unpaid indemnity. "This paper may produce a war." "There will be no war," answered Jackson decisively; and rising on his feet, as was his custom when he spoke warmly, he expressed with solemnity his hatred of war, bearing witness to its horrors, and protesting against its crimes. He loved peace; and to secure permanent tranquillity he made the rule for his successors, as well as for himself, in the intercourse of America with foreign powers, "to demand nothing but what is right, and to submit to nothing that is wrong."

People of the District of Columbia,—I should fail of a duty on this occasion, if I did not give utterance to your sentiment of gratitude which followed General Jackson into retirement. This beautiful city, surrounded by heights the most attractive, watered by a river so magnificent, the home

of the gentle and the cultivated, not less than the seat of political power—this city, whose site Washington had selected, was dear to his affections; and if he won your grateful attachment by adorning it with monuments of useful architecture, by establishing its credit, and relieving it of its burdens, he regretted only that he had not the opportunity to have connected himself still more intimately with your prosperity. When he took leave of the District, the population of this city, and the masses from its vicinity, followed his carriage in crowds. All in silence stood near him, to wish him adieu; and as the cars started, and lifting his hat in token of farewell, he displayed his gray hairs, you stood around with heads uncovered, too full of emotion to speak, in solemn silence gazing on him as he went on his way to be seen of you no more.

Behold the warrior and statesman, his work well done, retired to the Hermitage, to hold converse with his forests, to cultivate his farm, to gather around him hospitably his friends! Who was like him? He was the lone-star of the American people. His fervid thoughts, frankly uttered, still spread the flame of patriotism through the American breast; his counsels were still listened to with reverence; and, almost alone among statesmen, he in his retirement was in harmony with every onward movement of his time. His prevailing influence assisted to sway a neighboring nation to desire to share our institutions; his ear heard the footsteps of the coming millions that are to gladden our western shores; and his eye discerned in the dim distance the whitening sails that are to enliven the Pacific with the social sounds of our commerce.

Age had whitened his locks and dimmed his eye and spread round him the infirmities and venerable emblems of

many years of toilsome service; but his heart beat warmly as in his youth, and his courage was firm as it had ever been in the day of battle. His affections were still for his friends and his country, his thoughts were already in a better world. He who in active life had always had unity of perception and will, in action had never faltered from doubt, and in council had always reverted to first principles and general laws, now gave himself to communing with the Infinite. He was a believer; from feeling, from experience, from conviction. Not a shadow of scepticism ever dimmed the lustre of his mind. Proud philosopher! will you smile to know that Andrew Jackson perused reverently his Psalter and Prayer Book and Bible? Know that he had faith in the eternity of truth, in the imperishable power of freedom, in the destinies of humanity, in the virtues and capacity of the people, in his country's institutions, in the being and overruling providence of a merciful and ever-living God.

The last moment of his life on earth is at hand. It is the Sabbath of the Lord; the brightness and beauty of summer clothe the fields around him; nature is in her glory; but the sublimest spectacle on that day was the victory of his unblenching spirit over death itself.

When he first felt the hand of death upon him, "May my enemies," he cried, "find peace; may the liberties of my country endure forever."

When his exhausted system, under the excess of pain, sunk, for a moment, from debility, "Do not weep," said he to his adopted daughter; "my sufferings are less than those of Christ upon the cross;" for he, too, as a disciple of the cross, could have devoted himself, in sorrow, for mankind. Feeling his end near, he would see all his family once more; and he spoke to them, one by one, in words of tenderness

and affection. His two little grandchildren were absent at Sunday-school. He asked for them; and as they came, he prayed for them, and kissed them, and blessed them. His servants were then summoned; they gathered, some in his room, and some on the outside of the house, clinging to the windows, that they might gaze and hear. And that dying man, thus surrounded, in a gush of fervid eloquence, spoke with inspiration of God, of the Redeemer, of salvation through the atonement, of immortality, of heaven. For he ever thought that pure and undefiled religion was the foundation of private happiness, and the bulwark of republican institutions. "Dear children," such were his final words, "dear children, servants, and friends, I trust to meet you all in heaven, both white and black—all, both white and black." And having borne his testmony to immortality, he bowed his mighty head, and, without a groan, the spirit of the greatest man of his age escaped to the bosom of his God.

In life, his career had been like the blaze of the sun in the fierceness of its noonday glory; his death was lovely as the summer's evening, when the sun goes down in tranquil beauty without a cloud. To the majestic energy of an indomitable will, he joined a heart capable of the purest and most devoted love, rich in the tenderest affections. On the bloody battlefield of Topoheca, he saved an infant that clung to the breast of its dying mother; in the stormiest season of his presidency, he paused at the imminent moment of decision to counsel a poor suppliant that had come up to him for relief. Of the strifes in which he was engaged in his earlier life, not one sprung from himself, but in every case he became involved by standing forth as the champion of the weak, the poor, and the defenceless, to shelter the gentle against oppression, to protect the emigrant against the avarice

of the speculator. His generous soul revolted at the barbarous practice of duels, and by no man in the land have so many been prevented.

The sorrows of those that were near to him went deeply into his soul; and at the anguish of the wife whom he loved, the orphans whom he adopted, he would melt into tears, and weep and sob like a child. No man in private life so possessed the hearts of all around him; no public man of this century ever returned to private life with such an abiding mastery over the affections of the people. No man with truer instinct received American ideas; no man expressed them so completely, or so boldly, or so sincerely. He was as sincere a man as ever lived. He was wholly, always, and altogether sincere and true.

Up to the last, he dared do anything that it was right to do. He united personal courage and moral courage beyond any man of whom history keeps the record. Before the nation, before the world, before coming ages, he stands forth the representative, for his generation, of the American mind. And the secret of his greatness is this: by intuitive conception, he shared and possessed all the creative ideas of his country and his time; he expressed them with dauntless intrepidity; he enforced them with an immovable will; he executed them with an electric power that attracted and swayed the American people. The nation, in his time, had not one great thought of which he was not the boldest and clearest expositor.

Not danger, not an army in battle array, not wounds, not widespread clamor, not age, not the anguish of disease, could impair in the least degree the vigor of his steadfast mind. The heroes of antiquity would have contemplated with awe the unmatched hardihood of his character; and Napoleon, had

he possessed his disinterested will, could never have been vanquished. Jackson never was vanquished. He was always fortunate. He conquered the wilderness; he conquered the savage; he conquered the bravest veterans trained in the battlefields of Europe; he conquered everywhere in statesmanship; and, when death came to get the mastery over him, he turned the last enemy aside as tranquilly as he had done the feeblest of his adversaries, and passed from earth in the triumphant consciousness of immortality.

His body has its fit resting place in the great central valley of the Mississippi; his spirit rests upon our whole territory; it hovers over the vales of Oregon, and guards, in advance, the frontier of the Del Norte. The fires of party strife are quenched at his grave. His faults and frailties have perished. Whatever of good he has done lives, and will live forever.

CARDINAL NEWMAN

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, a distinguished English theologian, Roman Catholic prelate, and one of the greatest preachers of his day, was born at London, Feb. 21, 1801, and died at Edgbaston, near Birmingham, Aug. 11, 1890. He was educated at Trinity College, Oxford University, made a Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, in 1822, took orders in the Established Church in 1824, was given the living of St. Mary's, Oxford, in 1828, and appointed preacher to the University in 1833. About the year 1830, Newman and his friend, Hurrell Froude, began to be looked upon as leaders in the Anglo-Catholic movement within the Anglican Church, and in 1835 this phase of religious thought ere long crystallized in the famous "Tracts for the Times," which began to appear in that year. In 1835, the "Oxford or Tractarian Movement," as it came to be called, was joined by Pusey, and the appointment in the following year of Hampden as Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford gave fresh stimulus to the movement, exciting as it did the indignation of the High Churchmen. In 1841, Newman published "Tract No. 90," which, from its "advanced" religious doctrines gave offence to many who had gone along with him up to that point. In 1843, he resigned from St. Mary's, and after a prolonged mental struggle entered the Roman communion in 1845, leaving Oxford shortly after. Taking up his residence at Edgbaston, a suburb of Birmingham, he established there the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. In 1864, appeared his "Apologia pro Vita Sua," a history of his religious opinions: the entire candor displayed in this remarkable book completely changed the public attitude toward its author and induced a general belief in his integrity and earnestness. In 1877, he was made an honorary Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and the next year visited that city for the first time since leaving it, almost a generation previously. He was created Cardinal in 1879, with exemption from residence at the Papal court. Newman's sermons are recognized models of English style; and among his religious verse is the well-known, beautiful hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light." His chief writings include "The Arians of the Fourth Century" (1833); twenty-nine of the "Tracts for the Times" (1833–41); "Verses on Various Occasions" (1834); "The Prophetical Office of the Church" (1837); "Parochial Sermons," six volumes (1837–42); "Loss and Gain, or the Story of a Convert" (1848); "Grammar of Assent" (1870), and a volume of lectures on "Anglican Difficulties."

COMMUNION WITH GOD

"One thing have I desired of the Lord, which I will require: even that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to visit his temple."—Psalm xxvii, 4.

WHAT the Psalmist desired, we Christians enjoy to the full,—the liberty of holding communion with God in his temple all through our life. Under the law the presence of God was but in one place; and therefore could be approached and enjoyed only at set times. For far the greater part of their lives the chosen people were in one sense "cast out of the sight of his eyes;" and the periodical return to it which they were allowed was a privilege highly coveted and earnestly expected. Much more precious was the privilege of continually dwelling in his sight which is spoken of in the text. "One thing," says the Psalmist, "have I desired of the Lord . . . that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to visit his temple." He desired to have continually that communion with God in prayer, praise, and meditation, to which his presence admits the soul; and this, I say, is the portion of Christians. Faith opens upon us Christians the temple of God wherever we are; for that temple is a spiritual one, and so is everywhere present. "We have access," says the Apostle,—that is, we have admission or introduction, "by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God." And hence, he says elsewhere, "Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say, rejoice." "Rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing; in everything give thanks." And St. James,

"Is any afflicted? let him pray: is any merry? let him sing psalms." Prayer, praise, thanksgiving, contemplation, are the peculiar privilege and duty of a Christian, and that for their own sakes, from the exceeding comfort and satisfaction they afford him, and without reference to any definite results to which prayer tends, without reference to the answers which are promised to it, from a general sense of the blessedness of being under the shadow of God's throne.

I propose, then, in what follows to make some remarks on communion with God, or prayer in a large sense of the word; not as regards its external consequences, but as it may be considered to affect our own minds and hearts.

What, then, is prayer? It is (if it may be said reverently) conversing with God. We converse with our fellow men, and then we use familiar language, because they are our fellows. We converse with God, and then we use the lowliest, awfullest, calmest, concisest language we can, because he is God. Prayer, then, is divine converse, differing from human as God differs from man. Thus St. Paul says, "Our conversation is in heaven,"—not indeed thereby meaning converse of words only, but intercourse and manner of living generally; yet still in an especial way converse of words or prayer, because language is the special means of all intercourse. Our intercourse with our fellow men goes on, not by sight, but by sound, not by eyes, but by ears. Hearing is the social sense and language is the social bond. In like manner, as the Christian's conversation is in heaven, as it is his duty, with Enoch and other saints, to walk with God, so his voice is in heaven, his heart "inditing of a good matter," of prayers and praises. Prayers and praises are the mode of his intercourse with the next world, as the converse of business or recreation is the mode in which this world is car-

ried on in all its separate courses. He who does not pray, does not claim his citizenship with heaven, but lives, though an heir of the kingdom, as if he were a child of earth.

Now, it is not surprising if that duty or privilege, which is the characteristic token of our heavenly inheritance, should also have an especial influence upon our fitness for claiming it. He who does not use a gift, loses it; the man who does not use his voice or limbs, loses power over them, and becomes disqualified for the state of life to which he is called. In like manner, he who neglects to pray not only suspends the enjoyment, but is in a way to lose the possession of his divine citizenship. We are members of another world; we have been severed from the companionship of devils and brought into that invisible kingdom of Christ which faith alone discerns,—that mysterious presence of God which encompasses us, which is in us, and around us, which is in our heart, which enfolds us as though with a robe of light, hiding our scarred and discolored souls from the sight of divine purity, and making them shining as the angels; and which flows in upon us too by means of all forms of beauty and grace which this visible world contains, in a starry host or (if I may so say) a milky way of divine companions, the inhabitants of Mount Zion, where we dwell. Faith, I say, alone apprehends all this; but yet there is something which is not left to faith,—our own tastes, likings, motives, and habits. Of these we are conscious in our degree, and we can make ourselves more and more conscious; and as consciousness tells us what they are, reason tells us whether they are such as become, as correspond with, that heavenly world into which we have been translated.

I say then it is plain to common sense that the man who has not accustomed himself to the language of heaven will be

no fit inhabitant of it when in the last day it is perceptibly revealed. The case is like that of a language or style of speaking of this world; we know well a foreigner from a native. Again, we know those who have been used to kings' courts or educated society from others. By their voice, accent, and language, and not only so, by their gestures and gait, by their usages, by their mode of conducting themselves and their principles of conduct, we know well what a vast difference there is between those who have lived in good society and those who have not. What indeed is called "good society" is often very worthless society. I am not speaking of it to praise it; I only mean that, as the manners which men call refined or courtly are gained only by intercourse with courts and polished circles, and as the influence of the words there used (that is, of the ideas which those words, striking again and again on the ear, convey to the mind), extends in a most subtle way over all that men do, over the turn of their sentences, and the tone of their questions and replies, and their general bearing, and the spontaneous flow of their thoughts, and their mode of viewing things, and the general maxims or heads to which they refer them, and the motives which determine them, and their likings and dislikings, hopes, and fears, and their relative estimate of persons, and the intensity of their perceptions towards particular objects; so a habit of prayer, the practice of turning to God and the unseen world, in every season, in every place, in every emergency (let alone its supernatural effect of prevailing with God),—prayer, I say, has what may be called a natural effect in spiritualizing and elevating the soul. A man is no longer what he was before; gradually, imperceptibly to himself, he has imbibed a new set of ideas and become imbued with fresh principles. He is as one coming from

kings' courts, with a grace, a delicacy, a dignity, a propriety, a justness of thought and taste, a clearness and firmness of principle, all his own. Such is the power of God's secret grace acting through those ordinances which he has enjoined us; such the evident fitness of those ordinances to produce the results which they set before us. As speech is the organ of human society, and the means of human civilization, so is prayer the instrument of divine fellowship and divine training.

I will give, for the sake of illustration, some instances in detail of one particular fault of mind, which among others a habit of prayer is calculated to cure.

For instance: many a man seems to have no grasp at all of doctrinal truth. He cannot get himself to think it of importance what a man believes, and what not. He tries to do so; for a time he does; he does for a time think that a certain faith is necessary for salvation, that certain doctrines are to be put forth and maintained in charity to the souls of men. Yet though he thinks so one day, he changes the next; he holds the truth and then lets it go again. He is filled with doubts; suddenly the question crosses him, "Is it possible that such and such a doctrine is necessary?" and he relapses into an uncomfortable sceptical state, out of which there is no outlet. Reasonings do not convince him; he cannot be convinced; he has no grasp of truth. Why? Because the next world is not a reality to him; it only exists in his mind in the form of certain conclusions from certain reasonings. It is but an inference; and never can be more, never can be present to his mind, until he acts instead of arguing. Let him but act as if the next world were before him; let him but give himself to such devotional exercises as we ought to observe in the presence of an Almighty, All-

holy, and All-merciful God, and it will be a rare case indeed if his difficulties do not vanish.

Or again: a man may have a natural disposition towards caprice and change; he may be apt to take up first one fancy, then another, from novelty or other reason; he may take sudden likings or dislikings, or be tempted to form a scheme of religion for himself, of what he thinks best or most beautiful out of all the systems which divide the world.

Again: he is troubled perhaps with a variety of unbecoming thoughts, which he would fain keep out of his mind if he could. He finds himself unsettled and uneasy, dissatisfied with his condition, easily excited, sorry at sin one moment, forgetting it the next, feeble-minded, unable to rule himself, tempted to dote upon trifles, apt to be caught and influenced by vanities, and to abandon himself to languor or indolence.

Once more: he has not a clear perception of the path of truth and duty. This is an especial fault among us nowadays: men are actuated perhaps by the best feelings and the most amiable motives, and are not fairly chargeable with insincerity; and yet there is a want of straightforwardness in their conduct. They allow themselves to be guided by expediency, and defend themselves, and perhaps so plausibly, that though you are not convinced you are silenced. They attend to what others think more than to what God says; they look at Scripture more as a gift to man than as a gift from God; they consider themselves at liberty to modify its plain precepts by a certain discretionary rule; they listen to the voice of great men and allow themselves to be swayed by them; they make comparisons and strike the balance between the impracticability of the whole that God commands, and the practicability of effecting a part, and think they may consent to give up something, if they can secure the rest.

They shift about in opinion, going first a little this way, then a little that, according to the loudness and positiveness with which others speak; they are at the mercy of the last speaker, and they think they observe a safe, judicious, and middle course by always keeping a certain distance behind those who go furthest. Or they are rash in their religious projects and undertakings, and forget that they may be violating the lines and fences of God's law while they move about freely at their pleasure. Now, I will not judge another; I will not say that in this or that given case the fault of mind in question (for anyhow it is a fault), does certainly arise from some certain cause which I choose to guess at: but at least there are cases where this wavering of mind does arise from scantiness of prayer; and if so, it is worth a man's considering, who is thus unsteady, timid, and dimsighted, whether this scantiness be not perchance the true reason of such infirmities in his own case, and whether a "continuing instant in prayer,"—by which I mean, not merely prayer morning and evening, but something suitable to his disease, something extraordinary, as medicine is extraordinary, a "redeeming of time" from society and recreation in order to pray more,—whether such a change in his habits would not remove them?

For what is the very promise of the New Covenant but stability? what is it but a clear insight into the truth, such as will enable us to know how to walk, how to profess, how to meet the circumstances of life, how to withstand gainsayers? Are we built upon a rock or upon the sand? are we after all tossed about on the sea of opinion, when Christ has stretched out his hand to us, to help and encourage us? "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." Such is the word

of promise. Can we possibly have apprehensions about what man will do to us or say of us, can we flatter the great ones of earth, or timidly yield to the many, or be dazzled by talent, or drawn aside by interest, who are in the habit of divine conversations? "Ye have an unction from the Holy One," says St. John, "and ye know all things. I have not written unto you because ye know not the truth, but because ye know it, and that no lie is of the truth. . . . The anointing which ye have received of him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you. . . . Whosoever is born of God, doth not commit sin, for his seed remaineth in him; and he cannot sin, because he is born of God." This is that birth by which the baptized soul not only enters, but actually embraces and realizes the kingdom of God. This is the true and effectual regeneration, when the seed of life takes root in man and thrives. Such men have accustomed themselves to speak to God, and God has ever spoken to them; and they feel "the powers of the world to come" as truly as they feel the presence of this world, because they have been accustomed to speak and act as if it were real. All of us must rely on something; all must look up, to admire, court, make themselves one with something. Most men cast in their lot with the visible world; but true Christians with saints and angels.

Such men are little understood by the world because they are not of the world; and hence it sometimes happens that even the better sort of men are often disconcerted and vexed by them. It cannot be otherwise; they move forward on principles so different from what are commonly assumed as true. They take for granted, as first principles, what the world wishes to have proved in detail. They have become familiar with the sights of the next world, till they talk of

them as if all men admitted them. The immortality of truth, its oneness, the impossibility of falsehood coalescing with it, what truth is, what it should lead one to do in particular cases, how it lies in the details of life,—all these points are mere matters of debate in the world, and men go through long processes of argument, and pride themselves on their subtleness in defending or attacking, in making probable or improbable, ideas which are assumed without a word by those who have lived in heaven, as the very ground to start from. In consequence, such men are called bad disputants, inconsecutive reasoners, strange, eccentric, or perverse thinkers, merely because they do not take for granted, nor go to prove, what others do,—because they do not go about to define and determine the sights (as it were), the mountains and rivers and plains, and sun, moon, and stars, of the next world. And hence, in turn, they are commonly unable to enter into the ways of thought or feelings of other men, having been engrossed with God's thoughts and God's ways. Hence, perhaps, they seem abrupt in what they say and do; nay, even make others feel constrained and uneasy in their presence. Perhaps they appear reserved, too, because they take so much for granted which might be drawn out, and because they cannot bring themselves to tell all their thoughts from their sacredness, and because they are drawn off from free conversation to the thought of heaven, on which their minds rest. Nay, perchance they appear severe, because their motives are not understood, nor their sensitive jealousy for the honor of God and their charitable concern for the good of their fellow Christians duly appreciated. In short, to the world they seem like foreigners. We know how foreigners strike us; they are often to our notions strange and unpleasing in their manners; why is this? merely because they

are of a different country. Each country has its own manners,—one may not be better than other; but we naturally like our own ways and we do not understand other. We do not see their meaning. We misconstrue them; we think they mean something unpleasant, something rude, or overfree, or haughty, or unrefined, when they do not. And in like manner, the world at large, not only is not Christian, but cannot discern or understand the Christian. Thus our Blessed Lord himself was not recognized or honored by his relatives, and (as is plain to every reader of Scripture) he often seems to speak abruptly and severely. So too St. Paul was considered by the Corinthians as contemptible in speech. And hence St. John, speaking of "what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God," adds, "therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not." Such is the effect of divine meditations: admitting us into the next world, and withdrawing us from this; making us children of God, but withal "strangers unto our brethren, even aliens unto our mother's children." Yea, though the true servants of God increase in meekness and love day by day, and to those who know them will seem what they really are; and though their good works are evident to all men, and cannot be denied, yet such is the eternal law which goes between the church and the world—we cannot be friends of both; and they who take their portion with the church, will seem, except in some remarkable cases, unamiable to the world, for the "world knoweth them not," and does not like them though it can hardly tell why; yet (as St. John proceeds) they have this blessing, that "when he shall appear, they shall be like him, for they shall see him as he is."

And if, as it would seem, we must choose between the two,

surely the world's friendship may be better parted with than our fellowship with our Lord and Saviour. What indeed have we to do with courting men, whose faces are turned towards God? We know how men feel and act when they come to die; they discharge their worldly affairs from their minds, and try to realize the unseen state. Then this world is nothing to them. It may praise, it may blame; but they feel it not. They are leaving their goods, their deeds, their sayings, their writings, their names, behind them; and they care not for it, for they wait for Christ. To one thing alone they are alive, his coming; they watch against it, if so be they may then be found without shame. Such is the conduct of dying men; and what all but the very hardened do at the last, if their senses fail not and their powers hold, that does the true Christian all life long. He is ever dying while he lives; he is on his bier, and the prayers for the sick are saying over him. He has no work but that of making his peace with God and preparing for the judgment. He has no aim but that of being found worthy to escape the things that shall come to pass and to stand before the Son of Man. And therefore day by day he unlearns the love of this world, and the desire of its praise; he can bear to belong to the nameless family of God, and to seem to the world strange in it and out of place, for so he is.

And when Christ comes at last, blessed indeed will be his lot. He has joined himself from the first to the conquering side; he has risked the present against the future, preferring the chance of eternity to the certainty of time; and then his reward will be but beginning, when that of the children of this world is come to an end. In the words of the wise man, "Then shall the righteous man stand in great boldness before the face of such as have afflicted him, and made no

account of his labors. When they see it they shall be troubled with terrible fear, and shall be amazed at the strangeness of his salvation, so far beyond all that they looked for. And they, repenting and groaning for anguish of spirit, shall say within themselves, This is he whom we had sometimes in derision and a proverb of reproach; we fools counted his life madness, and his end to be without honor. How is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot is among the saints!"

WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD

WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD, a distinguished American statesman, was born at Florida, N. Y., May 16, 1801, and died at Auburn, N. Y., Oct. 10, 1872. Educated at Union College, Schenectady, and pursuing the study of law, he was admitted to the Bar in 1822, and the next year began practice at Auburn, N. Y. He came to the fore as a politician a year or two later, and for the remainder of his career occupied an eminent niche in the halls of State and national fame. He entered the State senate in 1830, and though defeated for Governor in 1834 was elected by the Whig party in 1837, and again in 1840. Seward was called to the Senate of the United States in 1849, and in a congressional speech in March of that year, on the admission of California, declared that the exclusion of slavery from all new States was demanded by "the higher law," an utterance which the Southern senators promptly dubbed "treason." He was subsequently reëlected to the Senate, and continued to be an active opponent of slavery. At a speech delivered in 1858, at Rochester, N. Y., he affirmed that the slavery question offered for consideration "an irrepressible conflict," a characterization at once caught up and quoted far and wide. During the administrations of Lincoln and Johnson, he was Secretary of State. When President Lincoln was assassinated, an attempt was also made to assassinate Seward; he was severely wounded by an accomplice of John Wilkes Booth, but recovered after a tedious illness. After leaving the Cabinet in 1869, he made a memorable tour round the world. Besides many speeches published singly, he was the author of a "Diplomatic History of the War for the Union" (1884); a "Life of John Quincy Adams" (1849); and "Travels Around the World" (1873). His "Complete Works," by G. E. Baker, in five volumes, were issued in 1884. See "Life," by F. W. Seward (1891), and Welles's "Lincoln and Seward." The appended address is one of the notable efforts of this patriotic and highly cultured statesman:

ON THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT

SPEECH DELIVERED AT ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 25, 1858

THE unmistakable outbreaks of zeal which occur all around me show that you are earnest men—and such a man am I. Let us, therefore, at least for a time pass all secondary and collateral questions, whether of a personal or of a general nature, and consider the main subject of the present canvass. The Democratic party—or, to speak more accurately, the party which wears that attractive name—is in possession of the federal government. The Repub-

licans propose to dislodge that party and dismiss it from its high trust.

The main subject, then, is, whether the Democratic party deserves to retain the confidence of the American people. In attempting to prove it unworthy, I think that I am not actuated by prejudices against that party, or by prepossessions in favor of its adversary; for I have learned by some experience that virtue and patriotism, vice and selfishness, are found in all parties, and that they differ less in their motives than in the policies they pursue.

Our country is a theatre which exhibits in full operation two radically different political systems; the one resting on the basis of servile or slave labor, the other on the basis of voluntary labor of freemen.

The laborers who are enslaved are all negroes, or persons more or less purely of African derivation. But this is only accidental. The principle of the system is, that labor in every society, by whomsoever performed, is necessarily unintellectual, grovelling, and base; and that the laborer, equally for his own good and for the welfare of the State, ought to be enslaved. The white laboring man, whether native or foreigner, is not enslaved, only because he cannot as yet be reduced to bondage.

You need not be told now that the slave system is the older of the two and that once it was universal. The emancipation of our own ancestors, Caucasians and Europeans as they were, hardly dates beyond a period of five hundred years. The great melioration of human society which modern times exhibit is mainly due to the incomplete substitution of the system of voluntary labor for the old one of servile labor, which has already taken place. This African slave system is one which, in its origin and in its growth, has been alto-

gether foreign from the habits of the races which colonized these States and established civilization here. It was introduced on this new continent as an engine of conquest and for the establishment of monarchical power by the Portuguese and the Spaniards, and was rapidly extended by them all over South America, Central America, Louisiana, and Mexico. Its legitimate fruits are seen in the poverty, imbecility, and anarchy which now pervade all Portuguese and Spanish America. The free-labor system is of German extraction, and it was established in our country by emigrants from Sweden, Holland, Germany, Great Britain, and Ireland. We justly ascribe to its influences the strength, wealth, greatness, intelligence, and freedom which the whole American people now enjoy. One of the chief elements of the value of human life is freedom in the pursuit of happiness. The slave system is not only intolerable, unjust, and inhuman towards the laborer, whom, only because he is a laborer, it loads down with chains and converts into merchandise; but is scarcely less severe upon the freeman, to whom, only because he is a laborer from necessity, it denies facilities for employment, and whom it expels from the community because it cannot enslave and convert him into merchandise also. It is necessarily improvident and ruinous, because, as a general truth, communities prosper and flourish, or droop and decline, in just the degree that they practise or neglect to practise the primary duties of justice and humanity. The free-labor system conforms to the divine law of equality which is written in the hearts and consciences of men, and therefore is always and everywhere beneficent.

The slave system is one of constant danger, distrust, suspicion, and watchfulness. It debases those whose toil alone can produce wealth and resources for defence to the lowest

degree of which human nature is capable, to guard against mutiny and insurrection, and thus wastes energies which otherwise might be employed in national development and aggrandizement.

The free-labor system educates all alike, and by opening all the fields of industrial employment and all the departments of authority to the unchecked and equal rivalry of all classes of men at once secures universal contentment and brings into the highest possible activity all the physical, moral, and social energies of the whole State. In States where the slave system prevails the masters, directly or indirectly, secure all political power and constitute a ruling aristocracy. In States where the free-labor system prevails universal suffrage necessarily obtains and the State inevitably becomes, sooner or later, a republic or democracy.

Russia yet maintains slavery and is a despotism. Most of the other European States have abolished slavery and adopted the system of free labor. It was the antagonistic political tendencies of the two systems which the first Napoleon was contemplating when he predicted that Europe would ultimately be either all Cossack or all republican. Never did human sagacity utter a more pregnant truth. The two systems are at once perceived to be incongruous. But they are more than incongruous—they are incompatible. They never have permanently existed together in one country and they never can. It would be easy to demonstrate this impossibility from the irreconcilable contrast between their great principles and characteristics. But the experience of mankind has conclusively established it. Slavery, as I have already intimated, existed in every State in Europe. Free labor has supplanted it everywhere except in Russia and Turkey. State necessities developed in modern times are now obliging

even those two nations to encourage and employ free labor; and already, despotic as they are, we find them engaged in abolishing slavery. In the United States slavery came into collision with free labor at the close of the last century, and fell before it in New England, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, but triumphed over it effectually, and excluded it for a period yet undetermined, from Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia. Indeed, so incompatible are the two systems that every new State which is organized within our ever-extending domain makes its first political act a choice of the one and the exclusion of the other, even at the cost of civil war if necessary. The slave States, without law, at the last national election successfully forbade, within their own limits, even the casting of votes for a candidate for president of the United States supposed to be favorable to the establishment of the free-labor system in new States.

Hitherto the two systems have existed in different States, but side by side within the American Union. This has happened because the Union is a confederation of States. But in another aspect the United States constitute only one nation. Increase of population, which is filling the States out to their very borders, together with a new and extended network of railroads and other avenues, and an internal commerce which daily becomes more intimate, is rapidly bringing the States into a higher and more perfect social unity or consolidation. Thus, these antagonistic systems are continually coming into closer contact and collision results.

Shall I tell you what this collision means? They who think that it is accidental, unnecessary, the work of interested or fanatical agitators, and therefore ephemeral, mistake the case altogether. It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces, and it means that the United

States must and will, sooner or later, become either entirely a slave-holding nation or entirely a free-labor nation. Either the cotton and rice fields of South Carolina and the sugar plantations of Louisiana will ultimately be tilled by free labor, and Charleston and New Orleans become marts for legitimate merchandise alone, or else the rye-fields and wheat-fields of Massachusetts and New York must again be surrendered by their farmers to slave culture and to the production of slaves, and Boston and New York become once more markets for trade in the bodies and souls of men. It is the failure to apprehend this great truth that induces so many unsuccessful attempts at final compromise between the slave and free States, and it is the existence of this great fact that renders all such pretended compromises, when made, vain and ephemeral. Startling as this saying may appear to you, fellow citizens, it is by no means an original or even a modern one. Our forefathers knew it to be true, and unanimously acted upon it when they framed the constitution of the United States. They regarded the existence of the servile system in so many of the States with sorrow and shame, which they openly confessed, and they looked upon the collision between them, which was then just revealing itself, and which we are now accustomed to deplore, with favor and hope. They knew that either the one or the other system must exclusively prevail.

Unlike too many of those who in modern time invoke their authority, they had a choice between the two. They preferred the system of free labor, and they determined to organize the government, and so to direct its activity that that system should surely and certainly prevail. For this purpose, and no other, they based the whole structure of government broadly on the principle that all men are created equal,

and therefore free—little dreaming that within the short period of one hundred years their descendants would bear to be told by any orator, however popular, that the utterance of that principle was merely a rhetorical rhapsody; or by any judge, however venerated, that it was attended by mental reservations, which rendered it hypocritical and false. By the Ordinance of 1787 they dedicated all of the national domain not yet polluted by slavery to free labor immediately, thenceforth, and forever; while by the new constitution and laws they invited foreign free labor from all lands under the sun, and interdicted the importation of African slave labor, at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances whatsoever. It is true that they necessarily and wisely modified this policy of freedom by leaving it to the several States, affected as they were by differing circumstances, to abolish slavery in their own way and at their own pleasure, instead of confiding that duty to Congress; and that they secured to the slave States, while yet retaining the system of slavery, a three fifths representation of slaves in the federal government, until they should find themselves able to relinquish it with safety. But the very nature of these modifications fortifies my position, that the fathers knew that the two systems could not endure within the Union, and expected that within a short period slavery would disappear forever. Moreover, in order that these modifications might not altogether defeat their grand design of a republic maintaining universal equality, they provided that two thirds of the States might amend the constitution.

It remains to say on this point only one word, to guard against misapprehension. If these States are to again become universally slave-holding, I do not pretend to say with what violations of the constitution that end shall be accom-

plished. On the other hand, while I do confidently believe and hope that my country will yet become a land of universal freedom, I do not expect that it will be made so otherwise than through the action of the several States co-operating with the federal government, and all acting in strict conformity with their respective constitutions.

The strife and contentions concerning slavery, which gently disposed persons so habitually deprecate, are nothing more than the ripening of the conflict which the fathers themselves not only thus regarded with favor, but which they may be said to have instituted.

It is not to be denied, however, that thus far the course of that contest has not been according to their humane anticipations and wishes. In the field of federal politics, slavery—deriving unlooked-for advantages from commercial changes, and energies unforeseen from the facilities of combination between members of the slave-holding class and between that class and other property classes—early rallied, and has at length made a stand, not merely to retain its original defensive position, but to extend its sway throughout the whole Union. It is certain that the slave-holding class of American citizens indulge this high ambition, and that they derive encouragement for it from the rapid and effective political successes which they have already obtained. The plan of operation is this: By continued appliances of patronage and threats of disunion, they will keep a majority favorable to these designs in the Senate, where each State has equal representation. Through that majority they will defeat, as they best can, the admission of free States and secure the admission of slave States. Under the protection of the judiciary they will, on the principle of the Dred Scott case, carry slavery into all the territories of the United States now existing

and hereafter to be organized. By the action of the President and the Senate, using the treaty-making power, they will annex foreign slave-holding States. In a favorable conjuncture they will induce Congress to repeal the Act of 1808, which prohibits the foreign slave-trade, and so they will import from Africa at the cost of only twenty dollars a head, slaves enough to fill up the interior of the continent. Thus relatively increasing the number of slave States, they will allow no amendment to the constitution prejudicial to their interest; and so, having permanently established their power, they expect the federal judiciary to nullify all State laws which shall interfere with internal or foreign commerce in slaves. When the free States shall be sufficiently demoralized to tolerate these designs, they reasonably conclude that slavery will be accepted by those States themselves. I shall not stop to show how speedy or how complete would be the ruin which the accomplishment of these slave-holding schemes would bring upon the country. For one, I should not remain in the country to test the sad experiment. Having spent my manhood, though not my whole life, in a free State, no aristocracy of any kind, much less an aristocracy of slave-holders, shall ever make the laws of the land in which I shall be content to live. Having seen the society around me universally engaged in agriculture, manufactures, and trade, which were innocent and beneficent, I shall never be a denizen of a State where men and women are reared as cattle and bought and sold as merchandise. When that evil day shall come and all further effort at resistance shall be impossible, then, if there be no better hope of redemption than I can now foresee, I shall say with Franklin, while looking abroad over the whole earth for a new and more congenial home, "Where liberty dwells, there is my country."

You will tell me that these fears are extravagant and chimerical. I answer, they are so; but they are so only because the designs of the slave-holders must and can be defeated. But it is only the possibility of defeat that renders them so. They cannot be defeated by inactivity. There is no escape from them compatible with non-resistance. How, then, and in what way shall the necessary resistance be made? There is only one way. The Democratic party must be permanently dislodged from the government. The reason is, that the Democratic party is inextricably committed to the designs of the slave-holders, which I have described. Let me be well understood. I do not charge that the Democratic candidates for public office now before the people are pledged to—much less that the Democratic masses who support them really adopt—those atrocious and dangerous designs. Candidates may, and generally do, mean to act justly, wisely, and patriotically when they shall be elected; but they become the ministers and servants, not the dictators, of the power which elects them. The policy which a party shall pursue at a future period is only gradually developed, depending on the occurrence of events never fully foreknown. The motives of men, whether acting as electors or in any other capacity, are generally pure. Nevertheless, it is not more true that "hell is paved with good intentions" than it is that earth is covered with wrecks resulting from innocent and amiable motives.

The very constitution of the Democratic party commits it to execute all the designs of the slave-holders, whatever they may be. It is not a party of the whole Union—of all the free States and of all the slave States; nor yet is it a party of the free States in the North and in the Northwest; but it is a sectional and local party, having practically its seat

within the slave States and counting its constituency chiefly and almost exclusively there. Of all its representatives in Congress and in the electoral colleges, two thirds uniformly come from these States. Its great element of strength lies in the vote of the slave-holders, augmented by the representation of three fifths of the slaves. Deprive the Democratic party of this strength and it would be a helpless and hopeless minority, incapable of continued organization. The Democratic party, being thus local and sectional, acquires new strength from the admission of every new slave State and loses relatively by the admission of every new free State into the Union.

A party is in one sense a joint stock association, in which those who contribute most direct the action and management of the concern. The slave-holders contributing in an overwhelming proportion to the capital strength of the Democratic party, they necessarily dictate and prescribe its policy. The inevitable caucus system enables them to do so with a show of fairness and justice. If it were possible to conceive for a moment that the Democratic party should disobey the behests of the slave-holders, we should then see a withdrawal of the slave-holders, which would leave the party to perish. The portion of the party which is found in the free States is a mere appendage, convenient to modify its sectional character without impairing its sectional constitution, and is less effective in regulating its movement than the nebulous tail of the comet is in determining the appointed, though apparently eccentric, course of the fiery sphere from which it emanates.

To expect the Democratic party to resist slavery and favor freedom is as unreasonable as to look for Protestant missionaries to the Catholic Propaganda of Rome. The his-

tory of the Democratic party commits it to the policy of slavery. It has been the Democratic party, and no other agency, which has carried that policy up to its present alarming culmination. Without stopping to ascertain critically the origin of the present Democratic party, we may concede its claim to date from the era of good feeling which occurred under the administration of President Monroe. At that time, in this State, and about that time in many others of the free States, the Democratic party deliberately disfranchised the free colored or African citizen, and it has pertinaciously continued this disfranchisement ever since. This was an effective aid to slavery; for, while the slave-holder votes for his slaves against freedom, the freed slave in the free States is prohibited from voting against slavery.

In 1824 the Democracy resisted the election of John Quincy Adams—himself before that time an acceptable Democrat—and in 1828 it expelled him from the presidency and put a slave-holder in his place, although the office had been filled by slave-holders thirty-two out of forty years.

In 1836 Martin Van Buren—the first non-slave-holding citizen of a free State to whose election the Democratic party ever consented—signalized his inauguration into the Presidency by a gratuitous announcement that under no circumstances would he ever approve a bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. From 1838 to 1844 the subject of abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia and in the national dock-yards and arsenals was brought before Congress by repeated popular appeals. The Democratic party thereupon promptly denied the right of petition and effectually suppressed the freedom of speech in Congress as far as the institution of slavery was concerned.

From 1840 to 1843 good and wise men counselled that

Texas should remain outside of the Union until she should consent to relinquish her self-instituted slavery; but the Democratic party precipitated her admission into the Union, not only without that condition, but even with a covenant that the State might be divided and reorganized so as to constitute four slave States instead of one.

In 1846, when the United States became involved in a war with Mexico, and it was apparent that the struggle would end in the dismemberment of that republic, which was a non-slaveholding power, the Democratic party rejected a declaration that slavery should not be established within the territory to be acquired. When, in 1850, governments were to be instituted in the Territories of California and New Mexico, the fruits of that war, the Democratic party refused to admit New Mexico as a free State and only consented to admit California as a free State on the condition, as it has since explained the transaction, of leaving all of New Mexico and Utah open to slavery, to which was also added the concession of perpetual slavery in the District of Columbia and the passage of an unconstitutional, cruel, and humiliating law, for the recapture of fugitive slaves, with a further stipulation that the subject of slavery should never again be agitated in either chamber of Congress. When, in 1854, the slaveholders were contentedly reposing on these great advantages then so recently won, the Democratic party unnecessarily, officiously, and with superserviceable liberality, awakened them from their slumber, to offer and force on their acceptance the abrogation of the law which declared that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude should ever exist within that part of the ancient Territory of Louisiana which lay outside of the State of Missouri, and north of the parallel of 36° 30′ of north latitude—a law which, with the exception of one other,

was the only statute of freedom then remaining in the federal code.

In 1856, when the people of Kansas had organized a new State within the region thus abandoned to slavery, and applied to be admitted as a free State into the Union, the Democratic party contemptuously rejected their petition and drove them with menaces and intimidations from the halls of Congress, and armed the President with military power to enforce their submission to a slave code established over them by fraud and usurpation. At every subsequent stage of the long contest which has since raged in Kansas the Democratic party has lent its sympathies, its aid, and all the powers of the government which it controlled, to enforce slavery upon that unwilling and injured people. And now, even at this day, while it mocks us with the assurance that Kansas is free, the Democratic party keeps the State excluded from her just and proper place in the Union, under the hope that she may be dragooned into the acceptance of slavery.

The Democratic party, finally, has procured from a supreme judiciary, fixed in its interest, a decree that slavery exists by force of the constitution in every Territory of the United States, paramount to all legislative authority either within the Territory or residing in Congress.

Such is the Democratic party. It has no policy, State or federal, for finance, or trade, or manufacture, or commerce, or education, or internal improvements, or for the protection or even the security of civil or religious liberty. It is positive and uncompromising in the interest of slavery,—negative, compromising, and vacillating in regard to everything else. It boasts its love of equality; and wastes its strength, and even its life, in fortifying the only aristocracy known in the land. It professes fraternity; and, so often as slavery requires,

allies itself with proscription. It magnifies itself for conquests in foreign lands; but it sends the national eagle forth always with chains, and not the olive branch, in his fangs.

This dark record shows you, fellow citizens, what I was unwilling to announce at an earlier stage of this argument, that of the whole nefarious schedule of slave-holding designs which I have submitted to you, the Democratic party has left only one yet to be consummated—the abrogation of the law which forbids the African slave trade.

Now, I know very well that the Democratic party has at every stage of these proceedings disavowed the motive and the policy of fortifying and extending slavery and has excused them on entirely different and more plausible grounds. But the inconsistency and frivolity of these pleas prove still more conclusively the guilt I charge upon that party. It must, indeed, try to excuse such guilt before mankind and even to the consciences of its own adherents. There is an instinctive abhorrence of slavery and an inborn and inhering love of freedom in the human heart which render palliation of such gross misconduct indispensable. It disfranchised the free African on the ground of a fear that if left to enjoy the right of suffrage he might seduce the free white citizen into amalgamation with his wronged and despised race. The Democratic party condemned and deposed John Quincy Adams because he expended $12,000,000 a year, while it justifies his favored successor in spending $70,000,000, $80,000,000, and even $100,000,000, a year. It denies emancipation in the District of Columbia, even with compensation to masters and the consent of the people, on the ground of an implied constitutional inhibition, although the constitution expressly confers upon Congress sovereign legislative power in that District, and although the Democratic

party is tenacious of the principle of strict construction. It violated the express provisions of the constitution in suppressing petition and debate on the subject of slavery, through fear of disturbance of the public harmony, although it claims that the electors have a right to instruct their representatives, and even demand their resignation in cases of contumacy. It extended slavery over Texas and connived at the attempt to spread it across the Mexican Territories, even to the shores of the Pacific Ocean, under a plea of enlarging the area of freedom. It abrogated the Mexican slave law and the Missouri Compromise prohibition of slavery in Kansas, not to open the new Territories to slavery, but to try therein the new and fascinating theories of non-intervention and popular sovereignty; and, finally, it overthrew both these new and elegant systems by the English-Lecompton bill and the Dred Scott decision on the ground that the free States ought not to enter the Union without a population equal to the representative basis of one member of Congress, although slave States might come in without inspection as to their numbers.

Will any member of the Democratic party now here claim that the authorities chosen by the suffrages of the party transcended their partisan platforms and so misrepresented the party in the various transactions I have recited? Then I ask him to name one Democratic statesman or legislator, from Van Buren to Walker, who either timidly or cautiously like them, or boldly and defiantly like Douglas, ever refused to execute a behest of the slave-holders and was not therefor, and for no other cause, immediately denounced and deposed from his trust and repudiated by the Democratic party for that contumacy.

I think, fellow citizens, that I have shown you that it is

high time for the friends of freedom to rush to the rescue of the constitution and that their very first duty is to dismiss the Democratic party from the administration of the government.

Why shall it not be done? All agree that it ought to be done. What, then, shall prevent its being done? Nothing but timidity or division of the opponents of the Democratic party.

Some of these opponents start one objection and some another. Let us notice these objections briefly. One class say that they cannot trust the Republican party; that it has not avowed its hostility to slavery boldly enough, or its affection for freedom earnestly enough.

I ask, in reply, is there any other party which can be more safely trusted? Every one knows that it is the Republican party, or none, that shall displace the Democratic party. But I answer, further, that the character and fidelity of any party are determined, necessarily, not by its pledges, programmes, and platforms, but by the public exigencies, and the temper of the people when they call it into activity. Subserviency to slavery is a law written not only on the forehead of the Democratic party but also in its very soul—so resistance to slavery, and devotion to freedom, the popular elements now actively working for the Republican party among the people, must and will be the resources for its ever-renewing strength and constant invigoration.

Others cannot support the Republican party because it has not sufficiently exposed its platform and determined what it will do and what it will not do when triumphant. It may prove too progressive for some and too conservative for others. As if any party ever foresaw so clearly the course of future events as to plan a universal scheme for future action,

adapted to all possible emergencies. Who would ever have joined even the Whig party of the Revolution, if it had been obliged to answer, in 1775, whether it would declare for independence in 1776, and for this noble federal constitution of ours in 1787, and not a year earlier or later?

The people of the United States will be as wise next year, and the year afterward, and even ten years hence, as we are now. They will oblige the Republican party to act as the public welfare and the interests of justice and humanity shall require through all the stages of its career, whether of trial or triumph.

Others will not venture an effort because they fear that the Union would not endure the change. Will such objectors tell me how long a constitution can bear a strain directly along the fibres of which it is composed? This is a constitution of freedom. It is being converted into a constitution of slavery. It is a republican constitution. It is being made an aristocratic one. Others wish to wait until some collateral questions concerning temperance or the exercise of the elective franchise are properly settled. Let me ask all such persons whether time enough has not been wasted on these points already without gaining any other than this single advantage, namely, the discovery that only one thing can be effectually done at one time, and that the one thing which must and will be done at any one time is just that thing which is most urgent and will no longer admit of postponement or delay. Finally, we are told by faint-hearted men that they despond; the Democratic party, they say, is unconquerable and the dominion of slavery is consequently inevitable. I reply to them that the complete and universal dominion of slavery would be intolerable enough when it should have come after the last possible effort to escape

should have been made. There would in that case be left to us the consoling reflection of fidelity to duty.

But I reply, further, that I know—few, I think, know better than I—the resources and energies of the Democratic party, which is identical with the slave power. I do ample justice to its traditional popularity. I know, further—few, I think, know better than I—the difficulties and disadvantages of organizing a new political force like the Republican party and the obstacles it must encounter in laboring without prestige and without patronage. But, understanding all this, I know that the Democratic party must go down, and that the Republican party must rise into its place. The Democratic party derived its strength originally from its adoption of the principles of equal and exact justice to all men. So long as it practised this principle faithfully it was invulnerable. It became vulnerable when it renounced the principle, and since that time it has maintained itself, not by virtue of its own strength, or even of its traditional merits, but because there as yet had appeared in the political field no other party that had the conscience and the courage to take up and avow and practise the life-inspiring principle which the Democratic party had surrendered. At last the Republican party has appeared. It avows now, as the Republican party of 1800 did, in one word, its faith and its works, "Equal and exact justice to all men." Even when it first entered the field, only half organized, it struck a blow which only just failed to secure complete and triumphant victory. In this, its second campaign, it has already won advantages which render that triumph now both easy and certain.

The secret of its assured success lies in that very characteristic which, in the mouth of scoffers, constitutes its great and lasting imbecility and reproach. It lies in the fact that it is

a party of one idea; but that idea is a noble one—an idea that fills and expands all generous souls; the idea of equality—the equality of all men before human tribunals and human laws, as they all are equal before the divine tribunal and divine laws.

I know, and you know, that a revolution has begun. I know, and all the world knows, that revolutions never go backward. Twenty senators and a hundred representatives proclaim boldly in Congress to-day sentiments and opinions and principles of freedom which hardly so many men, even in this free State, dared to utter in their own homes twenty years ago. While the government of the United States, under the conduct of the Democratic party, has been all that time surrendering one plain and castle after another to slavery, the people of the United States have been no less steadily and perseveringly gathering together the forces with which to recover back again all the fields and all the castles which have been lost, and to confound and overthrow by one decisive blow the betrayers of the constitution and freedom forever.

LACORDAIRE

JEAN BAPTISTE HENRI LACORDAIRE, a French divine and orator, celebrated for his eloquence and for the openness and boldness with which, without conceding any point of the Catholic creed, he sought to meet modern rationalism on its own grounds. Born near Dijon, March 12, 1802, he was educated for the Bar. In 1824, he abandoned law for theology, and in 1827 was ordained a priest. Becoming one of the leaders of Catholic Liberalism in France, in 1830 he was associated with Montalembert in the editorship of the progressivist but ultramontane journal, "L'Avenir." Retiring from journalism through inability to please both himself and the Pontifical Court at Rome, he came into note among cultured people for his earnest, inspiring sermons at Notre Dame, and by his philosophical works, and was elected to the Academy in 1860. He died at Sorèze, Nov. 22, 1861, in his sixtieth year. As an example of his oratorical gifts, the funeral sermon he preached after the death of Daniel O'Connell, the Irish patriot, is appended.

PANEGYRIC OF DANIEL O'CONNELL

THE FOLLOWING IS A PORTION OF THE FAMOUS ADDRESS DELIVERED AT NOTRE DAME, PARIS, IN 1847

SUDDENLY the lakes of Ireland held upon their waves the breezes which ruffled them; her forests stood still and trembling; her mountains seemed as in expectation. Ireland heard free and Christian speech, full of God and country, skilful in maintaining the rights of the weak, calling to account the abuses of authority, conscious of its strength, and imparting it to the whole people. Truly it is a happy day when a woman brings her firstborn into the world; it is a happy day when the captive sees again the full light of heaven; it is a happy day also when the exile returns to his country; but none of these delights—the greatest which man enjoys—produces or equals the thrilling of a people who, after long centuries, hears, for the first time, human and divine language in the plenitude of their liberty; and Ireland owed that unspeakable joy to this young man of five-and-twenty, whose name was Daniel O'Connell.

In less than ten years, O'Connell foresaw that he would one day be master of his fellow citizens; and thenceforth he meditated on the plan which he should follow for their emancipation. Where should he begin? Which of the links of that heavy chain was the first to be broken? He considered that the rights of conscience passed before all others; that there, in that servitude of the soul, was the centre and cornerstone of all tyranny, and that, consequently, this was the first point to attack. The emancipation of the Catholics of Ireland and England became his daily preoccupation, the constant dream of his genius. I shall not relate to you all his efforts and disappointments. Both were innumerable. Ten more years passed in these unfruitful trials. Neither the man nor the time was ready; Providence is slow, and patience equal to his own is the gift which he accords to the men who are worthy to serve as his instruments. At last the hour struck when O'Connell knew that he was the moral chief of his nation, that he held in his hand all the minds and hearts, all the ideas and all the interests of Ireland, and that no movement would be made save under his sovereign direction. It had cost him twenty years of labor to arrive at that memorable day when he was able to say without pride: Now I am king of Ireland.

It is a great thing, gentlemen, to become the chief of a party. When a man has the right to say that he governs a party it is enough to satisfy the most immoderate ambition, so difficult is it to bring into obedience those even who share all our thoughts and designs. The creation of a party is a masterpiece of power and skill; and yet the leader of a party is nothing in comparison with the man who has become the moral leader of a whole nation, and who holds it under his laws, without army, without police, without tribunals, with-

out any other resource than his genius and devotedness. The reign of O'Connell commenced in 1823. In that year he established throughout Ireland an association which he called the Catholic Association; and as no association has any power without a constant revenue, O'Connell founded the emancipation rent, and fixed it at a penny per month.

Let us not smile, gentlemen; there was in that penny per month a great financial calculation, and a still greater calculation of the heart. Ireland was poor, and a poor people has but one means of becoming rich; it is by every hand giving to the country from the little which it possesses. The emancipation penny invited every son of Erin to share in the glorious work of emancipation; poverty, however great it was, deprived none of the hope of being rich enough by the end of the month to cast an insult at the gold of England.

The Catholic Association and the emancipation rent obtained unheard-of success, and raised the action of O'Connell to the power and dignity of a government.

Three years after, in 1826, at the time of the general elections, it was a marvel to see the Irish, who up to that time had voted at the dictation and in favor of their oppressors—it was a marvel, I say, to see them by their votes proclaiming their rights and their intentions thenceforth of defending them.

This was as yet nothing: soon O'Connell appeared before the electors of Clare and offered himself as a candidate for a seat in the Parliament of England. He was elected in spite of the oath which placed the barrier of apostacy between him and a seat in the legislative assembly; and he dared to present himself, with his election in his hand and his faith in his heart, within those walls of Westminster, which trembled before a Catholic who violated their ancient majesty and intolerance by the astounding pretension of seating and of

placing there in the person of an outlaw, a Catholic, an Irishman, the very impersonation of a whole people.

Public opinion was moved to its very foundations; all Ireland was ready; proud yet obedient, agitated yet peaceful. Sympathy, encouragement, help came to her from every part of Europe, from the shores of America, and from England herself—moved at last in some of her children by the cry of justice so eloquently claimed. Neither the English minister nor the king of Great Britain were disposed to grant Catholic emancipation; ardent prejudices still existed in the two chambers, which during thirty years had often rejected similar projects, although softened toward Protestant pride by hard conditions. But the remains of these old passions vainly opposed a barrier to the sentiments of general equity; the world was at one of those magic hours when it does not follow its own will. On the 13th of April, 1829, the emancipation of Catholics was proclaimed by a bill emanating from the minister, accepted by the legislature, and signed by the king.

Let us halt a moment, gentlemen, to reflect upon the causes of so memorable an event; for you will understand that a single man, whatever may be his genius, would not have been able to bring about this revolution if it had not been prepared beforehand and brought to maturity by the very power of the times. We must acknowledge this, under pain of falling into excess in the most just praise, and of transforming admiration into a blind rather than a generous sentiment. It was among us—for I never lose an opportunity of returning to my own country—it was among us, in France, in the eighteenth century, that the principle of liberty of conscience resumed its course, which had been so long weakened and turned aside. The philosophy of that age, although an enemy

to Christianity, borrowed from it the dogma of the liberty of souls, and upheld it with unfailing zeal—less, doubtless, from love of justice and truth, than for the purpose of undermining the reign of Jesus Christ. But, whatever its object, it founded in minds the return of just toleration, and prepared for future ages the emancipation of so many Christian nations oppressed by the iron hand of despotism and heresy. Thus God draws good from evil, and nothing is produced in the world, even against truth and justice, which will not, by a divine transformation, sooner or later serve the cause of justice and truth. That French idea of liberty of conscience had passed to England and the United States of America; and O'Connell, who met it on his glorious way, easily made it serve to further his work.

Therefore, gentlemen, before insisting upon the gratitude which we owe to him, it is just that I should invite you to honor with sincere and unanimous applause all those who have aided that great work of Catholic emancipation. This is the first time that in a French assembly, at the foot of our altars, in the presence of God and men, we have occasion to pay a tribute of gratitude to those who co-operated for the emancipation of our brethren in Ireland and England, to those diverse instruments, far or near, of that great act of the 13th of April, 1829, which so many hearts called for; which so many sovereign pontiffs, in the mysterious watchings of the Vatican, had ardently prayed for; and which will forever remain in history as a memorial of one of the brightest hours which God has vouchsafed to the conscience of the human race. Join then with me, O brethren, join with me from the depths of your hearts, and lifting our hands toward God, let us say together: Eternal praise, honor, glory, and gratitude to Sir Robert Peel, and to his Grace the Duke of Wel-

lington, who presented to the English Parliament the bill for Catholic emancipation! Eternal praise, honor, glory, and gratitude to the House of Commons and the House of Lords of England, who accepted the bill for Catholic emancipation! Eternal praise, honor, glory, and gratitude to his Majesty King George IV, who signed and sanctioned the bill for Catholic emancipation! Eternal praise, honor, glory, and gratitude to those Protestants of England and Ireland, who, with the magnanimity of a truly patriotic and Christian spirit, favored the presentation, discussion, and adoption of the bill for Catholic emancipation! But also, and above all, eternal praise, honor, glory, and gratitude to the man who drew together in his powerful hand the scattered elements of justice and deliverance, and who, pressing him to the goal with vigorous patience, which thirty years did not tire, caused at last to shine upon his country the unhoped-for day of liberty of conscience, and thus merited not only the title of Liberator of His Country, but the ecumenical title of Liberator of the Church.

For, had Ireland alone profited by emancipation, what man in the Church, since Constantine, has emancipated seven millions of souls at a single stroke! Consult your recollection; seek in history since the first and famous edict which granted liberty of conscience to Christians, and see whether there are many acts to be met with comparable by the extent of their effects to the Act of Emancipation! Here are seven millions of souls free to serve and love God to the end of time; and whenever this people, advancing in its life and liberty, shall throw back over the past an inquiring glance, it will find the name of O'Connell at the end of its bondage and the beginning of its renovation.

But the Act of Emancipation did not touch Ireland alone;

it embraced in its plenitude the whole British empire, that is to say, besides Ireland, Scotland, and Great Britain, those islands, those peninsulas, and those continents to which England before extended with her domination the intolerance of her laws. Behold, then, a hundred millions of men, behold shores washed by twenty seas, and the seas themselves delivered from spiritual bondage. The ships of England sail henceforth under the flag of liberty of conscience, and the innumerable nations which they touch with their prow can no longer separate in their thought power, civilization, and the liberty of the soul—those three things born of Christ and left as his terrestrial heritage to the nations which embrace the emancipating mystery of his cross. What consequences, gentlemen, from one single act! What a boundless horizon opened to the hopes of the Church! Need I say more that you may not regret the boldness with which I pronounced the name of O'Connell after the names of Moses, Cyrus, Judas Maccabæus, Constantine, Charlemagne, and Gregory VII, all acting with the force of regular sovereignty, whilst O'Connell had but the force of a citizen and the sovereignty of genius?

And yet I have not said all. There is a peril to which modern society is exposed—and it is the greatest of all—I mean the alliance of spiritual servitude with civil liberty. Circumstances, which it would require too much time to demonstrate to you, impel the destinies of more than one nation upon that fatal incline; and England was there to encourage them by her example, possessing on the one hand liberal institutions, which she guards with supreme jealousy, and on the other overwhelming a portion of her subjects under the sceptre of an autocratic and intolerant fanaticism. O'Connell has undone that terrible teaching given by Eng-

land to the European continent. Nations yet young in civil liberty will no longer see their elder brother urging them into the road of religious servitude by the spectacle of an adulterous contradiction. Henceforth all liberties are sisters; they will enter or depart at the same time and together, a family indeed inseparable and sacred, of which no member can die without the death of all.

In fine, consider this: the principle of liberty of conscience, upon which depends the future of truth in the world, was already supported in Europe by the power of opinion and by the power of Catholicity; for wherever opinion could speak it demanded liberty of conscience, and in most of the great Catholic States it is already established in fact and of right. Protestantism alone had not yet given its adhesion to that solemn treaty of souls; notwithstanding its principle—in appearance liberal—it practised the native intolerance of heresy. Thanks to O'Connell, opinion, Catholicity, and Protestantism, that is to say all the intellectual and religious forces of Europe, are agreed to base the work of the future upon the equitable transaction of liberty of conscience.

And when its results are produced in the world, when not ourselves but our descendants shall see all religious errors vanquished by the peaceful spread of Christianity; when Islamism, already dying, shall be finally extinguished; when Brahminism and Buddhism, already warned, shall have accomplished their transitory cycle; when in presence of each other nothing but the total affirmation of truth and the total nothingness of error shall remain, and the combat of minds shall thus touch this supreme moment of its consummation, then posterity will know O'Connell fully; it will judge what was the mission and what the life of the man who was able to emancipate in the sanctuary of conscience all

the kingdoms of England, her colonies, her fleets, her power; and throughout the world, directly or indirectly, place them to the service of the cause of God, his Christ, and his Church. It will judge whether he has not merited in the Christian and universal sense that title of Liberator which we give to him from this hour.

But he was a liberator also in another manner which it remains for me to show you.

Not alone is the Church persecuted here below, mankind is also persecuted. Mankind, like the Church, is turn by turn persecuted and delivered, and for the same reason. The Church is persecuted because she possesses rights and imposes duties; mankind is persecuted because it has rights and duties also in its domain. Justice weighs upon us, no matter upon what head it dwell, and we seek to escape from it, not only to the detriment of God, but to the detriment of man. We deny the rights of man as we deny the rights of God; and it is a great error to believe that there is but one combat here below, and that were the Church to sacrifice her eternal interests, there would not remain other interests for which it would be necessary to draw the sword. No, gentlemen, let us not deceive ourselves, the rights of God and the rights of mankind are conjoined; the duties toward God and duties toward mankind were combined in the evangelical law as well as in the law of Sinai; all that is done for or against God is done for or against man; as God is persecuted we are persecuted also; as God is delivered we are alike delivered. The history of the world as well as the history of the Church has its persecutors and its liberators; I could name them to you; but time presses upon us; let us leave the past and return to that dear and glorious O'Connell, to see him as a son of man after having seen him as a son of God.

He was fifty-four years old when Catholic emancipation was gained. Fifty-four, gentlemen, is a terrible age, not because it approaches old age but because it possesses force enough to be ambitious with sufficient lassitude to be contented with the past and to dream of the repose of glory. There are few men who, having by thirty years of labor obtained a marked, and above all an august triumph like that of a Catholic emancipation, have the courage to begin a second career and expose their fame to the shock of fortune when they might enjoy happy and honored repose in their old age.

O'Connell, gentlemen, knew how to avoid each of these shoals; he remained young and unmindful of his years until the close of his life. I see young men in this auditory. O'Connell, gentlemen, was of your age until he disappeared from among us; he lived, he died in the sincerity of unchangeable youth. Hardly had he given himself time to see his triumph, hardly had he forced open the doors of Parliament by a second election before he quitted his seat, and to the astonishment of all England he hastened to Ireland. What goes he to seek there? He goes to tell his beloved Erin that it is not enough to have emancipated conscience, that God and man are inseparable, and that after having served the country of heaven, if something still remains to do for the country of earth, the first commandment alone is kept and not the second; and as the two form but one, not to have kept the second is not even to have kept the first. He declares to her that, although aged and covered with glory, it is his intention to recommence his life and not to rest a single day until he has obtained equality of rights between England and Ireland. For such, in regard to human right, was the state of the two countries that the one hardly appeared to be a

satellite to the other. England had diminished the property, the commerce, the enterprise, all the rights of Ireland, in order to increase her own; and that odious policy placed Ireland in a state of inferiority which reached even to the impossibility of existence. Such is despotism, gentlemen; and we are all guilty of it in some degree; all of us more or less diminish the rights of others in order to increase our own, and the man who is exempt from that stubborn stain of our species may believe that he has attained the very highest point of the perfection of human nature.

O'Connell kept his word; he did not cease for a single day to claim equality of rights between England and Ireland; and in that second work he spent the seventeen last years of his life. He obtained from the government the introduction of several bills in the sense of equality of rights; the Parliament constantly rejected them. The Liberator was not discouraged; he had the gratification of seeing the municipal corporations of Ireland, composed exclusively of Protestants, fall under his attacks; and, the first Catholic for two centuries, he himself wore the insignia of lord mayor of Dublin.

"The claiming of rights" was for O'Connell the principle of force against tyranny. In fact, there is in right, as in all that is true, a real, an eternal, and an indestructible power, which can only disappear when right is no longer even named. Tyranny would be invincible were it to succeed in destroying with its name the idea of right, in creating silence in the world in regard to right. It endeavors at least to approach that absolute term, and to lessen, by all the means of violence and corruption, the expression of justice. As long as a just soul remains, with boldness of speech, despotism is restless, troubled, fearing that eternity is conspiring against

it. The rest is indifferent, or at least alarms it but little. Do you appeal to arms against it? It is but a battle. To a riot? It is but a matter of police. Violence is of time, right is heaven-born. What dignity, what force, there is in the right which speaks with calmness, with candor, with sincerity, from the heart of a good man! Its nature is contagious; as soon as it is heard, the soul recognizes and embraces it; a moment sometimes suffices for a whole people to proclaim it and bend before it. It is said, no doubt, that the claiming of right is not always possible, and that there are times and places when oppression has become so inveterate that the language of right is as chimerical as its reality. It may be so; but this was not the position of O'Connell and of his country. O'Connell and Ireland could speak, write, petition, associate, elect magistrates and representatives. The rights of Ireland were despised, but not disarmed; and in this condition the doctrine of O'Connell was that of Christianity and reason. Liberty is a work of virtue, a holy work, and consequently an intellectual work.

But "rights must be claimed with perseverance." The emancipation of a people is not the work of a day; it infallibly encounters in the ideas, the passions, the interests, and the ever-intricate interweaving of human things, a thousand obstacles accumulated by time and which time alone is able to remove, provided that its course be aided by a parallel and an interrupted action. We must not, said O'Connell, simply speak to-day and to-morrow; write, petition, assemble to-day and to-morrow; we must continue to speak, write, petition, assemble, until the object is attained and right is satisfied. We must exhaust the patience of injustice and force the hand of Providence. You hear, gen-

tlemen; this is not the school of desires vain and without virtue; it is the school of souls tempered for good, who know its price and do not wonder that it is great. O'Connell, indeed, has given to his lessons the sanction of his example; what he said, he did, and no life has ever been, even to its last moment, more indefatigable and better filled than his own. He labored before the future with the certainty which inspires the present; he was never surprised or discontented at not obtaining his end; he knew that he should not attain it during his life—he doubted it at least—and by the ardor of his actions it might have been supposed that he had but another step and another day before him. Who will count the number of assemblies in which he spoke and over which he presided, the petitions dictated by him, his journeys, his plans, his popular triumphs, and that inexpressible arsenal of ideas and facts which compose the fabulous tissue of his seventy-two years? He was the Hercules of liberty.

To perseverance in claiming rights he joined a condition which always appeared to him to be of sovereign importance, it was that of being an "irreproachable organ of this work"; and to explain this maxim by his conduct we see from the first that, as he understood it, every servant of liberty must claim it equally and efficaciously for all, not only for his party, but for the adverse party; not only for his religion, but for all; not only for his country, but for the whole world. Mankind is one, and its rights are everywhere the same, even when the exercise of them differs according to the state of morals and minds. Whoever excepts a single man in his claim for right, whoever consents to the servitude of a single man, black or white, were it even but for a hair of his head unjustly bound, he is

not a sincere man, and he does not merit to combat for the sacred cause of the human race. The public conscience will always reject the man who demands exclusive liberty, or even who is indifferent about the rights of others; for exclusive liberty is but a privilege, and the liberty which is indifferent about others is but a treason. We remark a nation, having arrived at a certain development of its social institutions, stopping short or even retrograding. Do not ask the reason. You may be sure that in the heart of that people there has been some secret sacrifice of right, and that the seeming defenders of its liberty, incapable of desiring liberty for others than themselves, have lost the prestige which conquers and saves, preserves and extends it. Degenerate sons of holy combats, their enervated language rolls in a vicious circle; to listen is already to have replied to them!